

# Natacha Atlas, One Brief Moment

I miss him  
that man I almost met  
how can it be  
that we shared a secret  
in one brief moment  
our eyes were windows  
and in those moments  
I hope for him again  
his gentle spirit  
whispering words  
whispering words  
to dreams long forgotten  
his eyes like candles  
in the temple  
a mirror to the core of my soul  
in some brief moments  
we shared a secret  
and in those moments  
I hope for him again