

# Afterwards

## Mokke

You stare out in yellow eyes  
Larger than my mind  
In viscous pools of joy  
Relaxing, we glideIt's all too beautiful  
For my mind to bear  
And as we shimmer into sleep  
Something's unsharedBut seeing the flower  
That was there yesterday  
A tear forms just behind  
The soft peace of your shadesThe world's too lonely  
For a message to slip  
But between the dying rails of peace  
You tripThe petals that were blooming  
Are just paper in your hand  
Your eyes, which were clear in the night  
Are opaque as you standIt was too beautiful  
For it to last  
These visions shimmer and fade out of  
The glassThe petals that were blooming  
Are just paper in your hand  
The petals that were blooming  
Are just paper in your hand  
The petals that were blooming  
Are just paper in your hand

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