

## Transport Aerian

### "Cross"

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Wind is reaching out to the level of a hurricane,  
Is strong,  
And once you stretch out your arms with a shape of a  
cross,  
And it starts.  
Light tends to fade,  
And in motion of heart  
Something gets broken,  
This tried to become my horizon,  
Sight of the sea,  
Where two were separated,  
And she's having her new embrace.  
And my turn to stand on the edge  
Watching birds  
Flying over the heaven,  
And their cry  
Would never untangle what happens.  
Asphalt under my feet feels like water,  
Wind turns me into wave,  
And I finish this sentence:  
Bless you.

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