

Temporary Reprieve

He reached for happiness
And came up with sand
Turned mud
Hardening in his hand.

He washed off the mud
Cleaning away his fears
Watching it slowly drip
Along with his tears

This is when she touched his cheek
And kissed his hardened hand
But now she sleeps
And he sits near
Trying to understand
Why He's still scraping at his hand

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