

Memory of the silent





the ground is bleed
sings with silent voi
sad path through the mystic's leading,
aking in the heart, some sacred noise





Light a candle, say a prayer my friend,
shed one tear for every pour dreamer,
for everyone that wears an own cross,
and whose soul, late in the night, shimmers.





For all those passengers, from whose dust
is growing some beautiful three,
for all those restless travelers,
from their pictures that are able everything
to see.





And for all the soldiers
that are marching in my dreams,
for all those nameless that wear numbers
and died fighting in the fields





For all those precious kids,
sent away from mothers embraces,
for all those tender creatures,
that are running now in heavens spaces





all who have some guardian
night shadow over their heads,
for all who quietly rest in peace,
dreaming deeply in their eternal beds.





For all who died suddenly
for all who died violent..
leave my friend and take with you,
something that lasts forever,
the memory of the silent.





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