

The Provinces

The provinces are overshadowed
by the landscape that is recompensing

Flourishing with life
Fuchsia, godetia, anemone and the pholex's
all augment with its
pugnacious aroma.
The calendar gains it precious season,
Never losing.
No one is mourning for it as
the grey valleys turning rainbow,
when the smoke toiling is erased.

Flourishing with life,
Trickling around is the smell
of purity.
It swallows the sky whole,
Brightening the starry nights.
Luminosity is brimming,
It found its way to change.

Flourishing with life

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