

## The Phoenix / Spring

Evereve

The phoenix

"And from the ashes a Phoenix rose - with wings made of gold  
it gently touched me, a touch of relief. I was ready to start  
a new circle, hoping it would never come to an end.

"Never too late for hope" - the grey ice melted - slowly..."

SPRING

Where is my world,  
The beginning of my life bound,  
Surrounded by light,  
Wandering aimlessly around.  
Hearing voices calling my name  
While I hover, world's dark stain.

Where is my summertime?  
I'm longing for its warmth,  
Far too long I shivered  
In winter's icy force  
Clouds are above me  
Mid air caresses my lungs  
I let myself drift, waiting for spring sun.

Soft grass - but it hurts to go over it,  
Pointed stings - running between I stick  
Brooks are roading, the water blood red  
Please let me drink, but I can't, I'm dead.

Souls are screaming, mothers and sons  
Are slaughtering themselves, am I teaching a dream...