Hold

Tadeusz Nalepa

Oh well, you've got me under your spell and I don't think that I'm kidding around.
I don't think I can forget you now. I once sat up on my roof and examined the planning of my town.
I saw the structured grid and pavement cutting through grass and I remembered the cold of winter running up the legs of my pants.
I picked the nicest lawn and imagined the two of us rolling around down along the ground.
I saw myself touch your face and I noticed jets begin to race above our heads.

But I pinched my arm and remembered how much you hate me.
I remembered the fact that I can't see what you need and I'm too stupid to be aware of the beauty that you give this place and how shitty this town would seem without you in it.
When you aren't around I let the shades fall down to shut out all the sun's light and make myself feel all right.
What am I doing with my life?
Remember that the only things we need sometimes are chilly nights and warmer thighs, 'cause there's nothing like being held

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