

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

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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

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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