

a bit of blue

there's a gap in the evening clouds.
it's blue.
so you know, that the sky beyond is blue.
you watch it while you're on the roof,
reminiscing on the events of the day.

you go to the kitchen- the body needs food.
a person joins you in.
random conversations trying to find a point you both agree on.

then- back on the roof.
the gap has moved.
but you can still see that bit of blue.

i think i am slightly in love with you.

c.2017

An Artist

Every artist has a secret.
Every artist has a story to tell.
Sometimes it is not ready to be translated into words.
Sometimes there's too many words,
Sometimes- there's not enough.

I'm sitting outside listening to the rain and it has all the
stories in those little drops.
I'm just trying to figure out how to explain it.
Even though I probably shouldn't.
And then I don't know what to do with myself.
Can somebody have two lives at the same time?
Can somebody want two things at the same time?
The North.
The South.
East and West.
Strange how one can be torn between them all.
I choose to let it go and let the universe speak to me instead.
I guess, I just have to listen...

c.2017

Un Artiste

I'm sitting on the roof again.
The birds. The roses. The plane flying above.
It's a summer evening. Even though it's spring.
The plane leaves a pink trace behind.
I don't think I've ever seen it before- it's always white.

I think about you. How I miss you. How I don't deserve you. How
I'm stuck here for my destiny to be decided on.

Do I deserve what I've got? I should. But I definitely don't feel
that way.
I feel I deserve nothing.
I should be grateful.

It's beautiful outside.
The world is beautiful.

There are so many stories I want to tell.
There are so many stories to be told.

I'm just lazy.

I occupy my mind with the vices, so I have an excuse.
An excuse to postpone it for one more day.
And then one more.

I love you.

c.2017

3

I can see a house through my window.
Its roof.
There's a bird. With a strange thing sticking out of its head.
Like a lollypop.
Then I realise it's a pigeon holding a flower.
Two more pigeons join him.
They are doing everything to take the flower away from him.
But he doesn't give up.

It's his flower. For his loved one I believe.

A fluff passes through the air.
Going to far away places.

The pigeons are still dancing on the roof.
And then there's only two of them: the one with the flower, still
holding it in his beak and the other one standing in front of him.
They just stare at each other.

The fish are jumping up and down in the outside swimming pool.
They are orange.
I'm sure there are 3 of them.
Even though I've never counted.

And then 3 swallows appear in the sky.

It was raining an hour ago.

I can smell the freshness in the air.

One, two, 3.

c.2017

The Freshly Cut Nail

Yup
I'm on the roof again.
It's an early evening: the sun has set but it's not dark yet.

I can see the moon through the clouds passing by.
It's very thin. Looks like a nail just cut from the pointing
finger.

I try to be quiet- I can hear people arguing downstairs.
I do not want to interrupt. I do NOT want to interfere.

Two presences at the same time: them and me.
Two different experiences: one is coming out full volume
And the second one- mute.

The clouds have covered the moon.

I cannot see it now.
But I know it is there, building its body until it's full.

It is dark now.
Time for me to go back through the window inside.

c.2017

Rain

I love those few minutes just before the summer storm.
When the smells of the road, the air getting heavier and the heat
All mix up into one grey mass.

And the heat slowly increases.
The electricity and the tension can be felt in the air.

Everyone is waiting. Everyone knows that there is no escape.

I love it.

Especially if it happens in the afternoon. No reason at all.

Summer is a strange season. Even if you're not on holiday, in the
moments like this everything slows down.

A joint effort.

An instinct that's hidden within us deeper than we can reach it.
Primal.

Beyond our consciousness. Beyond control.

Pure.

Raw.

Real.

And when it bursts it bursts. With power. With light. With
thunder.

You think that you're lucky if you find a roof to protect you from
the rain.

But actually,

You are luckier if you don't.

Because that rain is warm. So it washes you. Refreshes you.

And then there's a newly washed you ready to start again.
Until your clothes dry out.

Then you forget your dreams, your desires, your true self and fall
back into the nothingness of everyday.

But there's always another storm. Hopefully, stronger this time...

c.2017