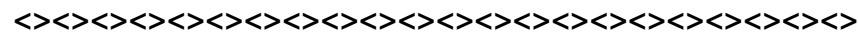


The Wait

The old ring,
A remembrance for the odd king,
Lost its way amidst the watery depths.
I waited for the lost plant to bear fruits again.
I waited.
The wait lasted an eternity.
The ring came back from the depths of your memory,
And resurfaced on the wrinkles
Of my old skin.
I am still waiting.
For what?
I remember not.
Not anymore.



The Wish

The dried petals
Carried away with them
The sleep deprived soul's
Tiredness.
I waited for you to deflower.
I wish your silence to leave your cloudy bosom
And
Blossom like new leaves
On that cold withered
Stick that once was a rose tree.

