



..and within the moment..that not so perfect moment,

I rest,  
I sleep,  
yet,  
I cry, I cry for me.  
I, that stupid thing,  
that nothing,  
yet I cry,  
for me.

That silly thing, that silly cry, lost, crossed, held, felled.  
I, that lonely thing, that quiet thing, that sees the thing that cries,  
that dies,  
before my eyes!  
I see it still,  
I know its true.  
Do you dear stranger,  
Do you see it too?