

Ugliness creeping down the shoulders

born without a stomach

damned to be

just for one day:

the train is running fast

in the night of someone else's dreams

the choice is but too easy

as there's nothing to be picked

only a few left moments

signifying the importance

of the non-be

predominantly smashing

all the rest being out there

Not much of a life,

the life sustained by a lie:

God promises things

we can't presumably believe

Hopes and chances

don't have a beginning, nor an end,

and I'm just a random twist of genes,

not more

than a butterfly...

