

roots of the mountain



olympus, turkey

spring is here,
why don't you come too?

i wish to get out of my shell
and wet.

to be a toy in your hands.
and of the rain.

friends with grass,
protector of bugs.

i want to quit smoking.
and myself.

where in a heart do they live,
these colors i now feel?
how was i to know?

we don't.

and are all thus dying.
slowly.
one by one.
altogether.

c'mon.
spring is here.
why aren't you?

it's about time,
don't you think?