

Weeping Willow

In The Woods...

if the earth was a willow
and you were one too
-would earth be weeping
so gentle and so true?
if I was the garden
whereas you could grow
-would you hand me your branches
and grant me your love?

in between the lines of your story-flowing through
the pages of a book so well prepared
the words leave more than ashes from your pencil
when it speaks of tiny stories
that happened through these years

I swear that your present reality
-disillusioned obscurity?
-will gently wipe away the tears
of wasted seeds

how can we go through this
-with wounded wings before we learned how to fly
how can i control desires
-when desire burns on a chilly autumn Night?

I will try and make you imagine;
the aura where they stand
is filled with little secrets
-as written in the sand
Naked as a child at birth
a question in disguise
an oasis in a lonely desert
where lonely unknown lands lie

from here and into (infinity)
-humble and timeless philosophy
-you gently wept away the tears
of wasted seeds

all the days that have left me
and the species I have seen
ahead days will follow
-it was only a dream
though my garden is growing
under skies out of blue,
and it changes each season
both in colours and in truth

you should know that a willow
-a weeping bed's pillow-
...
until all days are through

rain that fall on your branches,
Yearning for a source to feed it's primal need
can maKe your beauty blossom from within
with flowers blowing in the wind

-and in seasons to follow....