blank pages

blank pages of the mind walk orderly in time to life that is mine but the same in land

Am I waking from a dream or am I falling asleep I drift in and out of reality not knowing which is fantasy
heavy clouds

Voice

Viola

con sordino

sleep

heave

y clouds leak into my mind

bringing thoughts unseen to the light but are

nocurnal to frolic at night fall and slumber to

piu intense

slow into deep engulfing slee...
flowing Streams

stick-y sweet pink and or - ange drips and falls ten-der-ly on - to my tongue and I

touch my lips my eyes close I dream clouds cotton can - dy lo - li-pops and

cho - late streams flow - ing in my mind of su - cu - lence pink clouds sweet lips

touch my dreams flow - ing in streams of love

sub. p
poetry

Voice

Viola

mf

p

f

f > mf

f

p

mf
for ever

lost memories words in rhythm

thick that I will never find feelings I used to see but now

I will be forever blind

f