

Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 120

THE LINE BETWEEN US
Last time i checked.
a line was drawn on
the water which danced
with the whistling wind
Now the water is rigid, cold,
like those steps i should ve taken.
Its nomore a drunken pair of legs
that doesn't watch through its path.
It was not abrupt, nor careless
rather crawled visciously
etching its print on the way
Sometimes it was the pretty lies.
masked smiles and hidden wickedness
and how much of an apricity
i thought you were.



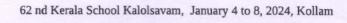
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The Rue was a superstanding the comments
The line now overshadows the sorrows,
enigmatic yearnings.
Like the shades of grey clouds
over the mushy meadows
Even when the sky is bright,
and the coast is clear,
the eerie silence
becomes so deafening.
Perhaps,
asunder from the line you drew
if i paint one
and make it parallel
with a squeezing hope
to cross over eachother
someday, somewhere, sometime

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when the time proves again	
to be a panacea,	
i wish the whistling winds	
once again dust the lines	
and Open a Sheer canvas	
for iredescent strokes	
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