

10/03/22

Passing through still rain,
Light grappling therewith,
Presenting blemish and stain,
Although one must bear with
The distortion of our loved,
For lies beauty thereof.

Color bent and intertwined
To craft art comprised of litter,
Like broken glass by light to shine,
Or beneath the sun to glitter.
Light and Water painting beauty with Vility,
Manipulating trash to procure Tranquility.

Brisé Amour