



POETRY

Seasons of you

by Schlomo Cabrera

And it is when the sun is hotter,
That the sweetest mango starts to rot.
It's true when the snow is older
That the bed is warmer. Happy you.

I love when the leaves are orange,
But the late crows hatch to a deadly fall.
Maybe I hate when the trees are blooming
And our days are snowing, leaving you.

My touch keeps getting softer,
Your grip is poisoning the ground
The cold we kiss is lonely
The lips won't stop, you have to fly.

In the mixed seasons, I fell.
The mist was hollowing my mind.
We both stop, now we're not trying
At least, you know? The sky will fall.