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In the night

When in the sleepless night I think of you
and worship you the more for all my torment,
nothing can more strengthen me in my conviction
in my faith in you for all your absence
than the fact that you light up my sleepless night
and turn it into harmony, security and welfare.
Is it maybe that you seek me with your ghost and mind
like I seek yours, heroically spiting distances
and lacks of any urgently desired means of straight communication?
Certain is the fact that my unsettled ghost is out and hunting
desperately for your contact by whatever means.
Thus maybe we can meet in spite of all
as lovers somewhere beyond this constrained reality
to there unite and stay united without any more constraint.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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