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FOURTH CORNER-STONE

RECOVER LIFE'S HEART

Guarding the hours altering; their changes: My prey.

Fogcovered - AWAKENED!, rising - Dawning now lifts itself
swiftly roused, opened in the lightsoaked halls in the forest

and all night is missing - for a moment, - again.

(Worries bite - a burden lingers on.)

Wandering up all the Path's aged, burnt in, yearsteps,

standing upon flowering field islands,
leaving by my withering footprints

and catching torn thoughts - when spoken my heart clears, - to remain.

Life's heart, our hearts; are born matured.

So return, come you who listened, know the qualm cleanhearted;
on hate's and gladness terms here allowed to tenderly intertwine
with the lighthearted - maybe sorrowfilled, enlightened Sun's routes.

I am proven - when your shivers go cold, - if you wake up.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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