

Tristan Tzara

"A Sequel Of Decay"

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In decadence I take thee by the hand
Too frail...to gain the promised land
Too frail...to take your pain away
Too frail...a sequel of decay
May milleniums gather
On the mirage of desolated souls
Far between departure and sorrow
I breed my afterthought
In thy hours of vast dejection's haunt...wane
An angel strays upon my door
So frail and lost within
To weep upon her days of yore
My decadent come in
Her stain and tears upon my floor
The sorrow that she brings
Devotion of a life outworn
In decadence come in
May thy lids desorb from emerald seas
A pending solitary
Though thy pain redeems, life it seems to be
A fragile sanctuary

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