

Dying Passion

"A Long Night"

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It's drizzling.

The time has turned

Into a furtive, soft,

Deadly whisper.

It's drizzling.

White bear feet of death

Are running across black,

Damp ground.

It's drizzling

On a fairy-tale marketplace.

There's my shadow

Hanging on a tree

Near a stall selling belief.

It's drizzling

And my naked shadow

Drenched with rain

Is swinging on a bare branch.

The night is long and blind.

It's drizzling.

The market place is quiet

And the belief-stall is dark.

I wish I didn't have to speak

I wish I didn't have to listen.

Feeling is a curse of perception.

The fairy-tale marketplace

Has covered it's face

With both hands.

It's drizzling...

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