

Written Into the Sky

Xysma

My friend from above
Between those clouds
We stand and watch
Our mind is greeting us
Bubbles of a clear day
And the green plateau of anger
A field, not a rice field
We stand under the leaves of a tree
The river is floating under our feet
The birds chirp and the butterflies
Are searching
No clouds in the sky
The face of a friend is written into blue of the sky
Worship of the omnipotent sun (I dream)
A dive into the mirage
Straight-angled death
That instigates the air to reduce
The stench of my heart dies
I bury it in my selfishness
The pain of not knowing - a tense waiting
A raging fear - when the truth is near
Who is a friend? The question of my life
Under the leaven tree - we wait for the answer

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