

At sunset

Poems

Posted by: AJ_Cardiais

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Sometimes the sunset smells like death.
So I need to get lucky
to watch the swallows dance.

Sometimes I can not even dream,
because reality does not allow.
Worse: I have nowhere to complain.

It's ... My world is this ...
Sometimes I am well liked,
other times I'm not even seen.

No one sees that the afternoon sun,
shines without bragging.

A.J. Cardiais
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