

The Never-Ending Morning

If I could pick a time

I would live in the never-ending morning

full of dim light

pink skies

fresh silence

empty streets

The never-ending morning

that feels like a warm touch on your soft skin

where everyone is still asleep

and will never open their eyes into this reality

staying in their reversed dream

The never-ending morning

filled up with the smell of roasted coffee

and the taste of the everlasting beginning