

and little evidence of forgotten songs.
 The night is mine, I battle my shadows
 until the cold grey dawn bids me return.

Surrenderings

The cold & spiked greyness of a sleep
 through the dusty glass,
 the grimy pinkness of the treatments,
 the factory chimneys and the heavy smoke
 there are the sights that meet my eyes
 when with a weary sigh
 I gaze toward the windows from my walk.
 Coldness, squalor, filth — of these
 so much our life is made.

And in the room
 the air is heavy as my heart,
 but still is coldness, squalor, filth;
 unhealthily moist exuding foul smells,
 unwholesome thoughts are drifting through
 the room.

a clinging to the few bright specks of light
 so desperately they ease it all in grey.