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Once

there was letters... that led us closer to each other,
to open up towards another, astonished,
filled with happiness and inspiration
and a trustworthiness cherished among our selves
as something worth of remembrance

in the days of old, a greeting could bridge the gap
of thousands of miles, of oceans and desserts,
rainforests and mountains, through the immolation
of fires, rains, and mud, broken bones and spilled blood,
these letters carried our lives, with dignity
and recognition of another, reaching out - in gentleness.

It's said that those times is long gone,
that we are forced to let go of words,
with the swift departing of a inhaled breath,
that still embodies a true meaning.

But there still is a place
like no one else
that makes us understand
the sensible touch and stroke - of a hand.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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