

when kindness extends as far as surrender
and human-ness becomes abandoned hope
I might believe it asked by normal order
for neither do I understand the name, "no"

Nor can I find malice that chases nite
the ~~darkness~~ is still blacker forgotten
poisoning the chalice in the diner's sight
not one of us, alone, drinks its content

a shared wish is sometimes common memory
for each and every to take, no one's to have
actions, expressed, sometimes lose their glory
and their owner, and slowly become drab

shivering in the daytime, in the sun
the bleakness colder than a northern wind
the grey, unrevealing land is flat
so that I can run from any visitor who crosses an horizon
shivering alone, from aloneness
though cloaked in sweltering winter clothes
wool, and down, and tears