Sands

Mechanical Poet

How long ago did it take place?
I felt the sun shined on my face. It was in June.
A glowing day...
Though desert doesn't have dull days.

Sometimes our roads bring us to docks.
Since empty miles of endless walk.
And someone who has found the key
meets someone with the lock.

I found his campsite by a fluke.
He had the same old cloak and crook.
A perfect copy of myself.
But there was something in his look

He said – You're running
from your demons longing for serenity.
You hope to find the place
you dream of but that will never be.

Sailing in the sea of sand.
Your nightmares are still with you.
Searching for the Promised Land.
Your nightmares are still with you until the end.

Why don't you let it pass through you?
Why don't you simply let it pass?
Why don't you let it die for you?
Why don't you simply leave it in the past?

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