

Blessed are we,  
Those scorched by the gnawing pressure of insincere gratitude  
And blessed are we,  
Coupled with and stained by colors,  
Once so vibrant, paled by the source.

Storied valor and secrets  
Scratching from the inside,  
The bareboned freedom  
Maybe happiness or idle attempts.

Blessed would be the rain.  
Rigning and the lights,  
An anomaly; verve.

To be fallow again,  
Then maybe we can meet,  
Renewed in the Patagonian brush, touched by multiplicity.  
Revival and pure;  
Infallible and sure.