

(...)

by mazaher

March 14, 2013

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All that I have breathed  
air smoke and fog  
and the smell of towns  
and rivers  
of snow and summers lost

All that I have eaten  
milk and bread  
meat and peas  
berries and cream and  
bitter radishes

All that I have drunk  
cool copper-tasting water from the ladle  
tea and old port  
ale and hot mulled wine  
and squashed fruit

All that I have read  
from inscriptions to labels  
manuals and novels  
papers and verses  
and the latest fanfiction

All that I have known  
about horses and poets  
screws  
cooking  
and you

All that I have ever thought  
and written, or not,  
all that I have ever done  
to make sense, and to keep it--

When is it going to be enough?

When  
is  
it  
going  
to  
set  
me  
free?