

Saetia, Ariadne's Thread

"It's not you...

It's just the fact that lives come together,
they fade apart...

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they fade apart.

As shadows are cast, yet numbed by the light,
these are our beings..."

This is what you told me,
but I remember yesterday,
and I believe and I feel and I want,
and empty is not friendly...

Cracked mortar --

Lies --

and pure remnants of an unsure bond.

Perhaps we trust too much in this invisible thread to move on...

Flowers only live so long,
when they grow out of three small words.

"I only speak when spoken to;

I thought you knew this,

and I am sorry."

Next time I will be careful what I wish for,

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