

### **Air Condition**

Winter frosts over windowpane  
Crystal coldness still the warm wind  
We exchange heat and sweats  
For the frozen peace of winter  
Looking from the inside out  
We snuggle together  
Breathing the dry air  
For we loath the sweltering sun  
For tonight the moon has a golden halo  
For we buy off our own reality  
Stay in our castle made of ice  
The comfort in winter's embrace  
Just to look at the sun's blazing glare  
And its long, dark, blinding shadows  
From behind the frosted window glass.

*28/4/2002*