

## **This Myth Of Life**

### **Poems**

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Today I am alone-  
with myself,  
not even with wet eyes.  
A corona intends to go into flames.

Stars unaligned-  
where was the need of the god  
to commit a failure?  
The ruins must stay for ever.

Hurling towards the sun  
you wanted to know- why black scorpions  
live in the flares of light?

Nothingness bites you. The  
despair hurts, because you wanted  
the freedom to die without  
inventing the Deity.

My guilt should not be identified.