

Forest Of Sound

Athena

Lost in time, the long river of words
flows through a forest, over her blinded eyes.
The stream is dying the trees,
waves around her frozen gist.

She hides the voices with crics and tears,
in the eyes the voices disappear.

All around her face the trees are so high and cold,
the rain now is whispering her name
but she will not hear a word.
Sounds of falling stars,
voices in the cage shinning from the path,
dreams surround her mind
tears in the night the sun has dried.

Water flows in her voice
fading shadows leave the day,
the moon still shines.