

An Umbrella Fallen Into Fiction

The Envy

Reign of your shiny live eyes.
Clear sky, rainy, the umbrella repels a great stir.
There eternally.

As much as the time passed, there are unopened words.
I speak of you in tears, and the gentleness of voice
Sleeps.
Sound of the rain as I go quickly in the distance.
Pure skies I connected searching for the time to wait.
Here eternally.

Turn the world white.
Smell the grasses.
Broken world.
Roses fallen and withered.

Warmth I put inside the hands we gold and a scar on my
Forehead.
The night sky I carried on the land where the raging wind
Stops.
Turned around and saw the letters of envy in everything.
Tears of strangers reflect on the other side of the
Approaching gaze.
Spring petals stain in the view where the vexation
Spreads.
You leaned the taste of a remedy of fiction and whispered
"It's impossible."
I smell the season changing again