

The New Arrival

Convulse

The path is cold and dark, no stars in the sky.
Leafless trees, scratch the new arrival, touching with cold hands
the foreigner.
Who searches for his place.
Spirits of lonely ones, hail the wonderer,
And lapse back to quietness, to sow the seeds from which we are
fed.
It has become time to, leave the paralyzed seas.
And open the gate, of the new beginning.
March this way with your heart, close your eyes from the past.
Don't fall from this path.
'Cos then the morning never comes again.