

Footsteps

They were the cold, darkling footsteps,
Its pace a music's dance.
They were the footsteps from my dream,
The dream at the railroad tracks.
No train has been there in years,
Longer than I've lived.
The wood is rotting,
The rails rusted through,
Like dry crumpled chrysanthemums leaves.
In my dream, I walked this place,
Mile after mile, everyday.
Going nowhere,
Finding no one.
The footsteps frightened me,
And I rejoiced.
I kept walking,
And the footsteps followed me,
But I saw no one.
I knew on one.
My dream went on
And I never woke up.
When the sun set, I slept
But I never dreamed
In my dream, there was no one but me,
And those darkling shadow steps.
I wondered only once about my mother,
But kept on walking.
My shadow had no answers,
And I had no more questions.

At last, one night I went to my knees
And threw those chrysanthemum leaves into the air.