

"The Burning Reminiscence "

When I look to the sparkling stars
Through the clear dark sky
I see the glamorous faces
Of the lost beloved
Who left without Farewell
I see them flying around the moon
Like glittering butterflies
I smell their scent
From the coming winds from the north
That carry their belongings to the beloved
I feel their ongoing tears
During the silent nights
Like the cold dew drops.
I hear their wailing
While I'm sitting alone
And the waves shed their tears
On the beach of homeless
To carve the scars of the oppressed
On the salty sands
To revive the burning reminiscence.

