

Desolate

Desolate woods
Lights burning
Dimly in the background
Darkness repeats itself
Scattering of leaves
Tossing themselves in the wind
A coolness felt today
Lost in the mist
Barren looking atmosphere
Alone I stand fascinated
Till someone intrudes
And asks me
What am I looking at
Only I know
I am a possession of my feelings

Renata Dawidowicz

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