

White Table

by Laloo Monday, Aug 23 2010, 6:52am

international / poetry / post

the jar spilled on this white table of mine
and for the millionth time
i curse myself
for the clumsy moves i make
and i wish
i wish i had the courage
to let myself be
myself.

i make faces cos i can't sit still
and let myself
just be.

i wonder when this mask will drop;
i'm standing here naked
in front of you,
terrified
cos u can see right through
all the walls i put up,
i tremble
but can't move.

you come closer
and place your hand
on my arm,
in that silence
everything is said

and i cry,
i cry those berlin walls
away.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2075.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-117.html>