

Clepsydra

"The Cloister"

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The open archways sound of loneliness
The yellow walls colour your shadows
The shouting brains echoes in the square
Forbidden ground draws the eyes

A pace sounds like heavy clogs on the floor
The columns are moisten with scoring hands sweat
The wooden ceiling is a weigh for my mind
The light tries hard to reach the inner side

From time to time the bell reminds you seclusion
They tech you an open mind on that closed court
Centuries have gone but the days still have to come
The smell of the chalk goes into your skin

The stained-glass windows that point at the sky
Are not so fragile as the age in which I live...
... the age of glass

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Are not so fragile as the age in which I live...
... the age of glass

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