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
Mmmmmm
While at school
I fill my notebooks
by drawing lines:
a sketch of mortal life.
A circle wouldnâ€™t do.

This line here
is my horizon
itâ€˜s also you:
unapproachable.
Thereâ€™re things I cannot do.
Golden tears
these wasted years
are passing by
I wave at them and smile
Mmmmmm
Waiting, Iâ€™m waiting, waiting for you to wake.
All is easy when youâ€™re seventeen.

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