

mimi

yes I see the snow on christmas eve
and hear the cough of death
which shines in your bright eyes
I see the love you own
and see it returned
do not release us from your grip
which transposes us
for you give us that which
we can no longer earn
passing from real love
to make-believe
we live unliving
yet you were part of life
unshadowed
all we have dissolves in you
till spring
and death
release us from your grip
bravo!
brav
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