

Unmemorial

Every wind is an oblivion
And forks the way back
To spiral another mistake
With a crooked-mind path.

It also circulates, returns,
Direction and forgetfulness,
All twisted of memories
With thoughts loose in the wind.

At each corner a shadow,
A fleeting omen,
We get lost, we fold
And we run so fast.

That is how the unforgettable is done.

Clay

There's an endless amount of clay inside
It heals the wounds before they're felt
Sometimes I wonder if a sharp-enough knife
Could cause the necessary chaos,
But madness relies on self-healing.

On My Bed

Breath my air, my love,

Then hide all your secrets

Inside my golden ribs

Surpass your fears

Holding on to me

Put your arms around my neck

My darling, everything costs

Leave your wallet on the table

Please. On My Bed

Old Man Blues

In my bed
Back against the sheets
Singing an old blues
With tears in my lids.

The ceiling is my sky
The cold floor my heaven,
These walls aren't home
No more.

And I pray,
May at least bring a poem
From the depths of my hell
But I came

empty handed.