

Poetry Series

**Tho Phung**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2007

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Tho Phung(5 August 1979)

# Clouds

Clouds

I believed our love would be shaped,  
Into the mountain, into the sea.  
Yet the absence of tenderness,  
Of hours watching the naked moon.

Thou dropped a fragile heart,  
Did thou ever care?  
Beside thee through the nights,  
Lost in the dreams with tears of anguish,  
No sight of treasuring minutes,  
Coming back in the darkness, in thy wet arms.

Have thou ever asked thyself,  
Where the inspiration hides,  
Why thou get up every morning,  
In thy arm lies a constant source of happiness.

Can't thou feel the warmth?  
My blood runs through my breast,  
Yet I thank thee for every drop of it.  
A lost soul thou hath found for me.

Sitting on a train towards the desert sun,  
A one-way ticket,  
Thou bought for my life.

The truth of lies thou buried,  
That night, blue sky  
Sneaked into my mirror.  
Forgive me for leaving  
A trace on thy way,  
My love, my bygones.

Ha Tho  
Sunday Morning, April 10,2005.

Tho Phung