

## Ideas

# "Close To The Sky And Close To The Ground"

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Close to the sky and close to the ground,  
I'm reaching for you with my hands,  
As I touch your tortured face  
I open the goodness of my soul towards you.

But I'm just lying in the thick snow  
With broken wings and a broken soul.  
What happened and why is the burning desire?  
And among the thoughts I cry "What about me?"

The mother earth gently pulls me back,  
I cannot be on my own anymore.

Fly on - my little bird - fly away  
And remember my memory with delight.  
Fly to the forests and to the mountains,  
'cause once they all were mine.  
Tell the sun and to the sky  
That the dead do not live anymore.

Close to the sky, I'm reaching for you  
And I touch your tormented face,  
But my soul no longer lives...

(Laszlo Bekesi Jr.)

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