The long journey

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Starting now my long final journey I can't find any equipment Everything disappeared Like ashes of burned books Like tears of melted candles Like dead leafs in the storm Like rain drops in the earth Like hay and weeds in harvest Like moon in dark clouds Like stars in summer's downs The others have been still shadows Like this must be only Pacing without cane Traveling without coin Passing without bag Only the Cross in my heart And His Light in my eyes.

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