

Unheard Warnings

The Swan Bride

a little conversation under willow tree
in an urban night

with a perfect smile & a hand of thief
you stole my heart

i tried to warn us not to fall in love
you said: it's too late,
don't waste your time
on unheard warnings

another night with you.
we hold our breath in a steamed bathroom

another try to stop the starving animal
it starts to croon
about warning signs in your coloured eyes

what we design
are the days born out of unheard warnings

another dawn alone
perspiration's soaked in the empty bed

i switch the thought of a hanging rope
for a cigarette

you make my visions blurred
& i can't let go
it's my morning blues
listen to echoes
of unheard warnings