

Anne Clark, Contact

Pauses
are broken by statements not tenderness
I always wanted much more than this

heartsworn misguidance
disguised in abundance
of thoughts of the moment
not facts of the day

gestures are only as loud as the words
I was tricked by movements
all sound went unheard

obscured by the darkness, I reach for your face
but I find a cold emptiness has taken its place
left all alone after making that find
a silent scream starts distorting the mind

and I'm always wanting much more than this
left breathing in hope gently passed by your kiss
but the lifeline is broken in two equal halves
one closes up slowly
the second one laughs