

# Clark Anne, World Without Warning

I live off nothing in this world  
Except the thick grey air that chains itself  
Swirls all around and engrains itself  
Stifles my last hope into sullen despair  
I don't associate myself  
With all of the people I can do without  
Those who never leave me in any doubt  
That their selfish narrow lives are all they care about  
I enjoy the silence in my life  
I don't thrive on the chaos that those contact can bring  
So many empty gestures  
That don't mean anything  
It's so hard and so cold  
The texture of this world  
That nothing in this place is soft enough to hold  
And nothing like tenderness can ever be unfurled  
I don't want anything in this world  
Except a thick gray air  
That will keep my heart hoping  
And keep my eyes open  
Just in case there's something there