Crooked Tiles

Pram

The sky keeps on weeping
The sun is sleeping
Don't wake the moon
The light would show the cracks in her faceThe earth on its ancient last legs
Wobbles round the sun
Like a drunk around a lamp post
And I shut my mouth sore from cursing
And my eyes that are tired of seeingIf I could shake off this feeling
Of being guilty for living
Of never doing what others wanted
Of simply being inconvenientThen suddenly the sun could warm me
To the marrow of my skeleton
My mind could ride the breezes
Hover and flutter in the cold air

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