

## The Meadow

## The 3rd and the Mortal

In a meadow I have vanished  
Between oaks and daisies  
And the old and beloved grasshoppers  
Sounds that embrace me  
The wind chases the fragrance of morning  
My days of obey

I breathe in the book all I'll ever be:  
Out, floating, touching the yellow blood-flowers  
To the beat of my, of my whisper

Shall I ever rise above  
Make a detachment  
So that the tweaks crack and the growing stocks  
Get bowled up by the ruins?  
The strength, the strength of this moment  
Is like morning dew, morning dew  
Drops that filled green veins like crystal-clear blood  
And I wait all day who slept  
In the meadow tonight  
This cold night