

Benoit Pioulard

"Palimend"

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Oh dusk intended silences & corners pulling yellow
With valleys for their styluses & graphics for her fellow
Our Sunday morning starknesses sang false endearing
senses
A frame of preening darknesses made mortar for their
fences

It is not over, you just don't know what you have done

When we're nervous for all our sins in grainy wilted
blessing
Deserved of whistling cardinal winds while gravity's
redressing
Oh smokepure strain of meeknesses & deathly-bound
allying
Too many little sweetnesses, so much life in denying

I always wanted you to know I never wanted you to go
Your savior dies in empire glow but never tries to let it
show

Thanks to razvan

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