

Tales From The Blue

An old collection of a journey
Laid down upon the desk
faded memory
My heart is covered by a blue touch
It's gone when the blossoms end

A vase awaiting flowers, has never been blessed by them
An exquisite pot, never been acknowledged
I filled the glass with some fine scotch
Closed my eyes
The night ends
And it's all blue

A herd of serow in the distance
Passed by across an unknown railroad
White birchs emerged in the blue sky
Trimmed by square window panes

I picked out a fragment of time
A traveller, once left behind
Magically the scent has moved the still wood
Wakes me up with the sizzling drum of rain
The play ends
And it's all true