

A walk through the sky

Another day in the clouds. This is the way to tell stories, consumed with thoughts of the red sky as it reaches dawn.

What I do know is that her hair is made from the stars, her skin of the sun and her lips of the moon, I do not remember her as clear as I did yesterday. She built my nation in the immensity of her eyes and in this kiss of time I believe again in the echoes of her silence. Without a sound, I listen to the air and it smells of melancholy, the flight of the birds invites me to walk in the night firmament of cherished dreams, of caresses lost in the clock, of kisses drowned in the oblivion. A mermaid or is this imagination of mine that makes me draw you in the walls of this solitude intoxicated by the touch of your skin and soft osculation.

From these shared dreams born the caudal of your hand, the fearless travels in the country of illusions, where we stop being words and we become one with the wind.

Yes, I accept that the fear in my eyes freezes me to the bone; nevertheless, walking in the sky with my hand longing to hold yours warms me more than the Astros to the sad firmament soaking in sadness from your departure.

They called them shared dreams to those moments in which your mind holds mine, and in which my body melts with yours. A shared dream is what you call love, when others say oblivion.

For example that night, in which with closed eyes we looked at each other carefully, analyzing every thought that floated in the air.

Even this story, in which my voice flies, is a shared dream.