

In The Woods... "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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