

## Phoenix

Markéta Irglová

You told me all creation starts,  
Within the darkness of a womb,  
Comparing flowers to enlightened minds, and  
Therefore loving to see them bloom.

As I had loved to see your joy, and  
Sought out a meadow to pick this living light, but  
Then I turned up at your door, and  
Found I'd only been stealing in the night.

When you said: "Don't give me flowers to put in a vase,  
They're beautiful, I know, but they are dying,  
Unlike the love that they were given to proclaim.  
We'll plant an oak tree in our garden,  
To better stand the test of time,  
Please don't kill no flowers in my name,  
Don't kill flowers in my name."

Well then I thought of life and death, and  
The impermanence of all there is, and  
Grew unsure of how you knew  
Our love could never feel the deathly kiss of time.

When you said: "Love is like a phoenix, never to truly die,  
For it rises from its own ashes to be born anew,  
Yeah, it is so if the love is true, but  
If it's lost to you and I, it is lost to the world, and  
It will truly feel as though each star has ceased to shine for  
good,  
Our love it lives on as it should,  
Our love lives on as it should.