

September

...and Oceans

The first burning candle
Like a newborn in a cradle
Forgotten at days
For autumnal landscapes

The slowly falling leaves
Like a man's heavy tear
Alone in the forest
Yearning for the sunset

The last growing flower
Like last september
In silence heard
Only one singing bird

The first cold wind blows
Like the rain in mist
Blows its tearful song
In the horizon

The first appearing star
Like a letter from afar
For the ones alone
With hearts of stone

The last autumn sight
Like a lonesome sigh
In the forest deep
Into wintry sleep