

Isolation Of A Light Source

The Envy

Memories I see in the direction I'm talking.
We speak words, our eyes go down.
We got flicked and have lips of isolation.
Drop our gaze and bound for farewell.

Beyond that door I was scattered selflessly.
History changed the light into letters.
Present wounds separate the times.
The meaning hides under the shadow I cast.
I let the current take its own course and put out my thoughts,
eternal smile is here.

Rescued, cherished, I keep walking.
My fingers are cut while groping the dark.
Stain stays on the spinning thread.
Others tear for the closed manipulation.

I have a wish in my hand with endless ideals.
Memories I put in the poem travels and arouses.
A man overflowed from the sand he seized.
Melted loop asks for the time.
The light behind me came to its senses yesterday.
I wonder and the wind is piercing.

Opinions fit in a small space.
They vanish and float, and there is nothing to invent.
Azure silence gives prayers to the moon.
Reflect the passing seasons on your look on an eye.
It's wet and it's branded on.
Overflowing takes you to the stage for tragedy.
Whiteness of grass withering cold.
A smell of the rain speaks dull.
Seek the light source and reveal life.
Cross the vibration and a chance begins