

A fig tree under the rain
Outside the museum
No marble statue
Could weather this storm
I'm part of the crowd
Here waiting to see him
Whatever could he say
To redeem himself?

I hate and I love
And if you ask me how
I do not know
I only feel it
And I'm torn in two

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I want to resolve this situation
You want to indulge
In a moment's thrill
It's not a new poem
But a new translation
I'd like not to give in
But I know I will

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