

# Ambivalence Avenue

Bibio

In between these white hotels  
The parallel pavements are peaceful  
The fallen leaves from flakey trees  
That decorate car bonnets

I had this beautiful day-dreaming moment  
The sun was shining strangely amber  
Shouldered by flickering golden-green avenues  
And city-doves perching on vapour trails

Then we saw from the upper deck  
Watching ourselves as if seeing our future

Greeted by strangers who seemed to be good friends  
And welcomed us through their shiny red door

That's about then when my dream began fading out and hearing the  
thoughts of ambivalence