

B C
 l a
 o r
 s c
 s a
 o s
 m s
 i
 n
 g

I was climbing the mountain
 when I saw the skeleton you left on the tree,
 it looked the same as the tree: dried by the sun,
 you have been here before and you didn't tell me,
 I left you alone to go to sleep
 but you passed leaving your skeleton on the tree,
 between my eyes I saw it as a little white flower without
 stem,
 as a butterfly barely landing
 it was the gray skeleton that you left standing,
 waiting on the tree.

When the breeder saw
 the most beautiful flower in the world
 it was summer time.
 There was an intense sun in the morning,
 its dead feet carrying it from place to place.
 It had decided to climb the mountain
 to reach the cross
 and fall asleep to take the sun.
 Arriving at the top
 It saw the tiny houses,
 It understood how the water flows
 from the mountains down.
 It closed its eyes
 and painted the landscape inside its head
 when suddenly it heard a noise,
 the air blew,
 it turned and saw her.
 It touched a petal with its cold fingers.
 The more it saw her
 the more it wanted to have her.
 The breeder walked and walked,
 and with each step
 the flower's stem extended
 further into the horizon.
 When it reached the end of the stem,
 a beautiful flower grew on it.
 The breeder sat down and cried
 with its knees on its eyes
 because it didn't know
 how to take it from the ground.
 The flower slid towards it,
 climbed up its bones
 and drank its tears.
 -I m thirstyyyy!