



To a Silent Lichen

Zélia M. Bora

Where did you come from?

You were probably here when I was born

And will remain here when I die.

What is your secret?

What memories do you have from this ephemeral
fading life?

Oh mysterious form
of mysterious colors

You see me with the eyes of the time

I am smaller than you

My time is ceasing fast while
the perishable scent of life is everywhere
but tiny pieces plunge in the silent darkness of the night