

Selina Martin

"News Of Her Death"

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Silent & white as the moon is the world, as the world is
in wintertime, oh.
Far in the distance, I'd hear your voice, if not for all of
this snow.
Ooooooooooh.

Silence is stronger than loudness but broken more
easily. Easily.
Whiteness is all of the colours together apparently,
surrounding me.
As far as the eye can see.

Nothing comes but something leaves me hanging
there.
Me & echoes of departure in the air.

And time goes by without blinking, 'cuz it doesn't know.
And past tense feels so sickening and hollow.
And the landscape's changed but I'm not afraid, just
alone.
It comes down down down, like it's dreaming.

And I didn't think you were leaving. As far as you'll ever
go.
As far as you'll ever go.
And it's cold, like a blanket,
like a blanket, it's cold like a blanket of snow.

Thanks to razvan

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