

A Long Night (My Death)

Dying Passion

It's drizzling.
The time has turned
Into a furtive, soft,
Deadly whisper.

It's drizzling.
White bear feet of death
Are running across black,
Damp ground.

It's drizzling
On a fairy-tale marketplace.
There's my shadow
Hanging on a tree
Near a stall selling belief.

It's drizzling
And my naked shadow
Drenched with rain
Is swinging on a bare branch.
The night is long and blind.

It's drizzling.
The market place is quiet
And the belief-stall is dark.
I wish I didn't have to speak
I wish I didn't have to listen.
Feeling is a curse of perception.
The fairy-tale marketplace
Has covered its face
With both hands.

It's drizzling...