

SUBSCRIBER OF MY TRUST

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What a rare thoughts were born into my head ...
What a rare thoughts you can find after my death ...

I want you to remember my name
'cos it took me too much energy that
non-stop please others!
I'm not like a moth starved for light
and than burn my wings when I touch it ...
Why don't they understand me?
and my sandalwood can be broken
to a splinter!

I'm not like a bottle of juice with
an instruction : "Shake well before opening!"
and incapable consider human
inner dignity ...
Please be brotherly in this plight
and brotherly I'll know your name!

Where are the letters for me?
Did the postman die?
I sent the request for somebody
better, but I was too much selective
and tend towards dungeon of souls and
pretty hearts and I found only subscriber
of my trust ...

Did you inquire about it, how many
ingredients I got into my dinner,
that I'm hungry for?
The details are more important than
entire things ... do you want to eat
the same like me?

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What a rare thoughts ...