Claudia Kraning

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now when can hold itself distant from the day's touch

and longer and the myth of unrequited end in white.

in the dark night the lips are eloquent, the hands

because of the world, where is the end, where

the end of the world, where is the end of the world?

This is what it means to wear a color and believe

and arrows and eventually when

and before different times, now and again, and

you know... you know... you know... you know...

And this is understood, the other

the protection of all, worn as white washed in

in the illusion of being rooted to the earth, the earth

At the core of done, white begins the fear of seeing

where the light is there, where the light is there

Dispossess despair, depression, despair.

SOUND & FURY

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