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The bridge does not lead anywhere.

Words gather

In the ocean of foams

There are tears of happiness

Was inconsolable

Swinging a huge white canvas

As the eye, can see

I change my eye color

Adjustable single absence of sunlight.

I play with memories,

That someone comes

From behind and kissed me on the forehead.

Blondie cannot forget even that

If uncertainties waters,

Were dirty at the time,

Nobody loves enough to be forgiven.

The world is foreign to me and treats her as such,

They stretch a smoke,

Rope ladder until you reaches a climax.

I look at the horizon and following with the same tenderness,

Until yesterday, I was a champion multiple losses,

But today I have a secure future in the world of poem and fine art.

The future that I have delayed to promote.

The landscape culture that I had the courage to love, to exhaustion.

I highlight my joy through acts of charity.

By sending to you daffodils, bathed in sunshine.

You do not like the sun sets,

You slept across the bridge,

Waiting for the daffodils from me.

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