



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 doesnt 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 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 each other
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 iridescent strokes