

imag(e)ination

teach me how to fly,
to touch the morning skies, beyond
my beloved dreams

wool and two needles,
in grey fallen stitches,
i caught your eyes

the wind in our ears
the rhythm of the waves ripes
our heart in the sand ...

two folded hands
ultimate modesty,
covered in white

for a while more
I want to hold on to your
strength, in silence

the clouds, blue and grey
paint me signs in the sky in
my mother tongue

love is what makes the world go round

simple flowers
that slowly paint the light of
a youthful spring

my grief tends to flee
in patterns, curved or straight
packed with ribbons

gliding figures
of light, shelter and shine
dressed to dance

one hand, two rings
i'll keep on loving him/her
in remembe-ning

the waves fade
into the horizon, tomorrow
death will arise

let me die in peace
i'll close my eyes,
with a summer smile

your silent hands,
one last kiss as farevell,
when the night turns red

old pictures
framing those past happy times
I don't want to lose

so fragile
I'll cherish them

a little spot
in my heart, tiny and warm
beholds your smile

eyes
full of
dreams, closed too soon
only your smile
remains

your rainbow touched
the waves and sea, chanting
a warm autumn song

the light paints arcades
filled with dust
falling down

heat in the city
searching for a cool shelter
people live summer

on mother earth
cherished by the sun, life
became so common

St. Augustine, Canterbury

beneath my feet, you are
lying, underneath a stone
as an eternal shepherd

your
waves twinkle
mirrors of infinity
in an eternal story
of rhythm

the white cliffs
in peace at the harbour
lays a warm welcome

Sissinghurst,

your
overwhelming smell
your colours paint
a true emotional
pallet

demented,

pieces of leek, cut
colour by colour, all ordered well
who is lost ?

i'm looking for
your hands filled with yesterday
they hand me the future

your eyes tell

a story
of feeling amazed
surprisingly
longing
of feeling
lost
in grief

my friend,

for a while i can't bear the sun
every sunbeam seems to cry
for a while i want to stop and turn back the time

for a while i'm feeling so lost
sad and
misunderstood

for a while

then i have to move on
cherishing your smile
being veiled with my tears

Gila, my beloved friend,

you're in my mind
where borders fade
disappear in a mutual experience
where from and how i do not know

i'm on the edge of the known

does this matter?
do we share the real life

another kind of consciousness

raindrops falling down,
cold and grey, they fail
to wash away my tears

words full of grief
make the water ripple
before they drown

silent words echo
alongside my mind
is trembling

in remembrance of so many

a poppy flower
serves us peace and hope
on tender red

my model,
my inspiration

your lines dress up with colours,
colours turn into shapes
become woman

shapes are guiding me
my eyes touch you
along you,
in images of you

your lines write curves
in the sky

emptiness turns into beauty
emptiness
becomes woman

becomes you
because of you

Leonard Cohen, in Ghent,

your songs
your words
enchanted in the sky
a seagull passing by
the sunbeams' yellow touching St. Peter's wall
while red veils in the clouds embraced the night
to fall

your songs
your voices
touched my very soul
they gave me strength

i'll treasure this night

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