

Autumn Poet

Dying Passion

I am a poet.
My poems light flashes
In all minds, in all cells.
My eyes are crying.
They can see love in a distance
- They're making love -

My eyes, in a dark of night
To freezing cold,
They didn't give in.
Two-legged being's worlds
Are split into two halves.
- My eyes are crying -

I want to know
Which part of the world I am from
Where I have lived,
What I have seen.

Look into my eyes
You will find the answer.
Black is white,
Grey is whiter.

- I want to know -