

Rufio, Raining In September

As our words stream across,
Mirrored shades in the dark.
The colour changes autumn brown.
As the leaves fall.
So to do my tears,
On the page on which I write.

The words that have been said,
Will and will have to,
Remain in vaults with no keys,
Or entrances.

But suspended in time.
And days gone by.
For forever is only today.

And eternity is destined never to come on our sorrow clouds of silence.