

Peter Ostrowski

"Il Neige Sur Liege"

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It snows, it snows on Liege
On its streets
And its roofs in this pale
Faded light
It snows, it snows on Liege
Only
The snaking darkness
Of the river
Cuts the white
The town clock strikes twice
And the children who play
Watch a flock of birds
Over the black and the grey
It snows, it snows on Liege
Through which
The silent river flows

It snows, it snows on Liege
There is so much snow
Between the sky and Liege
That one can't tell
Anymore if it snows
If it snows on Liege
Or if it's really Liege
Which snows towards the sky
Large fragile flakes
Fall on my hair and hands
And as I look up
I see the sky falling down
It snows, it snows on Liege
Through which
The silent river flows

Tonight, tonight it snows
On my dreams and Liege
Through which
The silent river flows

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