

# Gedichte zu Ver(w)irrt

Von Meg-Giry

## Kapitel 3: You

You

In the distance of the space  
I call your name  
In the stars surrounding me  
I see your face  
In the wind passing me  
I hear your voice  
In the air I breathe  
I smell you  
I reach out to touch you  
But you're gone  
Oh, how I miss you.