

Wasted thoughts

Help! My mind is porous,
from words breaking through.
I try to trap or catch some,
but they're formed with wings.
Like baby dragons, they take flight.
If only my fickle-happy-mind,
would care to hold on ;
wouldn't spill and waste,
my honey-dusted thoughts
before their wings could dry

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Last update: **22/03/2019 18:32**

