



STRANGERS HOUSE by Anne Medhurst

The Beatles, a cigarette, and Christmas lights...is all I need for tonight

Dissolve into the smoke of my imagination to a world of wonder and mystery

Watch it, watch myself fly away to my delicate desires making history

Wine and love meet the bitter taste crossing the limitless boundary

Drinking from that cup, so thirsty for that reddish feeling of autumn

Smoking your last breath of the perfume of her memory

When the last raindrop touches your tearless face

When the last stab tortures your beat less heart

When the last butterfly wanders around your colourless brain

You crave for that drunken misery under the white sheets and hazel eyes

Numb to your imagination, slave to your reality

High on that eternal sunshine shining from her tearless heart

Sober on that spotless darkness consuming what's left of you after you fell apart

House with no walls is what you want

A circle going on and on until infinity breaks the laws of nature and cries for its end

Song with no melody is what you are

Crying out the lyrics until the broken words breathe their last breath as they drown in your tears

Drink that last sip of your red wine

Let the bitterness of your soul have one more look around your heartless body

Smoke one more breath of your thick cigar

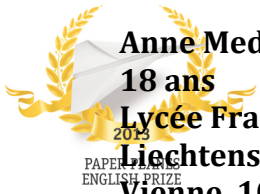
Let your tasteless lips shiver on the sight of her

Painting your homeless journey over the winter clouds

So when the ships sail by in summer, they will embrace the colours and leave you behind

Colourless, limitless, and emptiness sipping the very last liquor left in your breath

But summer came by and the forgotten became the forgetful...



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