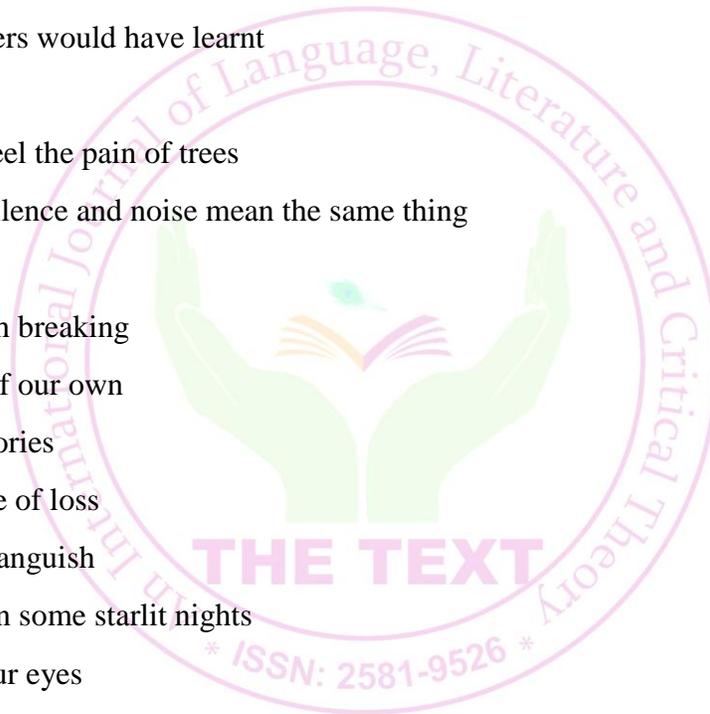


After the End

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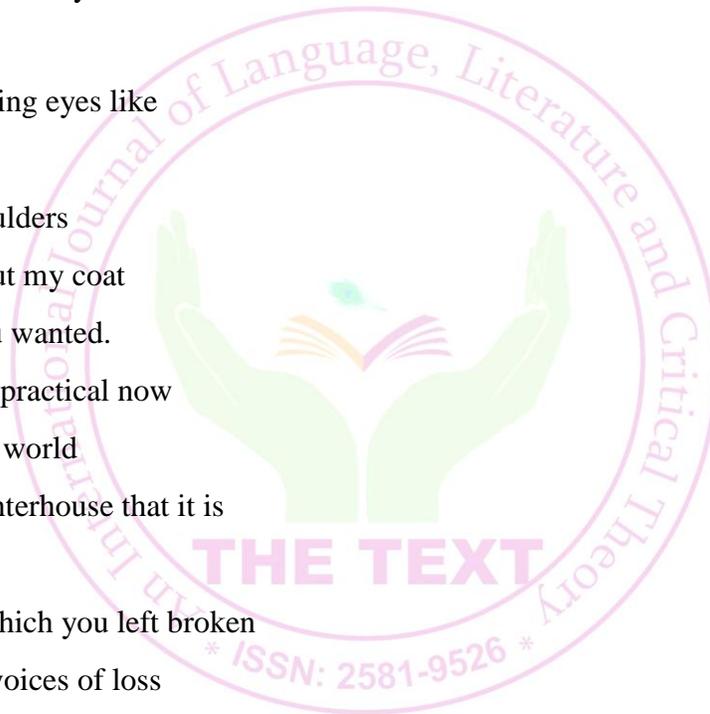
We will meet each other
After the end of the world
After the last sun has set
On the last horizon
The day when flowers would have learnt
To talk to the bees
When men would feel the pain of trees
At that end where silence and noise mean the same thing
Or nothing at all?
I am done with myth breaking
Let us make some of our own
And live in those stories
Where love was free of loss
Hopes were free of anguish
That world which on some starlit nights
You conjured in your eyes
Bare feet...Cheap Street
And all but your voice
Has fainted...fainted slowly
And yet not quite the end!



Voices

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There are voices in the alleys
That I walked with you
They take the tunnel of my dreams
Drench me in tears
Frozen on my morning eyes like
Those frozen marks
You left on my shoulders
I hide myself and put my coat
And be the man you wanted.
I am better at being practical now
Less angry with the world
For being the slaughterhouse that it is
For I went seeking
That aching heart which you left broken
Strutted across the voices of loss
The few nights that I sleep
Are after I have convinced
The voices in my ears
That I was the one to be left alone
And yet forced me to leave.



Between the Lines

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Have you read between the lines?
On the faces that have known that truths
Are the lies told to keep the world satisfied
And peace becomes an illusion
To those who sleep eat and wake in fear
My words refuse poetry today
Words have hearts larger than men
They refuse the regular shape tonight
Bent on reading, dreaming, asking
Between the lines.
I am writing for those that each of us lost
In places inaccessible
In buildings set on fire
And some between the hearts
Who lost hopes in silence
And are beginning their days tomorrow
Masking the same smile
That looks like 'smile'
For what can the world show
When the true fear is not the silence
But the apathy of a numbing wind
That makes silence look like
COMPLIANCE

