

Mute talk

Under a pitch-black umbrella

Under the crying sky

Gelid blue eyes

glance into mine

“Run away!”, screams instinct

“Be calm”, says reason.

“What a beauty...”, whispers the heart

We are few centimeters apart

The scent of a winter night fills the air

The look of an ice king in despair

As I slowly move astray

Suddenly a song starts to play

To which the strings of fate dance ballet

To the melody of coincidence

To never intended meetings

To sleepless nights

To mute greetings

Courageously

I try to unmute this mime show

You are hard to approach

Yet I reach you even if slow

I greet with a smile

You answer with a grin

As if you saw it coming

A bet which you win

And one day
As we actually talk
Tragedy decides
To interrupt our walk

The ice king gets swept away
Like the dandelions in summer
Like a memory he remains
Warming my fireplace in winter