

BRIGHTEST FUTURE

As a Little silly kid,
always thought about a dream
a dream of being good,
a dream of being assured.
Dazzling was the speedy present,
“so would be the brightest future”
but leaving past for the deceased
never learnt *the Road of Life*.

Never searched for any *miracle*
nor a river of success
swiftly found a big delusion
Hope was lost and was forget
Never thought about the past...
Did I fail because of that?
As *La Noche Triste* was:
Failure, suffering and not trust.

But the *Night* was entering out,
Long were the *knives* of Death...
Broken glass was the result
of the misery of my game.
As a Silly little kid
never thought about my dream:
my careless dream of being sure,
being shine and being good.

V. G. Anufriev.