

I

runaway

on a misty morning

revelation of a sudden

unexpected

spring

which delayed

its flowers around our surrounded heads

traffic lights upon arrival

jamming crowds after landing

sainted buildings craving

hard

for that extra cash

promised at salvation...

here's the city looking at us

getting drunk in a cold starbucks' coffee

black as blondies

night as right

beautiful, alright...

don't laugh me out

when I say who I am

pay me a dime

and sit me down

here,

in front of this enchanted destruction,

just opposite of what we all long for:

that modern dream, for city souls...



II

Me,

borrowed from a tale,

a story sold to illiterate readers

a magic twist

on a corner door.

the meaning is left aside

that flower of the spring is torn

into a leaf

sucking sun

feeding from electrical romances

it's time for a turn

put me on your sunglasses

let me see the world from within

this blue colored shape

is that true that all the skyscrapers are falling?

is there time for an ice-cream?

let me have it sour

spice it up with the sweetness

of my last payback check

in the dusty air of this blooming city

the room is empty

and the walls are crumbling

who's looking from those windows?

I'm eager to know them all...

Leave me as a piece of cake,

on the urgent plate of love...

