

Angel's Song

Von abgemeldet

Flying

Night. The moon drew a line on the lake, from one side to the other...
She is running on a moon-road and the wind combs her long beautiful hair.
She is running barefoot, in a white dress, wet from the rain.
And she is afraid to stumble over the leaves of waterlillies...

Day. He stands near a window, opened into a noisy streat.
He stands on the edge of the window sill and the suffocating wind fingers his hair.
He stands barefoot and waits till the cigarette burns down in his hand
And he isn't afraid of anything any more...

You know, my dear, it seems, they have learned to fly tooday...