

Bird's Heart

Suffering is not a state of mind, it's a hollow that absorb all.

Once I saw you I knew I would suffer.

I knew I was going to suffer because of my damned madness. (I am human and you are a bird, I am almost three times your age.) Almost. Melancholy is like a void that absorbs everything: time, ages, planets, and the delicacy of buds yearning for light.

I have never seen a profile so close to that of a Uranian being.

Someone looks at you with praise. And I don't care, I am happy for her, for him, for you, for me. You're absolutely, truly adorable. In total, three shots, this whole thing.

You left without a word on a Monday, it was six o'clock PM, and you never came back.

(Never came back.) Never. And I was so lost, left so alone. (Everyday life has lost all meaning for me.) The extraction of one's own heart does not lead to melancholy, but to an emptiness that absorbs everything. (You left without a word.) You never came back. (Never, never, never.)

Such delicate fingers, like tiny bird talons.

I have never seen a profile so close to that of a Uranian being. My heart instantly took flight with you. Yes, instantly.

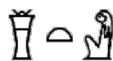
A bird. (Melancholy is like a void that absorbs everything: time, ages, planets, and the delicacy of buds yearning for light.) My heart was instantly flying whit you.

Someone looks at you with praise. And still I don't even care, cause I am so happy for her, for him, for you, for me. (You're absolutely, truly adorable.) In total, three plans, this whole. (Mind, soul and so.) And so. The spectrum of your kinetic movement. Likewise; your gesture, the same goes for your feathers. My plastic sensibility is a paintbrush. (The spectrum of your kinetic movement.) I cannot survive without it.

You left without a word on a Monday, it was six o'clock in the afternoon, and you never came back. (Never came back.) Not a claw, not a wing. (Never.) No clues, and no explanation.

And I was so lost, left so alone. (If you can, please age yourself more.) Oh please rewind time. Oh please, oh, try, try it. (Then I will simply become myself again.)

All again. It all starts again. And then I will be you. (You.) Me. You. Us. You, you, you again. Whatever altogether. Us, me. You, myself. Animal, human being. Please, come back.



Lyrics : Colleen to Bruce Woolley, my dear husband.