

The red lamp outside my Shanghai street
 is talking,
 in the glittering dark
 it's emanating words we hardly understand
 My keys don't fit in the door-lock
 downstairs,
 leaving me out the entrance
 of the wisdom of my soul

You smile a painted morning
 up on me,
 my car is frozen
 down the parking lot,
 and I still feel your fingers in my head
 while roads of childhood
 take me far
 through fields of belonging

The street night vendor
 stares at me in the eyes
 from within his thick coat
 The passenger is just another figure
 along this dormant street,
 cigarettes please,
 and I mean, he knows already,
 some green pleasure
 to be seductively passed under our palms
 while empty police motorcycles
 watch by
 signaling red and blue flashes
 to color up delicately
 this late hour

You fished me out
 in waters on those hills
 that I so well know;
 when I tried to steal a kiss
 a moment passed by
 on the waves of winter air,
 telling us
 that life had restarted
 in such a different way
 than we both were imagining,
 in such an unexpected twist,
 a dolphin jumped...

