

## Weeping Willow

In The Woods...

if the earth was a willow  
and you were one too  
-would earth be weeping  
so gentle and so true?  
if I was the garden  
whereas you could grow  
-would you hand me your branches  
and grant me your love?

in between the lines of your story-flowing through  
the pages of a book so well prepared  
the words leave more than ashes from your pencil  
when it speaks of tiny stories  
that happened through these years

I swear that your present reality  
-disillusioned obscurity?  
-will gently wipe away the tears  
of wasted seeds

how can we go through this  
-with wounded wings before we learned how to fly  
how can i control desires  
-when desire burns on a chilly autumn Night?

I will try and make you imagine;  
the aura where they stand  
is filled with little secrets  
-as written in the sand  
Naked as a child at birth  
a question in disguise  
an oasis in a lonely desert  
where lonely unknown lands lie

from here and into (infinity)  
-humble and timeless philosophy  
-you gently wept away the tears  
of wasted seeds

all the days that have left me  
and the species I have seen  
ahead days will follow  
-it was only a dream  
though my garden is growing  
under skies out of blue,  
and it changes each season  
both in colours and in truth

you should know that a willow  
-a weeping bed's pillow-  
...  
until all days are through

rain that fall on your branches,  
Yearning for a source to feed it's primal need  
can maKe your beauty blossom from within  
with flowers blowing in the wind

-and in seasons to follow....