

## **Benoit Pioulard**

### **"Neddle Thread"**

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Tie your tether on (the knot keeps slipping out)  
Eyes wide, breathe deep, blood flow, push through  
Expand to keep, contract & rue  
Pools round your feet, eyes with circles

You were a sweet pursuit held fast with city roots  
Neglected by the chute, our gaze is rendered mute

Feel a tender warmth & numbness  
Blissfully detached from all this  
Noise & dust from absent makers  
Made beds to sleep with forsakers

These words are not mine, I just put them in a line  
& hang them down like vines, all letters dry with time  
Use them for little white lies, clearer in sheltered sighs  
With clumsy hopeful tries, they help make you your size

Thanks to razvan

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