

# Bubbles

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Words are passing by, like trees on a road  
You're talking bubbles in the air  
Floating around you, away and displode  
Eyes opened wide, I stare

Thoughts from out of space, drifting aside  
Your words are echoes in the woods  
Leaves twisting around, fall and die  
Wind guides you home, but where?

Where will it be  
Here or there  
One day you'll find it  
Here or there