

In The Eyes Of A Mistress "Weeping Willow"

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If the earth was a willow
And you were one too
- would earth be weeping
So gentle and true?
If I was the garden
Whereas you could grow
-would you hand me your brAnches
And grant me your love?

In between the lines of your story-flowing through
The pages of a book so well prepared the
Words leave more than ashes from your pencil
When it speaks of tiny stories that happened
Through these years
I swear that your present reality-disillusioned
Obscurity? -will gently wipe away the tears
Of wasted seeds

How Can we go through this
- with wounded wing before we learned how to fly
How can I control desires
- when desires burns on a chilly autumn Night?

I will try and make you imagine;
The aura where they stand
Is filled with little secrets
- as written in the sand
Naked as a child at birth
A question in disguise
An oasis in a lonely desert
Where lonely unknown lands lie

From here and into infinity
- humble and timeless
Philosophy-you gently wept away the tears
Of wasted seeds

All the days that have left me
And the species I have seen
Ahead days will follow
- it was only a dream

Though my garden is growing
Under skies out of blue,
And it changes Each season
Both in colours and in truth
You should know that a willow
- a weeping bed's pillow-
Until all days are through

The rain that fall on your branches,
Just yearning for a source to feed it's primal need
Can make your beauty blossom from within
With flowers blowing in the wind-and in seasons to
follow...

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