

Salvation

White color is released from my hand

Red is spinning in my head

Black takes me away

Love flaps its wings in the air

I cannot catch it

A sheep cries

Upon his mother's blood

As it traces death's dance on the ground

The sorrows in the chest

The smiles in the picture frames

What a riot it is...

This resurrection of solitude

Love flaps its wings in the air

I cannot catch it

Arian-July 2010