

When self-obsession is all ...

eyes turned totally still
 A shadow of pain settled
 on the pale face fixed gaze
 The lips remained parted,
 something not yet said
 Some songs not yet sung
 while the birds chirped
 The world rumbled a
 deep-deep moan
 The parted lips seemed to
 quiver--some days of my
 life...
 An extension of yours...
 look after my flowers, my
 trees, plants
 Mine will be the birds'
 voice, voice of the wind
 Of the rivers and the
 oceans
 Of the blue sky during day
 of the starry night
 A shadow by you day and
 night
 A soul in your soul
 A memory ever wakeful
 Your fond music in silence
 Forever...and for-
 ever...and forever.