

CRYSTAL IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE
(Free Verse)

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With no hope lying your way
You walk like a man without shoulders
Free from an absurd ambition;
Then your face brushed by the breeze
Lights up the sky more than the sun
Like a smile quite disturbed;
It seems like the grip was yours
But now your palm is moist
Unable to grasp common sense;
The path of adversity returns
Like a morbid storm reviving dead dreams
Play on oh music of sweet words!