

Swans, In Empty Phrases

Here I am in my chamber
In my room full of words
Always searching for patterns that will give life to a line
My poetry is frozen though it's beginning to melt
The solid form is changing to the liquid of thoughts written down
Sentence after sentence in a language not mine
Loss of point no direction
A jigsaw where no pieces fit
I envy the writers and the poets who know the way to the places poetry grow
There is no harvest if you never sow
So I beg, steal and borrow wherever I go
If words were like music this would be a book
But this is not even worth the time that it took
Not even a novel just a self-pity tale written by someone that always will
fail
So very fragile inside
That's why I hide it in the empty phrases