

Forest Of Shadows

"Beautiful Nature"

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Good morning... Just woke up
Today is 20th of September
I wash and dress and then...
Good morning... Just woke up
Today is 15th of November
I wash and dress and go
Good morning... Just woke up
Today is 5th of May
I wash and dress and then...

And the ceiling's gone as
Heavy smoke. Am off into the
Stream of Night... so fragile...
To live another life of mine
Either forgotten or unhappened...
... A boat is cutting dark-green waters, I am watching it
while dad is rowing
I spot a thread of smoke at the bank, a smell of food,
somebody's waving us...
We're home, both tired, wet but pleased: today it was a
perfect fishing.
My mom's surprised and happy, so am I. She's smiling,
praising me, her son.
Am running, my sister's joining me! It's swing time,
who's the first?
We're swinging so that apples fall and joy's filling the
garden.
And then we're having evening meal outside, together.
Black-yellow tongues of fire are rushing up
Into the velvet sky, so magically stellated.
All of a sudden, a spark, it hits my eye...
Growing's the pain to blow up the world and kill me
back
Into the Day we all belong to...
Morning... Just woke up...

And so it goes, day after day.
A pale-gray circle
Of indifferent decay...
I just don't know
What still makes me wake up

To find myself surrounded
By the dead again...
... For buzz of bees and scent of pollen,
And can-docks over water's deep,
For silver threads of warm rains fallen
For all it still dwells beneath the steep
For shady glades and sunny wild heaths
And golden meadows, where we've run,
For rapture of a careless child with
The taste of pinesap on his tongue...
For a night-bird's flight across the river
Through the mournful toll of a lonely church
For after-dawn dew droplets quiver
And moths that dance in the light of a torch
For those who choose the pain of living
And bleeding wounds from that day forth.
For martyrs tortured, whose forgiving
Still helps the Skies to bear this Earth...

I take a deep breath as the vision's dying...
Those never fail who never dare
Bewept by none and cursed, we were just trying
To dream of what you're not aware...
Of floating mists embracing lovers
And honey poured on just baked bread,
Of solid rocks and fragile flowers...
Yet nothing matters to the dead...

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