

## LINGER FOREVER

I admit it, I'm afraid,  
scared of finding nothing besides beautiful landscapes,  
besides the rising trees and blinding sunlight,  
frightened with the idea of being driven away by the wind.

I avoid thinking of where fate could lead us when the sun goes down.  
Will the shadows creep into our houses at night?  
Will we ever be safe on our own?  
We're constantly haunted by the unknown.

Just as leaves fall in winter,  
the feeling of laughter won't linger forever,  
nor the echoes of the songs we sang.  
The fog now covers the mountains we climbed.

Just like nothing lasts forever,  
this funny feeling will wear off at some point,  
but the pictures will remind us of the past,  
of the good and bad moments we made ours.

L. R.