Unquiet

Pati Yang

The sun says that this is for my good
Only till I am back inside
Licking wounds until I can see through
This shadeless heart
And clouds in shape of you
I am the unquiet
Minutes are hours
I cry hard
To make you tired
Asleep I might be talking other world
Take you there when you will understand:
How on earth
She's meant to be my drug?
Without you
She wouldn't be herself.

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