

Germination

Gloomy Grim

At the dead of winter
This is The Day

I want to proceed
Take a new form

I stare at the Fire,
which burns in The Night

Like stars in the sky
cinders so bright

I am wearing a Cope
Alleywall of Flames
Smile on my face
as They whisper my name
I take the last step
and enter to
The Realm of No Return

The Seedlings are weak
My ashes still warm

Winds start to blow
spreading the pile

Time goes on
spring and sun
breathe of life
as jesus wept

My life so young
just one day old
I open my eyes
I am alive