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