

Henning Ohlenbusch, Held His Gaze

Two drops falling down,
Right into the mix,
The pastry takes on power,
When tears are in the flour.

It rattles in her hands,
The fork against the plate,
The napkin falls on tiles,
The sugar falls in piles.

The superstitious bride,
Is laughing in the car.
She lighting little fires,
While he's outside fixing tires.

But the smile fades from her face,
Like her breath fades from the windshield,
Of all the days to rain,
Of all the days to rain.

But she held his gaze for days.

The children at his knees,
Are outside getting wet.
They've knocked down a bunch of trees,
And they're not finished yet.

Cause they saw it in his face,
And they heard it when he talked,
Spread nails all over the place,
And then they hid behind a rock.

But she held his gaze for days.

Is it time to tell them?
Should we make it public?
We have such a secret.
Is it really worth keeping?
She's sleeping down the hall.

And she held his gaze for days.