

it's a moment of a lifetime
crashed into a second,
don't become old too fast
and make it beautiful,
before you go

before the light turns into shadows
across the bridge of our heads,

live it madly, when the touch shows you the night.

she wakes up in the rounded chamber
and with unsounded voice

whispers '...have to go',

through the soft color of the lamp,
a yellow feeling of romantic places,

clock stopping by this second
around the smoothness of that smile,

we have seen clothes hanging on a mindless wind
upon skies without a reason.

that, is the moment of your lifetime,
destroyed in the fastness of love.

Sunday late afternoon,
in a coffee dreaming room,
feels like February,
and it's already March the 1st, 2009.

