

Pinwheels

Pinwheels are blowing so wildly in fields abroad,
as far as the eye can see. Wheat so brown, so
beautiful I say.
Tasting the golden grass is like a taste of honey
to a bear.
The wind carries smells of open air through my
relaxed body.
I give a shout of gratitude to my feet for bringing
me here,
for this is where I lay.
I can feel nature crawling on me. It's all around
me. I think I'll bury
myself in the wheat to shade the fire.
The Pinwheels are spinning like feelings of a
comforted life.
And this picture in my head is already gone.
This colorful collapse is tumbling down the
mountainside.
I'm falling now, but I don't want to be caught.
I don't want to live if I can no longer have this.
If this picture fades, I'll fade. I'd rather die
instead of
living with grief, of losing the most beautiful
thing in the world.