

Darwin

"VIII"

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There's no question mark, in the reproachful beating of
the clock.

Punctually registrating the time I've clearly wasted.

Eyes reveal an eggshell with with a concrete look.
Fragile like Chinese porcelain, still my mand can't
break it.

I tried the fists, the pride, the tears, denial.
But all I needed was a simple smile.

The thing I love is what I fear.
Afraid I'd hold, I'd strangle.

The painting merely illustrates the one that broke the
wall.

Is no one else but you.

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