

Ane Brun, Changing Of The Seasons

He falls asleep on her chest
the best sleep hed ever met
nevertheless he dreams of some strangers caress
so he awakes and he knows
maybe someone else is supposed
to meet his hazy anticipating eyes

he draws the curtains aside
unfolding the first morning light
he glances at his disenchanting life

restlessness is me, you see
its hard to be safe
its difficult to be happy

its the changing of the seasons
he says I need them
I guess I'm too Scandinavian
the relief of spring
intoxication of summer rain
the clearness of fall
how winter makes me reconsider it all

restlessness is me, you see
its hard to be safe
its difficult to be happy

and then she awakes
reaches for the embrace
he decides not
to worry about seasons again