

The bed maker hits the door
with unsuspected reasons
wearing the apron of life
made of twilight blue colors

with his assistant hand in hand
carrying all the keys for any door
bringing hope for anyone

When I blink an eye at you
with neglected punctuality
dressed up in Japanese master robes
made of the shadows
the sun draws on the snow
of this complicated land
where language is a no return option

When the old woman explained
how to get there in twisted gestures
cartoons flowing over my mind
the waiter dreaming of his last manga
the tea spilling upon hot springs skin
the light shining on a stone
porno pictures thrown at 24-hours stores

Right there it all comes alive... me and you yellow
fountains of steam



Archery forgotten on the footsteps

garbage left by the elevators

a stream of tears

dried up by the ice

and a bottle of whisky

half swallowed

on the top of a mountain

There's no connection

over lost roads

unless you find yourself again

unless dust turns into gold

Within certain realizations

we construct our path on

within those faded memories

which are still worth longing for

There is a moment

when lust turns into love

a moment where love turns into smile

and a miracle takes place

right there

in front of your eyes

without you knowing it

even before you realize it

The most beautiful things

in the moment they happen

when you least expect them

are those things which happened already...

