

The Phoenix / Spring

Evereve

The phoenix

"And from the ashes a Phoenix rose - with wings made of gold
it gently touched me, a touch of relief. I was ready to start
a new circle, hoping it would never come to an end.

"Never too late for hope" - the grey ice melted - slowly..."

SPRING

Where is my world,
The beggining of my life bound,
Surrounded by light,
Wandering aimlessly around.
Hearing voices calling my name
While I hover, world's dark stain.

Where is my summertime?
I'm longing for its warmth,
Far too long I shivered
In winter's icy force
Clouds are above me
Mid air caresses my lungs
I let myself drift, waiting for spring sun.

Soft grass - but it hurts to go over it,
Pointed stings - running between I stick
Brooks are roading, the water blood red
Please let me drink, but I can't, I'm dead.

Souls are screaming, mothers and sons
Are slaughtering themselves, am I teaching a dream...