

Fields At Sunset

Kirlian Camera

I walk down a cemetery
at the edge of the wind.
A dusty brown raincoat
maybe grey.
A sanctuary with scraped walls...
Dried nests forever empty.
I walk along the place
of the inexistent depressing eyes.
Destroyed domes,
the carelessness of my house.
Master of ruins.
Only of them can I sing the praises
for the great splendour of death.
Death's angels...
Breath of wind.
Lamb of God.

Springtime sends its watering sun into these bounded
lands,
from windows nobody is looking through anymore.
Nobody. No more. Nobody is here any longer
Gathering left memories,
Wandering among the sick fields at sunset...

And the last money spent for pictures...
and crying,
while the air turns into pink
and the daisy remains in your hands so small
not even beautiful.
You live far away from human beings
and from time to time you appear
among them.