

## **Dying Passion**

### **"A Long Night (My Death)"**

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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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