



WITHIN
THE
EVENT
HORI
ZON

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I'm proud of you

About the author

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Saturn

I'm grown up -
why should I believe in fairytales

vast lands
and a horizon
near my fingertips

nearly touching the skies
I see my earth at a distance

neither in field
nor in flower
will I grasp my tomorrow

no water
offers the solution
I need to drink

I'm full of words I cannot take hold of
my pen children keep silent

ever since I met you
my heart cannot retire

consciously
I misread myself
in you

I opened up
like a book

and innocence
turned the page

but you remain
the book of seven seals

unconsciously
tearing my pages apart

feeling like December
acting like Summer

now dream, forgotten
in the somnambulist's sleep
my solid sensation
hacked and picked

and innocence slipped away
buried
in a kiss of life

eyes like fairytales
you don't believe in

whenever you go
the heavens shed the tears
I'm not able to weep

for a moment I stood still
in your arms
but I kept on running

for a moment you stole
a forbidden glance from me

but you shall never be a part of my world -
I am his, and he is mine

I won't ever make room
for a second glance
between us

silent lies become a whispered truth
as my misery fades
like a symphony, coloured in blue

my heart still answering to your echo
lingering in this body of mine

don't you hide your soul away
don't you keep it in disguise

this heart of mine -
it doesn't compromise

mutual indifference

I like the way you keep the silence
and all the stitches in my heart

sometimes the silence
makes an overwhelming noise

we met
in a night without a morning -
silence echoed
in our hearts

I felt empty - my love drew to a close.
Now it's up to you to show me something -
if you have anything to show.

If it is love, it isn't destined
for silence.

We collected the cats on the riverbanks
and danced through the supermarket.
We counted the lights in the distance
and wrote our melodies on the wind.

Chocolate dreams were your gift
to all of my strawberry kisses.

So much warmth - even in the coldest of days.

[...] I'm missing us.

How am I supposed to feel if I don't know?
How am I supposed to know if I don't feel?
How am I supposed to feel what we are if doubt already
whispers softly into my ears?
How should I think of us now if I dethink us in the past?
How am I supposed to talk to you if you cannot talk to me?

nostalgia makes the past dress up in prettier clothes
than those the present is wearing

we can live in none but the present
the past is past

the bygone days
cannot be filled with life

we are no time travellers

your idea of eternity
was too different from mine

A play of colours

Our beginning.
I see your blood, sweat and tears vibrate in every new day.

A breath of air in August.
The sound of the sea.
I can sense my solitude.

Feet stroke the grass.
I wander the woods, drink in the cedar trees.
I am with and within me.

The last hours of this very day paint the colours of kings
and queens on each and every wall.
Every treetop becomes a vespertine jewel.

Night.
Deep shadows in me and my soul
and a little black dress in my wardrobe.

Where are you?
Let us dance to the play of colours.
I can't feel them without you.

I sleep when I'm awake
and wake up when I'm asleep
never-ending night within me -