

a light sparkles lightly  
entwined in my spectrum  
of feelings  
hardly understood  
moral and vices  
mixed up in unmotivated killings

all covered by the breeze  
my hands move swiftly  
to catch those numbers

when you turn back  
to try and gaze the view  
the meanings just moved  
through slumbers

and there  
beside conceptual beauties  
of lost and forgotten gardens  
beneath the moving shadow  
of blue tainted grass fields  
can you sense how I feel  
can you take it  
even when  
the stories transform into duties...

