

Ambivalence Avenue

Bibio

In between these white hotels
The parallel pavements are peaceful
The fallen leaves from flakey trees
That decorate car bonnets

I had this beautiful day-dreaming moment
The sun was shining strangely amber
Shouldered by flickering golden-green avenues
And city-doves perching on vapour trails

Then we saw from the upper deck
Watching ourselves as if seeing our future

Greeted by strangers who seemed to be good friends
And welcomed us through their shiny red door

That's about then when my dream began fading out and hearing the thoughts of ambivalence