

Cause **you** are my world:

Editorial

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Übersetzung ins Englische durch den Autor

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Dedicated in love and gratitude to:

My muse and beloved wife

Martina

Because her dearly kissing has been the fountain of this little collection.

My granddaughter

Rhea-Maria,

For her I wish that someday lines like these will be directed to her, filled with life and let her smile.

My son *Felix*, daughter in law *Ute*,

as well as *Doras* daughter *Nicole* and her husband *Jacob*

also:

*All those who, without fear
Shall promiss each other
To stay by their side
For good and bad times to come.*

~~My special thanks goes fort he idea, development and finishng of this project goes to:~~

Dora,

whose trust in my ability to use words made this possible in the first place.

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Made for all those whose
heart overtakes their tongue
and whose head is lost in the
clouds.

A few words bevor we shall start.

As if there hadn't been enough words spoken until now; so here I'll tell you the reason for this small collection of ideas of what a realtion can be made of and built on.

It is — what other, more beautifull reason can there be than — a marriage oft two individuals; found each other and decided to dare the step to speak this promiss of dedication. Not just towards each other, but in front of all the families, friends and testimonials to seal their wish for life together.

In short sparks you'll be told here, how time and space will change for both oft hem; the moment they are aware that life'll be nothing without the other one aside.

Noone of us knows, how long our erthly journey lasts, but one thing is sure : Time will fly and run like sand through your fingers tiny gaps and takes all with like a river does with all what's there within. The other day, time may seem like hot and steamy lava; fairly moving, even if you want to pass it by.

Time and love have never been a moody fashion's servants ; turnig with the winds direction every single day. They are like vessels but without a top, a bottom and a side. Wich they only can be filled if the experienced time leaves traces in both their hearts and minds. Traces wich they lead them once aside, and once even somewhere else, but allways and at least they lead them in the same direction.

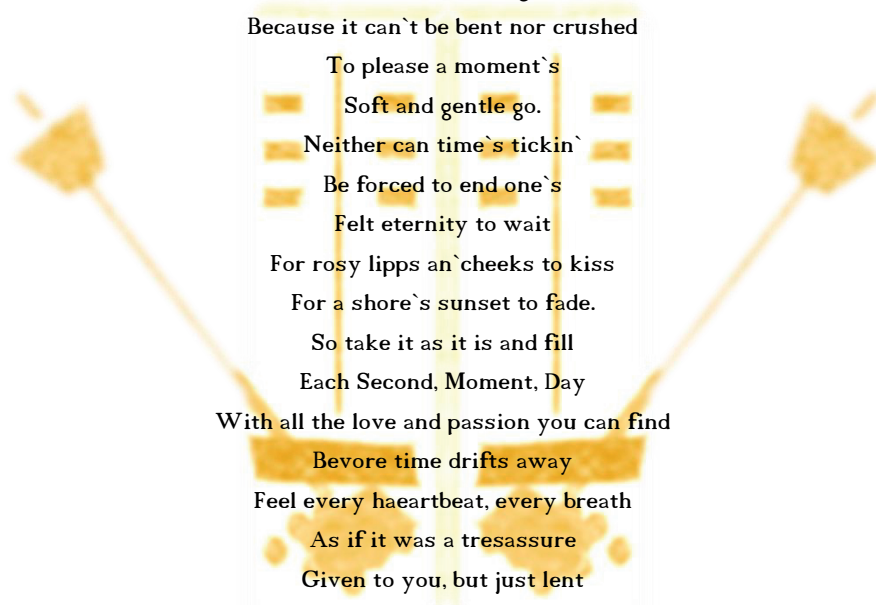
„[...] If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.“

(final line of Sonett # 116 by W. Shakespeare)

Love`s not time`s fool...

(Line of Sonett # 116 by William Shakespeare)



But fools are those who try
To play a trick
On time`s everlasting flow.
Because it can`t be bent nor crushed
To please a moment`s
Soft and gentle go.
Neither can time`s tickin`
Be forced to end one`s
Felt eternity to wait
For rosy lipps an`cheeks to kiss
For a shore`s sunset to fade.
So take it as it is and fill
Each Second, Moment, Day
With all the love and passion you can find
Bevore time drifts away
Feel every haeartbeat, every breath
As if it was a tresassure
Given to you, but just lent
To the moment`s secret pleassure.

Slightly touched, moved, captured

What does it take here to be moved?
An earthquake, thunderstorm or crash?
Oh no my dear, it is much less,
Much tinier we would expect.
But it will shake and trumble
All and everything around.
It will put inside out what we believed
And it wrack; what had us bound.
The cool, destinguished people who had stated,
That this would never happen
Not at any time to them.
Will look like kids on toys they do desire.
When a butterfly is moving then
A wing and this will change it
All and everything around.
No big expected thounderstorm
Instead of this a shy and cosy smile and weavin of a hand in gloves.

Slightly touched at once and then the more and deeply moved.
Then Pushed and overwhelming got to ground;
Torn with and without resistance to be bound.