

Silence now

It's day and the dark
looms frightfully long.
Comes night, then the sun
Is a memory unsung.

I enjoy you more, for we
Should have never been, we're loose
Dangling on our desire to love.
And to be loved! (Is there any difference?)

Silence now, colours proclaim
The space in which day and night
Collide, while the river dances to sea.
A moment was gifted to us.