

http://www.diogenpro.com/2132013---world-poetry-day.html

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Foots

Within the twilight of my memories footprint of hers resurrections

I am struggling on the run not getting

The pain is immeasurable My fault

infatuated

I continue to pray

and love

ecause she is always here
emains
esuscitate.
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Awakening

Reflection
of my own madness
is shining
within the night of my restlessness.
Treating the cries
of human dreams
I cannot do alone.
With whom I will?
And when?

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NEBULA OF THE SOUL

I am enlightening the hell of daffodils while disappearing in loss of the sense... me.

Fighting for the incarnation of the soul is wooing with the nebula

Whether will survive...the soul?

Or disappear among rocks, cliffs, of searching.

Aspiring towards the fall.

SHE...THE POEM

The poem about her decanted with my tears through decades arises

And, within the time of blenching light flashes through the distance and intention...

The poem disappeared with return of her.

Am I wrong, Or she is my ...poem?

AGORA¹

The place
of personalization of the direct
democracy
and the starting end
of civilization.
Wondering value of try
within the announcement
of disappearance of the species.
Two thousand years
Later.
Today.
Us.

Translated by author

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¹ The **agora** (Ancient Greek: ἄγορό, Agorá) was a central spot in ancient Greek city-states. The literal meaning of the word is "gathering place" or "assembly". The agora was the center of athletic, artistic, spiritual and political life of the city