

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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