

places
and some music, moving
in the rain for one more flashlight
in the blue

of these tables,
on the places
left apart from a kiss
tore back in a blink
water and sugar touch
through your dreaming fingers
you have seen it now
my soul, these talks,

imaginary people staring back at us
delicate winds in the caress of a life

telescope staring at the last moment of the sky
in the long wished thought

it will be safe for good

for what we miss
and what we have...

it remains
silent the smile of this road
dreaming across our bodies in the bright
hours of the night

I've seen the beauty of your invisible touch
a decisive sign a look stilled by the air
in the moment of the place
through the magic of this desire

warm hands upon the bed
polished sounds
in the love unwhispered

the sweet consistency of the skin
indecent pleasures

and astonishing beauty
no more told

i understand softly
what's the meaning of a secret
where is
the place
for dreamers...

