

You're within reach
but out of here.
Your breath and warmth
are always near -
But lost to me.

I'm bound by laws
and chained in time.
I'm filth and lie
and flesh of mine -
(But) your traces in me.
That grain of light
You sent to here
Goes unattainable to me -
Goes underground.
Your depth and height
Removed from me.
In mind and blood
I'll gradually
- Turn to stone.

[K.-U. Skerra]