

# JINJER, Perennial

this autumn feels like funeral to me  
the longest song of grief  
and not for what has passed  
but for what shall last

exhausted nature is so tragic and suicidal  
oh how spectacular she is when she kills herself  
death throes are slowly crawling to her toes  
as the last with her undressed  
whit a few petals on my breasts  
we shared opiates and let the landscapers do the same  
I love your warmth ut yet prefer to sleep in cvcold alone  
we fixed our eyes up to the sky  
to see a flight send us farewell

goodbye  
may we see each other next time  
so please, come back to celebrate this festival of life

then as now fly  
today you reached the point of no return  
now cry  
and then die  
tomorrow I will meet you with your cells restored

annual tradition of mass destruction  
in the name of total reconstruction  
my biggest source of confusion  
the reason of decay and disillusion  
under permanent ice we found a breathless paradise  
no we, re not dead! /2x  
jus enjoining coma

from the ashes of my roots the new me will rise to live again  
this is poetry of youth  
this is poetry of me and you!