

# Canaan, Fragile

Fragile  
Immobile  
For endless  
lapses of time

Fragile  
Immobile  
in an ice cold night  
Nothing I perceive  
While I hold my breath  
and see this life of mine  
destroyed  
and burnt to ashes.

Fragile  
Immobile  
With a thousand winds  
around me, whispering  
words of comfort while  
they blow away the sands  
of my poor  
throbbing heart.

Fragile  
Immobile  
For neverending  
lapses of time  
I dare not move  
swallow my breath  
and my desires  
for fear that a sound  
could break the spell

Of these frail moments  
Of a life I no longer understand  
Of this pure perception of me