

Poetry Series

Bojoura Stolz
- poems -

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Bojoura Stolz(09-09-1974)

Falling Down

Falling down, but flying up.
The world is spinning,
the world is turning, turning around.

I'm reaching for heaven
and still I'm falling,
falling to the ground.

Falling down, but flying up.
There is no way I can stop the world from turning.
There is no one who can stop the hurting...

So I want to fly and go up... into the sky,
leave my troubles of tomorrow for yesterday.

Bojoura Stolz

Money-Tree

Oh money-tree oh money-tree
Oh leprechaun were are thee
I only see mountains of unpaid bills
No extra's to satisfy my thrills

Oh money-tree oh money-tree
Oh wealthy man were are thee
I'm tired of my penny-road
I'll even kiss a ugly toad

In hope of fortune and a handsome prince
Oh money-tree...please...just a hint

Bojoura Stolz

Summer Kisses

Bench after bench
entangled in Rodin's kiss.
Lovers bending close
murmuring words for the world to miss.

I walk in this twilight of summer dreams
and step in, out, in, out,
not knowing what side I long to be.

Rays of sun seem to magnify
innocent summer love.
Appearing everywhere I turn my head...

To see that those tender lips, are not mine to kiss.
That sweet embrace, someone else's bliss.
Standing in the shadow of their sun
I put on my RayBan's
and the magic is gone.

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