

## Neocolours

### "Temple Of The Silent Desire"

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Do you remember her?  
You remember hat you wish so!  
Listening to the tunes of the past  
Crumbs of memory,... of jokes,... half truths  
Wandering about the desert territory of brain  
Are you a remembrance of somebody  
Who is going to forget you?  
Are you a lie perhaps?  
Are you the personification desire  
Of someone enslaved you?  
Of someone who created you in their memory  
From meaningless shadows?  
But in her eyes I saw my reflection  
Now sun shines directly to my face  
Hot, red curtain of semiclosed eyelids  
With her I was in eden  
...our garden  
Promises,... words,... declaration of love.  
The storming building full of clinches  
Will I remember?  
Do I love her?  
Memory is schizophrenic always  
It's an offer of arranged, disarrayed thoughts  
Or reality with hallucination  
Mysterious and secret  
Both sides of the mirror  
Full of colour fluids spent and become grey  
Feeling of emptiness and discouragement  
You are left alone... and memories...

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