

Cristian Troncoso

"A Monday To Forget"

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my head is silent
sensations change with every other person who passes
me by
windy days remove the leaves that fall has left on
empty streets and now they fly like birds
it's getting cold and Monday is blue but suddenly the
sun has risen in this crowded lonely city I'm getting
urges to

there's water on the sidewalk and some huge grey
clouds perfectly mirror down my feet
my head down slowly change its posture and now I look
straight at someone I recognize as a theft
leaves have fallen and stay as part of the ground
my movements seem slower 'cause fear dangerously
approached

hey, what are the chances?
hey, how in the world I came to this?
must I get rid of this?
today this place is full of broken umbrellas
people are running fast to be under a roof
the air inside my lungs is clear, but you polluted the
time and the quietude I was supposed to be in now

hey, what are the chances?
hey, how in the world I came to this?
must I get rid of this?
hey, what are my chances?
hey, how in the world I came to this?
must I get rid of this?

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