

PAINTING WITH COLOURS

Take a deep breath.
The oceanflowers smell so sweet and tasty.
Drink some black ink
and feel the cold in your throat.

A nightingale sings quietly
somewhere in my green insomnia.
Sounds like a rainbow
and I drift away like a sailor on his ship.

**Pictures full of red impressions,
never ending stories,
that is painting with colours.**

Down in the lowland,
unavoidable shallowness like wading in blue water.
Eat a slice of the purple moon
with a huge spoon of honey and marmelade.

Feels like bumblebees
have settled down in my veins.
Sacrifice myself with a knife
and lick the red blood out of my wound.

**Pictures full of red impressions,
never ending stories,
that is painting with colours.**