

Fair Sex, No Ecstasies

A wound - not sore - beyond cure remains
Still and silent - painless days
Paltriness - Indifference
Life does remain quite lukewarm
Ecstasies all burn out
Always being hollow
No ecstasies
A roughended face with furrows
Smooth it was in days of surprise
glorious days
Gone gone gone and waste
Endless indifference
Amazing indulgence
Quiet self-deception
A face turned white
A face turned white
Just mummies - An atmosphere of
Love preserved
No ecstasies
Fighting that boring silence
Joys have died from being quiet
No rush no love excessive
Life might turn out to be
A wound a scare and a hurt
Trapped in boredom days
From Alcatraz there's no return