

Die Dichterkunst

Von Sharanna

Another night, another dream

Another Night I stayed here,
In a field which caused my fear.
The field was darker than black,
I was asking myself: "What the heck?"

I was all alone,
Left in fear on my own.
All I was able to think,
Was that I was going to sink.

I was feeling how I sink,
But then I could see a wing.
An angel was coming down
To pick up me, who was trown.

I wanted to look up,
To the angel who picked me up.
But all I was able to see,
Was the top of the mirrored me.

It was another Dream,
A dream which was like a scream.
I was in bed and awake,
Sweating a whole lake.

I stood slowly up
And did my daily stuff.
Then I left sighing home
And went to school all alone.

All I was able of thinking,
Was the dream of sinking.
I was so confused,
That I didn't looked like I used.

I popped against somebody,

And said without looking: "Sorry."
I turned away,
Wanted to go my way.

But I was stopped
And put back with a hop.
I faced the person I popped,
And to be honest: I again was shoked.

I faced a angelic beauty,
The one who now was holding me.
I've got something called déjà-vu
But didn't have the smallest clue.

I then was shocked again.
I thought the shocks got to be a pain.
But I also saw a smile
On the face of the angel of mine.

We didn't talked,
We only walked.
Together and not alone,
Till the school and also when we went home.

That's when I realised,
That in another Night and another Dream
I would find the person who hears my scream.
The person who will come and pick me up.

The person who will be always here,
Will always be my dear.
The Angel of mine,
Whos love I will cherrish in my blood line.