

# Fading

Poema Arcanus

The last days of summer  
Through storms and distress  
Blind of the frailty  
Drifted out of place

The logic of carbon  
The fate of living things close  
A grip to reality I never asked for  
Then this old superhero  
Became a little wounded bird  
The path we all follow  
Crumbling down before my eyes

So calm yet so bitter  
Attachment with nature  
Fading light sparkles  
Still unexplained

Flesh shelters life  
Flesh shelters sickness  
The answers lost into cold  
White labyrinth talk

Life is a runaway  
From shelters and from prisons.  
Encounters and loss draw  
This complex map of time.