

Changing of the Seasons

Ane Brun

He falls asleep on her chest
The best sleep he'd ever met
Nevertheless he dreams of some stranger's caress
So he awakes and he knows
Maybe someone else is supposed
To meet his hazy anticipating eyes

He draws the curtains aside
Unfolding the first morning light
He glances at his disenchanted life

Restlessness is me, you see
It's hard to be safe
It's difficult to be happy

It's the changing of the seasons
He says "I need them"
I guess I'm too Scandinavian
The relief of spring
Intoxication of summer rain
The clearness of fall
How winter makes me reconsider it all

Restlessness is me, you see
It's hard to be safe
It's difficult to be happy

And then she awakes
Reaches for the embrace
He decides not
To worry about seasons again