

## The Twisted Ways of The Ones Once Living

What I once loved  
Is lost beneath time  
Beneath the scars of humanity  
The flower of honesty unfolds itself

The true shadow cast its colourless light  
Lighting the way to the recasted ones  
Making blind the listening ones  
Guiding with its trembling hands of harmony

Because what is lost, wanders the twisted ways

19.10.2021

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The poem is the first poem in English since 2015. It was created in inspiration of my latest discovery of what S. had written in their Tumblr, making me in a bit agonising mood. This, and reading Hapax lyrics, made me write that poem, feeling kind of loneliness.

First two lines are written with thought, next ones were almost psychography, coming a bit without my conscience.

Author Interpretations:

„Scars of humanity” mean what we, as humanity, cast on ourselves, all our foolishness and bad choices leading to „losing our beloved ones”. Flower of honesty is exact opposition to it.

Next verse is a bit of reference to „Wiersz Wyjścia” poem of mine (*making blind the hearing ones*) and to Talk Talk song „Such A Shame” (*trembling hands*, meaning uncertainty in original song, and being symbol of exact uncertainty in this poem).

The title is reference to „Ostatni Krzyk Grudnia” poem punchline.

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Hapax „Concrete Hives”, „A Different Blue”