[prose] Soundtrack from a love

Sunflower
Had the smell of Atlanta,
Like it was in Seattle, a plaza
Ferris wheel as a sentinel
Blue hour to blue night, aerial view

Then we would go to have dinner and watch a movie
From the movies you would always identify someone as me
At the most delicious indian vegetarian eats
Each fed up with a single dish, then back to your friend's place
It seemed to be without feuds, without bitter sentiments

On the road we were satisfied with each other, there's no other
With arriving and departing
With driving that was tiring
With food that 's warm and beds enough for two

Dear,
Streets, rooms, frictions, monotony, subtle anxiety, trips with no end but a home existing at a distance in reach
If we were to have something, some future, some happiness
Not nostalgia. (But) That which sustained and sustains the trips.
Bodily fatigue, State of peace

Now in our hands we are left
Weary minds and a dead corpse.