

Doorways to compassion

Beyond the mist?
Beyond my prayers?

I don't dream any more,
please.

See and feel
the heart of our humanity
lost from the center of love
which we've forgotten
centuries ago?

You're a child of Terra Nova
now
she is travelling alone
remember
in cold, cold space?

Yes, I can see
very evening
the stars are rising
to the darkness of the next night.

And then in the rain
of the night of hibernated music
finally
I can see
an open door
into a possible future
only because of hope.

Dark or White?
The Darkness or The Light?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren ERD-man-SKY med Poeter.se id #40583 innehar upphovsrätten