

## TWO SIDES OF LIFE

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### The end of all dreams

The birch trees  
behind my house  
between the swing  
and gentle lullaby.  
The lovely sight  
in front  
of my eyes  
the blossomed magnolia,  
and your hand  
on my stiff arm.  
The shadow falls  
on my Christmas kiss,  
and I try to hide  
my bewilderment.  
The mellow freesia  
in her hair  
made me sad  
because I saw  
my lonesome future.  
I tried to sing  
your dearest song,  
but my words  
are tired,  
and I'm lost.  
You put  
the white lily  
on my grave,  
my ever  
lasting home.

### The future

Come, come in,  
and leave  
your past  
at the front door.  
Step into future,  
with all  
its unknowns,  
all its arousals,  
all its enjoyment.  
Come, come in,  
and leave  
your coat  
on the chair.  
Do it without  
any resignation  
or sadness,  
do it with love,  
and loud laughter.  
Come, come in,  
into my room,  
and sleep,  
and dream  
about the future  
with all  
its luxury.