

SECRET GARDEN

It's not how it supposed to be,
it's not even close to it.
Any day but today is no longer the reality,
as I fall and I fall into own mystery.
There are thousands of languages in the world,
still there is no language for us to be common.
So close, yet so far from each other,
and I'm still falling apart, still can't get over.
Now the most beautiful blossom is blooming
and I can't resist its grooming,
while it still continue to blooming.
How could I lose my pride and dignity,
I lost my innocence to infinity.
Like a desire which is killing the leaf,
when the rain is missing for a year.
Like a single tear which cloud has shed,
for a single flake which has faith to spread.
Alleys of magnolia try to seduce my gaze
as dahlias' instability locked me in my heart's maze.
Scent of a beauty made me lose the key
and the pain from these thorns made me bleed.
The scars will write the history on my body forever,
chains of boundaries they will sever.
But it's some kind of pleasure which I really lust,
with this venom in my veins and the illusion of trust.
Anxiety, fear - in my hands the means,
oblivion, variety - in my heart the will.
Walls are so big, growing to the sky,
with poison ivy around it, with poison ivy in my mind.
In this secret garden I found no words,
I found no feelings nor ways to go.
In this secret garden I found no tulips, violets or
roses,
but I understood what our stalk exposes.
I got my gardenia from heavenly case
and that gardenia is wearing your name.
Now I wish and I hope and I pray for only one thing.
That we...
like that gardenia will always stay in eternal
greenery.
That we...
like that gardenia will always and ever be.