

This Century

"Sunfalls And Watershine"

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Winter hands, cold clasps,
The memory filters into something lucid, a salty drop
on my brow,
A once brilliant residue now over rich, segments
collide,
Is this the place you hide when the warmth goes away?
I'm not thinking about tomorrow,
Cause there's a six letter word tat- inside my head,
Take all of your thoughts, put them aside,
We are frozen in time, but I might step away,
But I'm not turning my back on you,
I'm not closing, our thoughts and words are
crystallized in ice,
No sense in trying to bring them back to life,
Thaw them out, you will find that they are disjoint,
A new configuration.
Maybe it's better to live in sleep in constant
dreamscapes.
What is reality anyway?

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