

Sane

"Lost Desire"

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Food lies untasted, it was always,
his favorite meal.
3:14 a.m. he lies awake, stares at the ceiling.
There's a ringing in his ears
but he won't pick up the phone.
Lips wait unkissed, friend remain unmissed.

I ran through a hole in the sky.
I swam through an ocean of water, all of it dry
There's a heat that's as cold as an arctic, night.
Aren't we all victims?

Sun is streaming down but his body,
will not move.
Beauty knocks upon his door but his eyes,
remain closed.
Hovering in the air, in a constant state of okay.
Book waits unread, prayers stay unsaid.
Aren't we all victims of lost desire?

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