

Someone's Eyes

Have drowned enough
To praise their rising

And filled your hands
With gazing.

Their cry is all
The color in all the world.

They are the countries
You have lived in.

They are the desire
That has found a home.

Out of their tirade
Walks a clear voice.

In these eyes you are forever
Wretched forever blessed.

They say, This is the way it is;
Don't be sorry.