

Red Country

And then and there did he not love me?

In those fleeting silences of the world, all those things left unsaid.

The red country too flat and dusty for my eyes to breath,
the morning bird in the dews of the crazy loneliness of the dawn.

The ripening day, sun rising, gradually,

Why does he stand afraid?

even when he knows he is so dearly loved.

the tall trees are not tall but minuscule in the eyes of my immortal love,

that tears and is left now confused and war stricken by the demeaning and strange look in his eyes

The farms are deep and endless, infinite
too long to question and too long to think of.

My love rests at the end of the horizon,
waiting for the fondness of your arms and the familiarity of your hair and the persuasive,
picturesque colour of your eyes.

Run towards me,

feel and touch the bark of my love tree,

sweat and bleed on its roots,

stare at the dust that falls maturely in the storm of days on myself.

It rains soon,

and all the children will leave the ecstasy of their play and will run wild,

romantic confusion will scent the air and the sun will hide amongst the curious shade of the clouds.

Nonetheless, I will dream of you,

and there in the ravishing rain , when the dust bowl of this long country howls for the coming night,

I will think of you.

I will love you.

I will think of you.