

With Broken Wings, A Beautiful Tragedy

(tragedy!)
and I hear the cries
but I don't see the reasons to which
this cry should lead me to
a tragedy
a crowd gathers as I look with curiosity

and as I stare at a masterpiece
I want to give you the grace that led me
to this state of mind
it's beautiful

and frightened
I approach a crowd
I act as if connive
they stare at me
with bitter dislike
awaiting a proper response
they stare at me