

10/24/12

CAN YOU HEAR THE WHISPER OF MY SPIRIT,  
WIND WHAT BLOWS THROUGH MY SAND HEART  
IF YOU WILL HARKEN TO MY SOUL. IF,  
SO, YOU MAY HEAR THE TEMPLES FALL & START,

TO TOUCH THE EMPTINESS & PILLLOW,  
WHERE I LIE WITHOUT YOU NEAR.

YOU MAY TASTE THE SALT WHAT BURNS MY WOUNDS  
AS THOUGH.

WE STILL BE MEN AS ONE IN LOVE'S ITALIAN  
I MAY PRETEND YOU NEVER LEFT. YOU ARE STILL  
WITH ME HERE.

IF YOU READ WRITING ON MY BETTER PAGE.  
~~IF~~ YOU LISTEN TO SILENT CRY OF MY MIND.  
YOU WILL KNOW THE PLAY

WHAT DANCE IN THE EMPTINESS  
LIFE & SPACE

YOU WALKING OUT OF. ITALY LEFT BETTER.

SHALL I BE SORRY THAT I LOVED YOU.

TELL YOU I AM SORRY

FOR WHAT I DID OR DIDN'T DO

OR JUST TELL MYSELF IT'S NOT <sup>REALLY</sup> OVER  
YOU'VE NOT ~~GONE~~ <sup>SAY NO</sup> IT CAN'T BE TRUE.

IT'S NOT DARK. NO GLOOM OF NIGHT.  
THERE STILL IS HALF  
STILL SOME LIGHT.

~~WARM~~ SUN STILL SHINES  
~~THE~~ STARS STILL TWINKLE  
~~THE~~ WORLD AROUND  
~~ARE~~ NOT COLD & BLUE

YOU ARE NOT REALLY GONE  
YOU ARE STILL REALLY MINE

WHAT ELSE MAY I  
THINK  
SAY  
OR DO.

HOW ELSE MAY I

HOLD ON  
<sup>THINK</sup>  
IF I JUST SAY IT'S SO  
IT'S SO IT WILL BE SO  
IT WILL BE OK