



Can we stand straight
When the whole world would bend;
Do we have only one heart to lend?

yes, but in many ways
To this and that, forward and back
Behind and before -
a translucent -
a blank,
Sometimes we stare
and a glare turns back.
But once !!! ; only once.

If once I don't dare
to give
even once; it won't return.
Many ways
Divide the line - the right and the wrong
as a dinner shared - it can be
foretold
But not as the wing replies;
as the smile and the wave.

Look in the background
and cry - I see, I see
What; whatever there is to be lost
in the frame a glow
in the core a line
Purple and black and grey
a streak of the blood.

With the straight
and the infinite age
Why are our meetings so brief?