

Starlit night

I fly to the starry sky by my night dreams.
I do not know another way inside this transparent space.
I would like to be there by my hopes.
I would like to be there by my poems.
I would like to be there.
I am blanketed in fog...
I have the breath of clouds.
Night. Starry sky... Dreams. Walk.
I study the celestial map in my night dreams by the sky.
Because I never believed celestial maps which were made by people.

A Little bird

The Earth sighed sadly
while she was preparing for the long winter.
Winter looked without hesitations at her.
It is not possible to save green leaves.
It is not possible to save tender flowers.
It is not possible to stop time.
The Earth breathed freely
when a colored bird began to sing a sunny autumn song.
This little bird will sing at the winter white days too.