

Rainer Maria, Lost, Dropped, And Cancelled

expect me like one waits for mail,
all lost dropped and cancelled.
like foreign post, i leave twice a day
but take a week to get there.

expect me like one waits for rain,
or sleet or hail or snowfall.
like foreign post, i'm lost on the way
and take a week to get there.

i want to be delivered
'til i'm gone gone gone.

the way it's sealed in my heart, i
t's guaranteed that i'm
in your hands

by morning, when you're ready
to read between the lines
and the paper isn't telling you anything.

if you miss me, drop me a line
in care of fin de siecle,
mit luftwaffe.

it's the end of the end of the end.