

Trivialities – October 2016

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October 2016

You've always been my muse--

Just let me muse for two.

I'm nothing special.

Who knew you were the one,

Spilling tears over drinks,

Always on the brink

Of something.

Alluring parts,

Maturing slowly,

From somewhere in the north.

Dark brooding eyes,

To my surprise,

Were locked upon me.

Echoes down the halls of empty houses,

Expectations fall, and drown us.

Do you suppose that we were wrong?

The concertina drum goes on and on,

And we'll record our love in tired prose.

The romance always goes and

All the people rose

For one last desperate curtain call.

Enthralled--

And I suppose you want my word?

Don't want to disturb you but

I'm not that kind of girl.

I hurt and hurt and

So I'll hurt you, too.

The worst thing you can do

Is trust in me, and you.

It should always come from the heart--

A richness of experience.

Time to stop and think--

You were there for me in my disconnection.

A hollowness opens up inside,

A senseless experience,

A beautiful bride in Berlin.

Ah, this German efficiency,

Economy of emotion--

My devotion to you knows no bounds.

Sumptuous violence

Renews my fascination.

Arrogance has its allure,

But gentle kisses in the night

Will win me every time.

Your soothing darkness has its fury

Surely,

Not everything amazes,

But tea in the morning is enough.

Her peals of laughter

Slowly fade,

Made for this rough life,

It's cooler in the shade

Of matrimony.

Parsimony of feeling

Will never wet the artist's brush--

But maybe we are missing

Something, delicately reeling,

You cannot still believe

The world fits in your mind.

I know nothing,

I think nothing.

Flourishing like flowers

In the cracks of roadside walls.

Violets waving in the sun,

If you're the one, then

Why aren't we now together?

Perhaps the tether

Of me and you,

Invisible, but true,

Is all we need.

Credit: Photo by [Paweł Czerwiński](#) on [Unsplash](#)
