

Tilt

"Land Of Fragments"

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Hold a beverage and a ruined reflection,
underestimated my trajectory, a =
single pane is all that separates us, thank goodness
that the glass is =
gracious. How can this shattered vessel hold up under
such close =
scrutiny, cruel light is cracking every mirror that ever
flattened my =
variety. I'm the fairest in a land of fragments, target
window stained =
with time's advancement, I'll hold the note so high, or
tie it to a =
brick and let it fly. You set up a brand new sheet of see
through, a =
double thickness will just break twice, cold air rushing
in, through the =
fracture we saw the flaw in the glare.
Submitted by: Mel

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