

There's a reason nothing lasts forever

Slate grey tears stain the backs of his hands.
The stubborn beauty of a misanthrope,
presented as reflections in grimy puddles.
Something about a shudder of rain
and quiet coffee shop encounters.

She's pretty in pink,
with that terracotta heart of hers.
Lovely rose petals gather in her palms.
She wishes the glass tears would quit falling.
Something about desperation.

Baby you're blue
And I can't compete with wild lilac fields.
Jejune daydreams separate you from the rest;
A dreamer's disposition was always your style.
Won't you think of me?

My ceiling is feeding me lies again.

A little grey boy,
And a sweet girl of cotton candy pink,
accompanied by the bluest girl,
stand on the sandy banks.

The cold is pleasant enough
As he squeezes your hand hard enough to show his love.
My friends all wave and smile sadly –
Bid me farewell and try not to let the tears fall;
I don't need your pity.

by L Stewart