

Ocean Of Silence

Unprocessed

I do not ask for waves
They appear on their own and leave me
They possibly feel
As lonesome as I do
And would not show it
Constant noise is more silence than sound
Over distant lapping, that clots deep underneath us

My
Eyes are like the sky -
A bit white in lots of blue
Motionless
Of so much impression

Somewhere by the shadows of endlessness

And my ears become deaf

And water trickles gently
Into the desert sand
And I still cannot see
Why my ears keep deaf