**LAKE OF BLUE**

The Bleak season presses ever closer

and relentlessly draws its chariots everyday.

It's nine O'clock

I slept in this morning

The summer birds have flown away in the freezing winter air

Windows are open and the rooms are filled with morning

and here I am, in my bed,

listening quietly to the sound of the streets.

Children are playing surrounded by vibrant colours and a crisp wind

chasing after swings, singing nursery rhymes,

while wearing scarves of wool that warm their breaths.

Mothers playfully chase after their young ones

lost in their own worries and wrapped up in their coats,

large and warm like life cannot be.

Birds tear away at their last piece of food from windowsills,

old and tired of stories and voices,

stealing curious glances

while perched on ledges and lamps stands

before taking flight, free to the sky, full of white clouds.

People are busy, preparing for tomorrow,

while I am here, unknown, to observe.

Today I'm fine, I almost don't feel the days of my past

I am calm, peaceful, but awkward, wherever I go.

I just want to have gloves and warm boots

Please, give me gloves and boots

so I can play with the children down there

and loose myself on a merry-go-round of voices which sings to my heart

and fall exhausted in their arms.

I would like to be infected with their joy and peace

But these legs don't help me.

I would love to draw their face, their eyes, and those of my own children

and hold them tight with the honour of my own hands

which have worked hard in order of not to die in the vanity of the day.

To sit beside them and paint together a sky of a brighter future.

Such hypocrisy! They thought us everything but they did not teach us how to learn.

Now the wind is silently whispering to me,

touching my hands, my face, and this shabby blanket,

I can feel it's icy caresses one by one

and here I am, in my cardboard bed,

counting the memories deep in my pocket

with my breath whispering to me like clouds of cotton

talking to myself

reassuring that my Identity is never fully lost.

My lungs tremble, my breath winces, and my heart flutters with a groan

I would give anything to shake away this cold that screams within me

and all this trivial apathy.

My watch has already stopped ticking

It's 10 O'clock, I think, and it feels as if eternity has passed me by,

and how much more of this can I bear?

I feel sleepy, I am tired, tired of doing nothing.

I almost can't feel the cold clinging to me anymore,

that coldness that I see in people's glances.

I long to sleep, to rest, to forget.

I would drift off with a thought that would give me peace

and one last never ending smile.

Ahaa! Look! There they are! Seagulls down there!

Yes seagulls!

Enjoying for a final moment over the waves of the sea!

I won't rest long, just a little, only for a few moments, a few beats, I will do it in silence, I won't bother anyone.

Please, don't worry about knowing who I am,

and what I have dreamt of getting from life.

Never allow your dignity to be taken from you,

sold off in the big theatre of empty illusions,

trampled on like a used newspaper,

beaten by the wind on the four corners of a street,

and I... I will breathe one more time,

and a breath of me will live on.

Time forgets what it has been, and awaits for the present,

but tomorrow the sky will be a lake of blue.

and I... I will cry no more.