Deus Ex Machina

Omar A. Rodriguez-Lopez

Deus ex machina...After ten rainy summers
And nine destructive winters
There was hardly nothing leftBut a bare and sore ground
Lite a stripped and dried out soul
Without body and skinAnd the cold wind blew the hazel trees
And the cold wind blew the hazel trees
Reminding them of how old they areSuddenly a force from above
Silenced the elegy
It was at the end of the dayIt was at the end of the day
Although the beginning of a new and bright tomorrowDeus ex machina...After ten rainy summers
And nine destructive wintersThere was a last sudden gust of wind
Before the life and freshness again
Touched every heart, mind and soulAnd the comfortable summer breeze
Played with the green leaves of the hazel treesReminding them of how young
And beautiful they areEchoing a sorrowless future to come
They thought about their lives
How satisfying they wereAnd they spoke with happy childlike voicesAfter ten rainy summers
And nine destructive wintersDeus ex machina...

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