FLOWERS IN A BROKEN BASE

I you would close your eye and take a deep breath,

you feel the texture of my soul

You would woo me to the ends of earth

and give the earth you travel as lowery

You would speak of be me in breath tale

You would call me to queth you

When you battle the sun

If only you would close your eyes have stayed open too long,

And know not what it feels like to fantasized

And your eyes had stayed

If only through this cracks you would see that

A place you have never non exist.

Am safe behind this and cracks

You may think that I lick all that I am

you, But you too lick pour and busy

Unlike I hear it, see it, break and know it

And Unlike I hear it, see it, break and know it

I cry for you, laminated, covered by a plastic life

Flooding with word of rot inside

If only you have this great hair

, you would see we are like great flower

That we have seen war

Where our craft without shame,

For better amore break than our heart

And to leak have to lived valiant,

We roots breaking free as those

That has scared death yet breath on.

For we know broken p arts get healed,

If we let the sculptor

Yet our memory remain

And stay not it’s his chisel

Maybe I shall take in your breath

And feel the texture of your wounded soul

For today you are the flower broken vase

Weeping to be seen inside

So for your hidden fragrance

I shall pay the piece

To call you beautiful and whole and needed

Beyond words

And love with a love

None of us will never be worthy of,