



Sam Paneau (before sunrise 1999)

Sam Paneau left his home
just to see this funky world by his own
Mary-Anne full of dreams
without a word of doubt nor sin she followed him
spend the days in galleries
spend the nights in cyber-café's and vice versa
locked in the library of Paris
locked in the theatre of Venice while they laid under a tree

pebbles of a freeway - the shadows of the working-class
fall asleep beside their notebooks - talking in a strange way
they walk hand in hand through a virtual rain
and stuff like that

a friendship happened
in the time of "Gates" no "Gutenberg"
he died long ago
it sounds so trivial
when we say we love each other nowadays

Mary-Anne fell in love
poems for ambassadors on electronic floors
Sammy got a call that day it seemed
that everything was changed they part without a word

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