

mes poésies de circonstance...

meine Gelegenheitspoesie in (D/F/E)

Von Rose-de-Noire

Kapitel 9: Oh angel

Oh angel, Oh angel,
Broken chords and empty notes,
Framing your pictures, wound in circles,
Thorny veins adorning your sculptures,
Ashes heavy with rotten roses scent
And foul of dying hymns,
Oh angel, Oh angel,
Oh perturbed heart,
Oh lost soul,
Oh angel, Oh angel,
There's no save heaven, no paradise left,
No shiny light, no warmth of hope,
Just the coldness of your stony tomb.

12/11/11 R. de N.