



UN: (a.numwvnjqrpy)



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Black and White Rainbows



Watching from a window-sill
Or from a cabin by the hills
the sky that once was painted blue
looks all white and grey

Watching with a cup of coffee
Book in sight or maybe a keyboard
the pages that once were all filled with words
look like the end, a void

Rain that once went like a playful chime
Arc in the sky flashing every colour to exist
Now the water from the heavens seem oh so sombre
While the monochrome rainbow weeps

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Stars Fall

Footsteps echo
So does the rain,
they echo into nothingness
I wonder as I listen,
do the stars hear them too?

I hear water drip down the ceiling,
hear the turn of a page,
hear a sigh of exasperation,
the sound of turning away.
I wonder,
do the stars do too?

In their never-ending constance
in their infinite existence
I wonder if they see
hear
feel
feel the cold, empty handshakes
or a warm hug or two

Now I know they did
they always did, they always do.
The stars, they have eyes and ears
they just don't show

They're watchers
observers
a pin-drop silent audience

Now I know
how?
I just watched the stars fall

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