

My Death - My Life

By Dorin Popa

had things not hit me
with such fury
I might not have seen them
I might have never cared about
them
my sadness - my joy
sometimes I am allowed to see
how evil mingles with good
how from their combination
everything comes to life
my death - my life
I would have never found the way to you
if I hadn't wandered about
if so many nights hadn't blinded me
if I hadn't found comfort in loneliness
sometimes in the middle of the tempest
deep silence overwhelms me
and while I am hit, battered and slashed
I can see in silence
how my death feeds my life

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