

## PORTRAIT

Fantasy comes suddenly  
and overwhelms my spirit.

I'm no more myself just now –  
I'm only a faint image of my beliefs  
under a veil of foolishness,  
only a feeble waft of my thoughts  
among the clouds  
of restlessness.

I cannot perceive my will  
and the wishes I perceive  
are not mine.

When fantasy comes  
unexpectedly,  
I look at my dead body  
falling forever  
through the endless hole of the world;

I look at myself  
only to see the pale ghost  
of the man I'll never be.