

Dream Eater

Nayone Moe Thway

The dreams which can be plucked
For one season only
Have long since expired
I am still waiting for the market to disperse and to discount.

Until yesterday,
Among the anything-goes sellers and buyers
And the honest ones,
The dreams were on the go,
Hoping to fetch a good price.

At last
The foolish crow at the ocean
While devouring one's own dreams
Like the rotten carcass of an elephant disintegrating slowly
Now that there is no land in sight
Realized
"I need to go now."

Now then...
Take a look at the roads
I for my part
Can no longer see
Where do we part?
(No)
Not really
I was never prepared
For partings
This isn't what I like to ask.

What I want to ask is only this
Who would cry when I die?
Is there anyone who will answer?

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In truth
I can no longer hear.

