

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

April A.

## **The Voice Of Despair**

Triangles of half-open doors  
Reveal all the truth that is hidden:  
Just condoms and cans on the floor,  
Black papers with verses, forbidden -  
Unfinished remakes of the song,  
Deprived of the right to speak loud  
Of wicked intentions gone wrong -  
Erasers have muffled the shout.

The only illusion-proof mind -  
A poet, the voice of despair,  
Sincere, the one of this kind  
Throws verses far into the air  
Right there, in a dirty old flat  
Among once great talents, now rotten.  
They all have deserved more than that,  
But even their names are forgotten.

## **Nothing Else Counts**

The streets are embraced by this threatening night,  
She's sunk in his warm, not yet sober embrace.  
They promised each other that things would go right,  
Yet all their hopes stand for counting days.

The morning will frown - one desperate kiss,  
The sign of unfortunate parting for two,  
Will cease their dwelling in ignorant bliss,  
Or blissful forgetting, whatever is true.

The well-known words in a new undertone  
Of whispering voices are fading away.  
The morning will frown, and she will be gone;  
He'll vanish in sleep till around midday.

They'll meet when the streets are embraced by the dark.  
With no place to go, to never be found,  
With lives half-forgotten, with nothing to mark.  
But they have each other, and nothing else counts.