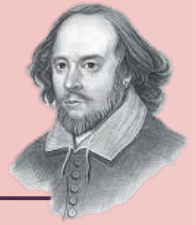


The Poet's Corner



When I'm alone in my room

I feel very sad

I'm looking at the moon

Because I'm going mad

In the moon I can see your eyes,

Your eyes are brilliant green

But I scream like one hundred baby's cries

Because I understand that it is only a dream

I decided to go sleep

To forget my suffering

And to stop my sweep

But I hope to see you in my mind