A MIRAGE OF MUNDANE REALITY

The bushes rose to the air to catch the dust of daily chores of the game

A tribe of love and destitute struggles to survive the harshest realities of life

The wise and old were given a special honor to revive what was long gone

The more flame of passion is driven deeply by beastly desires and ominous acts

The more calamities happen to strike the most innocent folks of the nice deeds

Once a witch had told the tribesmen that a man of honor would be nothing

If a true character of a love affair would not be proven through a trying testing

Ancestors and souls of fire, wind, stones and water could come alive in an instant

Where the beliefs and legends meld in the wildest jungle of no man’s land

Challengers are face to face to survive in the hottest sun of that grisly desert

Dragons and other otherworldly creatures come to life to reign a new era

Lovers might catch a glimpse of what would be their future in a drama

Unfolding episodes of epochs cease to design their faith panorama

When a mirage of mundane reality finds its path to appear in a mystic scene

My love to my beloved proved to be an infinitely re-enactment of a dune

Yes, here we have you and me, in the depthless of a bottomless desert

It is not a children’s play that you can shape some dough on your counter

It is fair to say, your amusement with the past cannot come back for good

No one desert had made your life miserable in old days of encounter

Wouldn’t you be nice to have all those horrific memories left behind?

And not to start a new one…

**Mesut Şenol**