

Russian Red, No Past Land

If my hands weren't there, like I saw in the stream
of the drawings been made on a full colour screen
if they weren't to be found, then what else could I be?

If your hands & my hands weren't there, like I saw in my dreams
& the poets we made, had all gone, disappeared
then what else, then what else could I be?

If your hands & my hands strolled together around
if they were to make friends we'd be possibly up
to escape from this world, from this no past land.
If I looked in the windows while walking pass through
if I stared at the willows with my seven black truths
if my eyes were to see what belongs to your mind

If you'd like, keep perceiving what lies on my back
and your eyes will shine through the glass of my wine
and the windows, the willows, the pillows, and your mouth.

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