

Celestial Crown

"With The Autumns Winds"

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When the Sun draws to a close
Night with Silence, sweet lonely silence beckon, compel
us
To leave this reality - pale face of the world-
Making us dreaming about immortality near the
haunted shores of
Grasping Styx

On the dark fields overgrown with the pale flowers of
the asphodels,
The fleshless light shadows of the dead rampage
through these fields.
They complain about their cheerless life without the
light and desires.
Their groans are quietly heard, barely perceptible
remind me - us -
The same as they, persecuted by the autumns winds

[11 february 1999]

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