

# Carpathian Forest, In Silence I Observe

At the great wood's mouth,  
by the deep cave's door.  
I listened to something  
I had heard before.  
The wood's mouth.  
In a field I am the absence.  
Wherever I am  
I am what is missing.  
And in silence I observe  
When I walk I part the air  
and always the air moves in.  
To fill the spaces  
where my body has been...  
I close my eyelids.  
There was nothing more to say.  
I've seen it all before.  
But, I find comfort in silence,  
summer melacholia.  
The air shivered against my skin.  
Dark leaned into my eyes.  
Those threatening clouds.  
The sweet music of the summer rain.  
The mist in early hours.  
The dominant winds.