

The Blues Were Inviting - Katlego Nkoana

Taunted by the fate of misery in company
A kind of slow poison that festers by the hue
meandering every vein till lips run blue
Perhaps the fleeting vigour in saddened individuals is the last pump of red before the blue
Perhaps the sadness is a fallacy I misconstrue
The blues were inviting,
And my wavering flicker beams at the thought that my desolate blue could be in your consulate that
outweighs the hue
The blues were inviting and so were
You.