

THOUGHTS

Sonia Weitz (2003)

HOW DO I FOLLOW
THIS HOLLOW PATH
MY SKIES BECLOUDED
AND GRAY
HOW DO I SLEEP
AND KEEP
MY DEMONS
AT BAY

LIFE IS AS FRAGILE
AS THE BROKEN TOWERS
AND WITHIN THE POWERS
OF DESTINY
WE ARE LIKE DUST
YET WE MUST
GO ON