

Durn Alejo

"Returning To Pathos"

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Return from yourself, the reaper of my fields
Return, for you are needed.
For the one yet to be born.
The child cries out your name, the night whispers to me
In the streets the screams are alive.
And they will always be.
White veils hanging still, waiting for you and me.
The forest still awaits, let us run...across.

Return, for the morning maybe never.
And the breeding is still untouched.
Return, maybe I fade away.
Before the sun, but not the stares.
They still weep the centuries in your name.
For the moon still is what it was
...Your name and the closed gate.
The stares shine for hours, like the fields never reaped
Return for the sun that has it's wings widespread.
The horizons sleep in a story
My feelings glare at thee.
As their mornings end, my mourning begins.
My pain is much for you; I shall let you breathe,
Open skies tasteful depths, green seas and you and
me.
Return, since I caress the young. Since pathos burns in
me,
Merge me; blend me, into sorrow.
Shade me with trees of grief
Touch me; winds of pain come touch me,
Burn me pathos; burn me if you can,
Now that what I have become,
Time is in immortal soils.
Sing, and dance for my return.

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