

# Endless, In Your Palms

In the morning you turn  
The stars in your palm  
You throw them  
On the velvet sky like a gambler  
You smooth them with your palm  
Maybe you're trying to read them  
You smooth them with your palm  
To read them like blindman

But the stars stick in your palm  
And you wake up again  
You let dream stray  
Among them, among dice  
On whose upper side  
Your Lesser Bear will shine

Maybe dance in a circle  
And be surrounded by dots  
To fumble step by step in a circle  
And be surrounded by dots

A little is enough for you to read  
Between stars like in a dark