Fountain

Jakob Lewis

Stand under fountain
Cool skin, washed clean
Wash him from me
Along comes the wind
The big bone shaker
Blows off my clothes
Completely naked
What to do
When everything's left you?
Out of the blue
It is he
Vision to me
Bearing leaves
Petals green
Covers me and all my shame
Hand in hand
He's my big man
Stays with me
Some forty days
No words
Then goes away
I cry again
On my hill I wait for wind
And on my hill I wait for wind
And on my hill I wait for wind
And on my hill I wait for wind
And on my hill I wait for wind
And on my hill I wait for wind

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