



To a Silent Lichen

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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