

windowsill

flyingfish

I want to feel your warmth around me
The wind bites at my uncovered neck
You're staring at me
In front of this warm-leaved path
The birds are mirrored in their nest

I want to feel your warmth around me
The wind bites at my uncovered neck
You're staring at me
In front of this warm-leaved path
The birds are mirrored in their nest