

The Immaterial Children

Kirlian Camera

In the dark, every shape creates flashes of fear
and this night's chilly breath is shaking my thoughts
like old autumn leaves.

Sometimes I'm happen to dream... and I don't know the
truth.

I'm seeing you... just seeing you... again... holding out
for a non-existent guilt, for every repressed scream.

You waited... waited... but your mother was not looking
at you

and your not many years were freezing the room and all of
the eyes around there.

When I saw you... you were dead.

Then, I saw a shadow passing by

So I got a bit confused.

Don't dry your tears,

Now they must see your pain...