

Ten

Dying Passion

It is the day named ten
I set off the way of time
Autumn on shore of the rain
still hesitates with his chime

but horseshoes of the silent
and the breath of all of the bird's mouth
talking from the misty island
in nostalgic for the south

And I like in the timelessness
I breathe wind into the sails
Our ship named windless
Sailing bodies with the nails.

I feel like I forgot to leave
the watching sky with broken face
there are burning leaves on the tree
and yesterdays of falling grace