

Small Poem of Old Friend

Kashmir

man have I been far away?
in short of words
afraid of nothing
with nothing at all around
how could you know?
how could I have let you know
when there was all but nothing in me I blew it all away
into public air
it was right in front of me
it was almost there
how could they know?
I can understand how little
they could understand of what went...
down and down and down it goes
when stepping off the open road but you've been spreading dirt my friend
words that were untrue
crowned yourself among the men
that gave so much to you
I think you should know
there is only so much time
before your sad song comes around, and...down and down and down you go
when stumbling on the lies you told
down and down and down you go
ask me who I wouldn't know sail on
sad one
precious, precious
you've lost your halo
senseless, aimless
you chose your own road
and you will walk on endlessly
thinking that you're clean
but I hope you know...down and down and down you go
when stumbling on the lies you told
down and down and down you go
they ask me who I wouldn't know sail on
sad one

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