

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!