

A MESS

Everything's a mess
heart beats
... feelings
Meaningless!

Red spots...
all over my chest,
Nervous-
I may confess:
Goodnight kiss,
I miss...

Dear red spots,
were we true love?
- who knows...
what really was;

Nowadays
I'm just a mess,
with someone else... lips
spooning my loneliness.

Valentin from Romania