

Bart Sonck

Pyramid of just Being

As if we all are like thunder,  
falling from out the clouds,  
to hit quickly the ground,  
and fade away in a roaring noise,  
leaving creatures behind who look  
to each other with asking eyes: 'What just happened?'

Like thunder we all walk around  
and live our lives,  
it seems I didn't hold father's hand  
strong enough,  
cause by awakening he's already gone,  
and I have to tell so much and other things

It seems I have to wait,  
until I'll see him again  
in another world,  
maybe when I open the door  
to look behind

Every time thunder hits the ground  
I hear father say: 'Please, stay'  
Every time thunder makes a roaring sound  
I hear father say: 'I'm not far away'

“no” is the modern “yes”

not a clue what you do,  
not a key to open,  
not a word to say,

not a ring to throw,  
not a future to waste,  
not a mouth to avoid,

not a coin to swallow,  
not a reason to stay,  
not an enemy to forgive,

not a bread to borrow,  
not a tomorrow to erase,  
not a “sorry” too late

Be with you instead of  
be you

I'd rather be with you than being you,  
I see a trace of tears on your cheek,  
from your eyes towards to your mouth

You know I usually fall slowly into sleep,  
talking about the street wars outside,  
sighing about the speed wherewith the snow falls,  
or just blinking with the eyes to the wall,

but now and then I look to your face,  
and eyebrows, chin or even the ears,  
whispering to myself: 'Why do you cry  
yourself into sleep?'

to Grasp to invisible things

She awakes suddenly with the question:  
'What lays beneath the pyramids?'  
And pulls the sheets to her side,  
while my legs become numb by feeling the cold  
and I look really honestly old

She sits right up with her back against the wall,  
'Is this world not tuning around anymore?'  
And throws away the pillow,  
while on my arms grow thorns as if they are roses  
and I smile really greatly mean

She falls asleep with both ears closed:  
'Should we better never awake again?'  
And covers her face with the sheets,  
while my body is suddenly not mine anymore  
and I shiver really undead instead

So in the morning I look to her  
as a man who loves his own wife,  
so in the morning birds sing their own song,  
'No, really: how long is this thing going on?'

Life is not an opera, and certainly not  
"Romeo and Juliette"

'I'm sorry' is all I can say cause there's nothing else  
I may say, you can turn back the clock but you can  
not turn back the time,  
I met her in a pub, and although I only drank  
soda I drowned in her eyes and get lost in her mouth

I thought I would never betray you,  
I always thought that was something only  
a neighbour could do,  
but in my neighbour's eyes I'm the neighbour,  
so he thinks the same what I think about him

If we open our hands, do we see a  
future laying in the palm of our hands?

Is it still significant to strip of the sharp  
thorns of a rose?  
Are you still the same girl who runs through the  
field in her wedding dress?

Big questions receive mostly little answers,  
cause she stares to the calendar and sees it's  
no longer Monday but yet already November

She closes very angry the fridge after throwing away  
the sheets from the bed,  
I look only clumsy and desperate to myself:  
'Evolution = from ape to a jerk'