

*Forty-Three (V.2)*

Stones carved of blame

Fissures and fault-lines

When being breaks open

No substance remains

Save but soft whispers

Traces and stains

Yet somehow love's name

Survives beyond night

Bringing white hot gales

Burning red rains

A storm forever turning

Though never self-same

*Forty-Three (V.1)*

Fissures and fault-lines

Stones carved of blame

When being breaks open

No substance remains

Save but a whisper

Faint traces of names

A new love

That keeps me

Through white wind

And red rain

Forever the storm turns

But never the same