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HUNTED IN INVIOLEBABLE BLOOD

ALREADY THE FROSTBITES SEARCH

Stand surrounded mists on borderland grey
above returned, night hidden, molten leaves

(Broken off, fallen,
still these hardly missed lives
will arise with overturned spring ices)

The nightside thickens - The striking cold fastens

Springtime travels inside, breaking its hidden deathbread,
while unhealed wounds rasps in my greyest hollowharvest

I was here, I was here,
I was here tied to an uninhabitable world of sorrow and meat
where bitterhard seed strewn for the ices to live as cast away,
and all too overnourished crap; All tenderness and reality is beat

The nightside thickens - The striking cold fastens

And already before the moment the last autumnsigh awakes
the frostbites searches the paths to its final wintergatherings
so alike the summer flowers trade in their seats in the groves
before Time has found that Autumn plucked down all meadows

Can only dream to remember gladness here, be on wait,
be sighed through by all of these dawns and twilights,
knowing the withering's terms, always unbefallen, await,
in beauty sent away from its beginning for blossomings

The nightside thickens - The striking cold fastens

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