

# Benighted, Collapse

He said he is just seven years old  
Don't understand what he is doing here  
None of us can enter the secret spheres  
Mechanisms which brought him to dementia

All that he can see looks so strange  
His hands are different, old and wrinkled  
They are covered by tortuous veins  
Entire body's decrepit

Seized with a great distress

At dawn of his birthday  
The day of his eight years  
The night when he's gone  
Fallen asleep in a breath  
And never, has never awoken  
Dandled in sweet rest

Even his own-voice has changed since the last time  
Tired, hoarse and breathless

Asking what kind of disease he's got, he feels exhausted  
He can't stand up  
Nobody told him that a cancer is growing in him everyday

He can't recognize anybody around the bed  
He asks for his parents to come but they won't do  
He keeps the impress that he leaves without having lived

Who are these persons near me, all smiling  
With tears running on the cheeks  
Why do they claim that they are my children