

## *Cursed Flower*

It no longer comes to me  
the sound  
the sound of life no longer comes to me.

Should I search it among my thoughts?  
Will it appear in these draughts?  
Or maybe it's already here,  
Maybe it has never disappeared.

This time my eyes can't shine so bright  
They've seen too much to seek the light  
And my ears can't learn so well  
They've heard too much to hear the bell

Yet the flower inside my heart  
Still lives although it has to hurt  
It sings the song of the miserables  
The ones not smart nor reasonable

I thought maybe this song  
Full and undoubtedly long  
Could show me where it is  
The sound of meaning of all these

But a blare so tumultuous  
Blasting and vastly torturous  
Weakened my ears and destroyed my wits  
Left me deaf and broke my bliss

So it no longer comes to me  
The sound  
The sound of life no longer comes to me.