

The Hidden Garden

The mists hide him away,
Hidden and safe he will stay,
Every day the sun finds him,

He likes to play hide and seek,
In jealous the moon cast him
Down from his peak,
Demoted from his position,
Every map of his location was burned,
Never to be found by men ambition,

Gates were closed and stunned,
As he grows in the wild winds,
Running loose in the water springs,
Denied of all his friends,
Enslaved to solitude he bends,
No one can hide him as day ends.

Manuel Cordovil

2014-04-18