

The Unreachable One

Kirlian Camera

Tonight's snow has given a little break, in a way.
I've spent some minutes looking down at the square.
Yes, the "famous" square... This heaven's famous square.
Hours have gone by, today is yesterday.
Yesterday I was watching Sea... Sellers on the screen.
Today I will see Sean Seller's own bad dreams.
These rooms are getting smaller,
while the phone keeps on ringing...
It's ringing, ringing, ringing...
and laughing, laughing, laughing...
It continuously looks for somebody's lost trails...
It walks along the walls and sings in hidden dawns.
There's often a hazy shade in the evening ray of light
that stands against the door, so feverish and "stoned".
Perhaps I'm being wrong, as snowy nights are strange.
The phone laughs and laughs, and walks with funny paws,
it seems almost blind, white times to catch the flies.
So reach me whenever you want, my time is on your side...
Be sure I will be kind playing with you.
One day you'll get the feeling to catch a glimpse of
something
and it'll seem to you that a hazy shade is laughing.
And it'll seem to you that a hazy shade starts moving.