

# Xysma, Written Into The Sky

My friend from above  
Between those clouds  
We stand and watch  
Our mind is greeting us  
Bubbles of a clear day  
And the green plateau of anger  
A field, not a rice field  
We stand under the leaves of a tree  
The river is floating under our feet  
The birds chirp and the butterflies  
Are searching  
No clouds in the sky  
The face of a friend is written into blue of the sky  
Worship of the omnipotent sun (I dream)  
A dive into the mirage  
Straight-angled death  
That instigates the air to reduce  
The stench of my heart dies  
I bury it in my selfishness  
The pain of not knowing - a tense waiting  
A raging fear - when the truth is near  
Who is a friend? The question of my life  
Under the leaven tree - we wait for the answer