If my hands weren't there, like I saw in the stream of the drawings been made on a full colour screen if they weren't to be found, then what else could I be?

If your hands weren't there, like I saw in my dreams & the poets we made, had all gone, disappeared then what else, then what else could I be?

If your hands & my hands strolled together around if they were to make friends we'd be possibly up to escape from this world, from this no past land. If I looked in the windows while walking pass through if I stared at the willows with my seven black truths if my eyes were to see what belongs to your mind...

If you'd like, keep perceiving what lies on my back and your eyes will shine through the glass of my wine and the windows, the willows, the pillows, and your mouth.

If your hands & my hands strolled together around if they were to make friends we'd be possibly up to escape from this world, from this no past land