



Waiting 2.0

When they said that there could be  
a parallel Universe and You not in it;  
I knew that couldn't be true.

Sooner the Moon her own Light,  
before a World without You.

When the slow-cooked books explained  
that it was all predictable;  
that the machine would eventually return to zero.

I believed the Sparrows.

They were certain

it's Freedom that unlocks Love.

I'll never accept that what You were doing  
was only what everybody else was doing —  
feathering nests, playing sand castles...

even if the bells are fading,  
and the sound of trumpets growing louder.