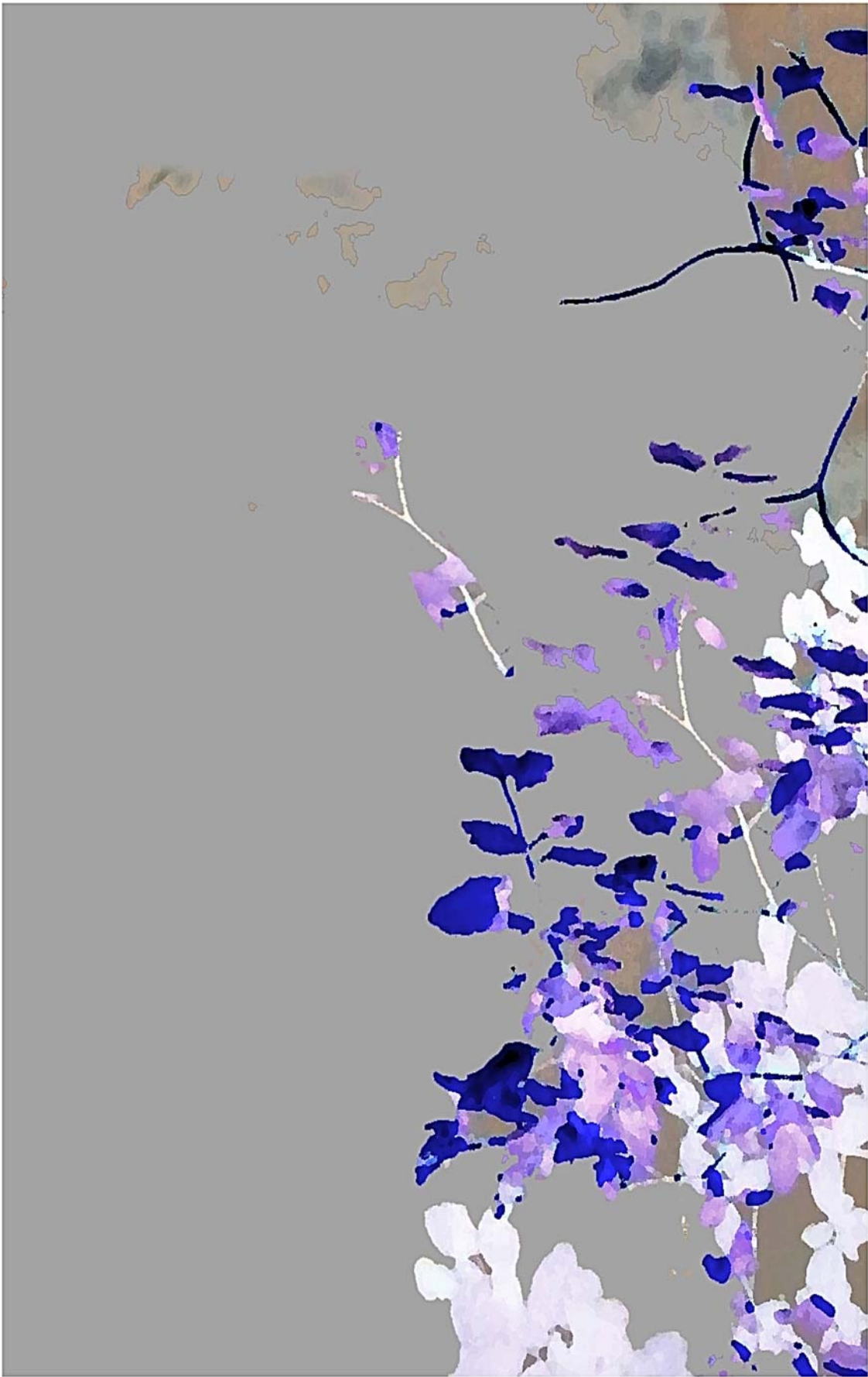


THE
DYING POET

死んでいる詩人



人詩るゝでしん死

THE DYING POET

It was the time
That time

a

wounded robin lay 'pon her bed
sweetly greenlit grasses
of summertime
her body donned this final rest
one eye remained scarcely open
though lids fluttered softly
viewing her last
sundreams, drifting softly clouds
singing violets,

gently

haunted whispers of caring winds
caressed
of all that remained
her lovely feathers
barely dancing their
goodbyes,

**we are all drawn
unknowingly into our breath,
flow ever each days,**

**a time to soar
a time we sigh
a time to cry**

A time....



死んでいる詩人

- THE DYING POET

時間

- *A Time*

Baldwin Hill Press

Aurora Art White

2018

No. _____

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