Weeping Willow

In The Woods...

If the earth was a willow and you were one too
Would earth be weeping so gentle and true?
If I was the garden whereas you could grow
Would you hand me your branches and grant me your love?In between the lines of your story flowing
Through the pages of a book
So well prepared the words
Leave more than ashes from your pencilWhen it speaks of tiny stories
That happened through these years
I swear that your present reality
Disillusioned obscurity
Will gently wipe away the tears of wasted seedsHow can we go through this
With wounded wing before we learned how to fly
How can I control desires
When desires burns on a chilly autumn night?I will try and make you imagine
The aura where they stand
Is filled with little secrets
As written in the sandNaked as a child at birth
A question in disguise
An oasis in a lonely desert
Where lonely unknown lands lieFrom here and into infinity
Humble and timeless philosophy
You gently wept away the tears
Of wasted seedsAll the days that have left me
And the species i have seen
Ahead days will follow
It was only a dreamThough my garden is growing
Under skies out of blue
And it changes each season
Both in colors and in truthYou should know that a willow
A weeping bed's pillow
Until all days are throughThe rain that fall on your branches
Just yearning for a source to feed
It's primal needCan make your beauty blossom from within?
With flowers blowing
In the wind and in seasons to follow

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