

Mountain Too Rough

Kayak

Weakens a heart
As it moves on forward
Going places, sweet grimaces
Love is here, then disappearing

Hardens the world
As the echo is unheard
The words seem to affect
The feelings - once so pure - existing

Each mountain - snow needs warmth to melt and to flow
Seaward

Slackens the urge
Leaves no mountain to be searched
Until the next hill looms up
Clouds the view, all memories fly

Softens the smile

Sometimes still moves me for a while
But then remembering all the
Broken mattocks, wondering why

Each river running into the sea is needing falls to
Flow
So changing times and changing scenes
How could I ever say it like before:

You - be my mountain too rough to subdue
You - be my fountain of love - morning dew
Drowned in you, to wake up so fresh and new
Thus we will climb the day