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Untitled

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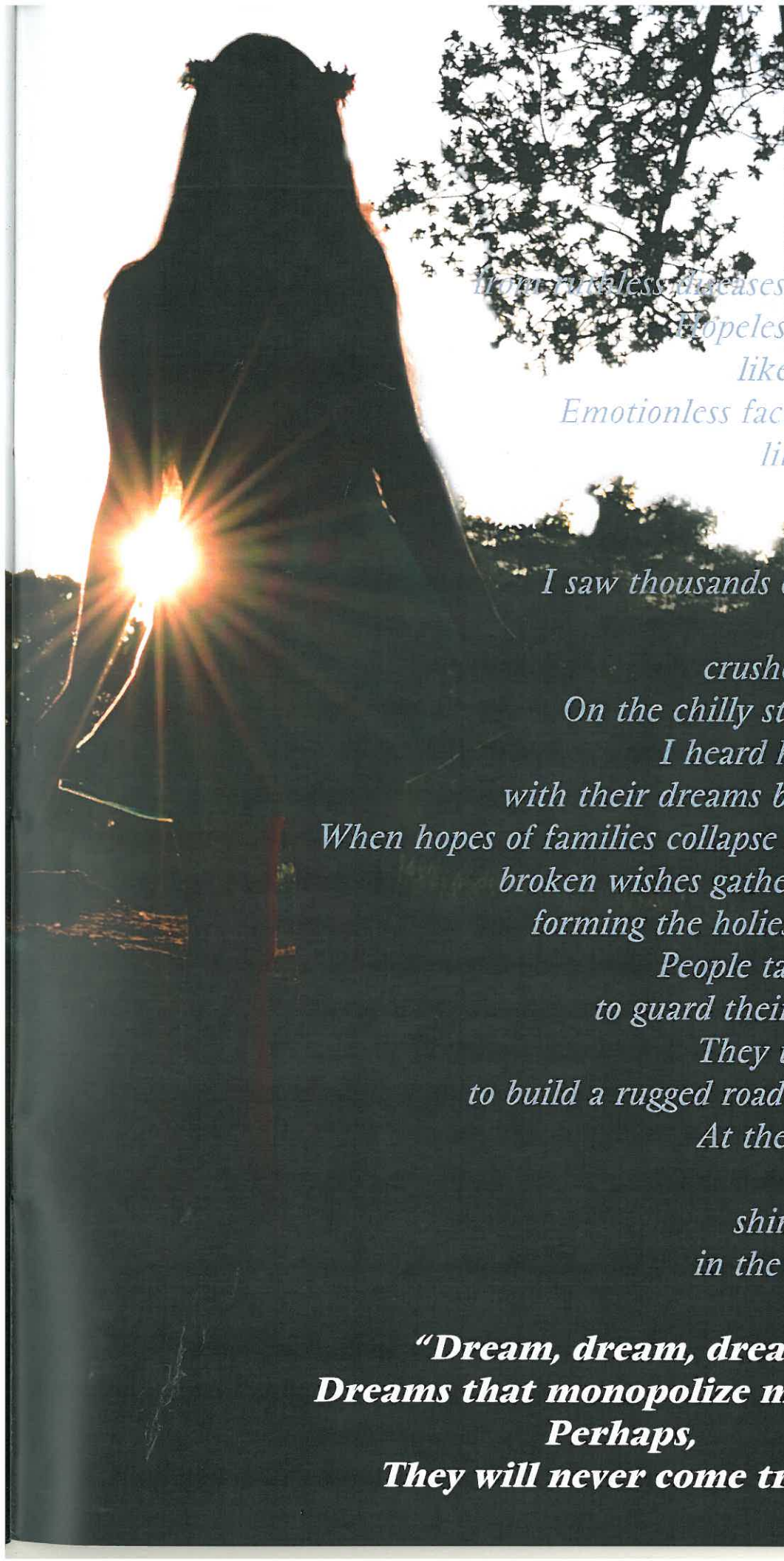
*When the beauty of this world appears
You are no longer beside me
I look up through the falling flakes
thinking about the fairy tale we read:
Snow flowers are pixies from paradise
coming into this world to bring
people their marvelous dreams.*

*"Dear Brother
Is heaven also snowing now?
I wonder if you can see it.
Such a beautiful world
Just like I told you. Remember?
All white, like ice cream..."*

*"Dear Brother
If Dad and Mom are beside you
Tell them I miss you all...
And please, do not worry about me..."
My voice echoes in the chilly wind
Seeing the fog rising up with my breath and dreams
Higher and higher
until they finally disappear
into the endless grey light*

*I stand on the top of the mountain
overlooking the borderless lands that belong to me
Wind blows through my hair
Dark bloody color soaked through my white cloak that flies in
the air
Once the flame of devil burned my eyes
The world was no longer bright.
The scene in my red pupils terrified me
Red rivers beside red hills
Red hills under the red sky*

Photo: Alexandra Donoway



*Sun drops
from the horizon
In the infinite
shadow of darkness
my people are suffering
from ruthless diseases and fear given by Death
Hopeless yells from lightless hell
like swords tear at my heart
Emotionless faces under nameless graves
like fire scorching my soul
In the rain of bullets
on the battlefields
I saw thousands of soldiers end their lives
with their dreams
crushed like crumbly potteries
On the chilly street in the snowy winter
I heard hundreds of poor praying
with their dreams blight like delicate petals.
When hopes of families collapse in the brutal maelstrom,
broken wishes gather from all over the lands
forming the holiest dream we've ever had.
People take stake of all they have
to guard their peace, liberty and lives.
They use their bones and tears
to build a rugged road lying on the bloody rose
At the edge of the murky way.
I see the dream
shining like a burning blaze
in the boundless gloomy freeze*

***“Dream, dream, dream!
Dreams that monopolize my heart,
Perhaps,
They will never come true.”***