**Bleed**

the heart can bleed misery

i see it in the eyes of my fellow warriors

but it more often pumps contentment

the languorous comfort of simple companionship

i see more smiles here than frowns

hear more laughter than sighs

the victim of melancholy is isolated

both by his condition and his neighbours

i don’t mind the rain

grey is a good colour for me

and the descent of droplets

down the plate-glass pane

occupies my retinas while my mind is wandering

but i know, out of my own past

that a grey day can mean darkness behind the eyes

the despair and desperation of waiting.

Spring : where is it? We wait, unsolaced by cloud.

the heart can bleed anything

i feel so guilty

that mine bleeds nothing but blood

on a day like today,

in a place like this

where the lonely man drinks in his life

like it burns his lips to do it