

## **Pram**

# **"Crooked Tiles"**

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The sky keeps on weeping  
The sun is sleeping  
Don't wake the moon  
The light would show the cracks in her face

The earth on its ancient last legs  
Wobbles round the sun  
Like a drunk around a lamp post  
And I shut my mouth sore from cursing  
And my eyes that are tired of seeing

If I could shake off this feeling  
Of being guilty for living  
Of never doing what others wanted  
Of simply being inconvenient

Then suddenly the sun could warm me  
To the marrow of my skeleton  
My mind could ride the breezes  
Hover and flutter in the cold air

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