

The Eiffel Tower

Nits

Here I am with my child on the Eiffel tower
Looking down
When the light disappears
Paris is a frozen town

Now she turns her face to the camera
A photograph
And the river is a diamond snake
Around her head

I can't see it anymore
Nobody's knocking on my door

And we dream that we fall with a parachute
Like angles do
We look at the world through the eyes of birds
Feather words

I can't feel it anymore
Nobody's knocking on my door

We land in a street where poets live
Where painters died
The smell in a shop
Vinegar and artichoke

I can't taste it anymore
Somebody's knocking on my door

We sleep in a night on the stones of Père
Père Lachaise
We look at the names of Jim Morrison
And Chopin