

Destiny, Skies Dressed In Black

You spoke of it in your letters. Asking for it in return. Another memory dies for you. Another life fades within you. I miss the comfort of being sad. Do you still write both names on your paper. Not forgetting the last. Your hands on my chest. A gesture of solidarity. Clear skies don't comply with my gratitude. These words don't make sense to you anyway. Broken pieces of existence cut my eyes. Pictures of our days pave my way. Can you hold this memory in our embrace.