

# Clark Anne, Contact

Pauses

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

Heartsworm misguidance  
Disguised in abundance  
Of thoughts of the moment  
Not facts of the day

Gestured are only as loud as the words  
I was tricked by movement  
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

Ans 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...