

# 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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