

Living Wreck

Disbelief

Where is the joy,
where is the bliss,
rest and satisfaction?

Alone, weird and suffering,
down on the ground,
pined for you.

Pined for you -
desirous
Hungry for your return

Return of feelings,
return of trust.
Or to let go of,
what I love.

The living wreck
Join the living wreck

To which place,
my trip is forced?
To the surface -
urging for a sense.

A hungry wolf
A hunter for affection
Behind me
These memories

Looking forwards,
There is ...
There is joy
There is bliss.

Looking backwards,
There was ...
There was fight
There was burden.