

# Mister Black

## Tijad

At the end of reason  
the earth still sucks the rain.  
When our final thought is silenced  
the winds will not refrain  
spreading our ashes while god is playing dice.

Mister Black  
his hands are trembling  
turning a page  
he always smells like booze  
this classroom is his cage.

Next to me  
Michelle is sleeping  
her arms slightly bruised  
everybody knows  
except for Mister Black.

Golden tears  
these wonder years  
are passing by  
I wave at them and smile  
Mmmmmmm  
While at school  
I fill my notebooks  
by drawing lines:  
a sketch of mortal life.  
A circle wouldn't do.

This line here  
is my horizon  
it's also you:  
unapproachable.  
There're things I cannot do.

Golden tears  
these wasted years  
are passing by  
I wave at them and smile  
Mmmmmmm  
Waiting, I'm waiting, waiting for you to wake.  
All is easy when you're seventeen.

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