

His soul looking Smoke it emits The vent	Sounds	floated in the purple water, mainly blue, billowing from a chimney, glowing light, smells of mint.
The You You need	Images	ghosts point to the darkness. choose to be silent about your fate. the cigarettes to ignite a fire.
In the the faces but you	Memories	dusk, you can tell of nobody, hold him in your dead hands.
It whenever depriving erasing	Emotions	replaces my eyes solitude attends, me of thought, my conscience.
The it can		young soul is tortured. For once, become a mayfly,

watching	They are disturbing	the tide rise and fall.
As we the pace		move forward, of time moves backwards.
The love On that We treasured	Trees	between us was mortal. night filled with storms with passion, destroyed everything to each other.
What my love; and The Should I when do	Waters	should I feed and nourish you, how should I experience appreciate your pain? distance between us cannot be measured.
How with my I never as I never	Lands	recite the poem I wrote to you I think of you?
I carved prayed that no	Till us apart	should I bury you, soul or with your flesh? betrayed you, betray myself.
You are that has you are to fight	Until we die	your name on the tile, with spirits at midnight one could possess your beauty.
We will		sent to awaken my will been asleep for a thousand years. the only force that can inspire me against everything.
		flee, the love will be eternal.

The train This is It's The The I hear the and Passing No lights, is rising. All the		heads for the end of August not the green train I remember taking me to a whole new land music player is repeating one song woman throws the baby into the trunk sound of crying, I'm sitting on pins needles, I choose to keep silent through one village to another no echoes. An immortal landscape No doubts, no purpose noise is far away
I mixed a added ice then You look The It flushes		couple of unknown liquors, cubes and examined them for a long time, drank them in one gulp. I feel my body is softer. good sitting across from me, burning liquid passes down my throat in the dark, every cell of desire from the oesophagus.
In the Like a The lights I find my The it flowed By this		narrow aisle, I staggered towards the toilet. plane in turbulence, the Titanic on a glacier. flicker until they stop working abdomen gutted of organs wound bleeds and stains my jacket, down to my bottom and down to my toes. time my vision was blurred.

A cold voice from the announcement
"Passenger fainted in carriage Four....."

I dreamt of you,
When I wake up I remember your face.
I write you a letter, seal it
then put a stamp with a red image on it.
When I handed it to the train commander,
he opened it without permission and read it thoroughly,
saying that it contained sensitive words.

His black satchel was filled with ransom notes
I pulled out the last cash in my pocket

Sounds

This train has no departure station
There was no stop in any city

Images

The passengers wake up and fall asleep again

Memories

Emotions

They are disturbing

Trees

Birds in
these cities

Waters

Are freer
than I am

They don't care
if the city is theirs
They live
they leave

Lands

No one tries to chase them away
No one disturbs them

Till us apart

Until we die

My soul

grew
from the fingerprints of
some strange man left on
the leather cover of
the steering wheel of
a concrete mixer
in the city.

My soul grows from
the sweat of some strange
man dripping down from
the concrete jungle.

My soul is attached to the
city, to every construction
site, to some strange man.
My soul is crushed and
reshaped, fixed and
discarded.

I die with my soul.