

Kashmir, Travelogue

pouring up the wine from yesterday
it tastes the same today
awakes the lynx in me
songs have often drawn me by their tales
an urge to set the sails
and go beyond the whales

gathering the best in everything
and all the places where I used to go
wondering still not wandering
a cowards heart refuses me to know

swallowing a journey from a glass
dividing emptiness and wine becomes a gas
all I have is what I need to give
in songs I breathe and live
the source will never leave

gathering the best in everything....

in this travelogue I went nowhere
but my brain was always in the air....out somewhere
since the day I heard the dring I never left my chair
I never left my chair... I never left my chair.....

all I ever wanted was to swim and drown my fear of swimming...(and the water)
and on the other side to find the peace of soul and mind and you and I
a tickle in my nose of distant hills, beneath the crows upon the blue, I want to go
I want to know...what bothers me.... what eases you