

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]