

From butterflies a-flutter in my stomach
to a burning sensation that eats me,
From the garden of roses in my heart
to a half-strangled sense that is anguish,
From your breath-taking images that awe me
to a waterfall drowning my cheeks,
From honey-toned words that pierce me
to a bee-sting voice that stabs my heart,
From lulling caress on my body
to rough-bruised wounds on my skin,
From alluring aromas all round me
to the reek of stale morning breath,
From joyful warm days
to cold lonely nights,
From peace
to war...

This is us

This is who we are, darling,
Each day unfolding new contents,
Whatever they are we accept them

And simply do our best.