

Publicerad 2008-05-07 15:58 av Plumflower

Leaves of memory

words kling to the leaves of memory
like wet sand to summer feet

brushing the harsh grains of diamonds
off bruised ankles
an ocean of heaving waves
but no loving eyes to meet

waiting for the first pearl
of morning dew to touch the petals
of my sorrow

healing the glassbeads cracks
and making me
a beautiful tomorrow

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