

Crustation

"Face The Waves"

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No tomorrows
Left in shadow
I like the discipline to
Face the waves and
Drown inside of them
My nature is to spin like a
Grain of sand whenever a tide comes in
The certainties have shifted
Words deleted incompleated
The hissing drift of wintering
Sculpted scar of his words leaves a stain
No tomorrows
Left in shadow
Like beggars we would meet again
In the months to come and the years
Exchanging consciousness
Exchanging reason and tears
Released from all the pain
Only a bittersweet saver remains
And the [parished] have to close
A trace of that state of floating is
No tomorrows, left in shadow X6

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