

HUMMING BIRD

Ripped up day in the dawn's outback
freely inwards flows the tide
charcoal clouds dim passing
abandoned river's ride

he will heave a sigh,
last man of the tribe
his hands will get unfolded
they'll dream another song

of humming birds like heavens
and voices underground
cant't feel the time slipping
out of his grip
no one else around

leans against the pane
half blinded
looking up the street
washed by the curtain rain
seals around the creek
started fighting

where are the yesterday's men
aren't they like the ship
slowly sinking towards the bottom
where life's a masterpiece
of the unswerving.

he'll carry a southern lantern
when the day has fallen into a foreign night
she'll mantle his sleep and cover him
with a tender shield for the long ride's run

just move on an elder landslide
it feels like standing in a strange man's shoes
blasting the words from silence
holding the brother on the trail he walked
holding the brother

humming to dance water melodies
rain does the soundest drumming
reading the signs on the faded screens
dogs stray outside on the sidewalks

... wind does shake the man
unbordered Patagonia ...

