

Winter Vision

This white November evening is so cold
Bleak winter breathing **on** my gloomy window
I feel like I am **as** naked as a leafless tree
Now thoughts of love and passion are all gone

A drop of tea revives me from my numbness
My room's adopted some one-colored sight
My body's shrunk, things have become too small
White ashy mass keeps falling on the ground

In order to avoid this dismal picture I've closed my eyes
And what do I see? The whiteness of the sleepy town
And suddenly I'm transferred to the empty street
Where snow has already erased our footprints

I see your figure coming from nowhere, your smiling face
Now you are close, taking my chilly hands in yours
Your skin is warm and your blue eyes are clear
My lips are stretching in an easy smile; you're like a ghost

Materialized through my awaken vision, but I have sensed your pulse
As you have put your cheek to mine I'm not so cold
Your lips have chilled on mine but I have become too weak to move
And something just has stopped you, and what was that?

We both have grown intangible as I'm stretching my arms
Through your weightless body, oh no, you're just a shadow
But you have taken my distress by a single touch
Perhaps your image has been false, but I've missed you so much

And I have closed my eyes again, alight with desire
A brief transition and I am sitting by a fire, in my room again
Some mist is rising from the floor, enveloping my chair
And for a minute I'm scared, what if I have become insane?

But I feel warm and things are getting multicolored,
Your brief appearance has saved me from a colder night
My body is shivering, I wonder if I'm asleep or awake?
I hear your knocking at the door, or is just a trick of the wind?

Yes it is you, how can you be so distant and so close?
Alive, stroking me gently with your fingers
I do not want to speak, what if you disappear?
Now let me deceive myself while common morning is not here...

I do not know whether it's you at all, perhaps it does not matter
And if you're just a ghost, then maybe you are even better
While I'm lying naked, look straight at me, I'm not ashamed
It's nothing but my fragile body, but my mind's still sensible and sane...

Written by Luba Yamskaya 2006 ©