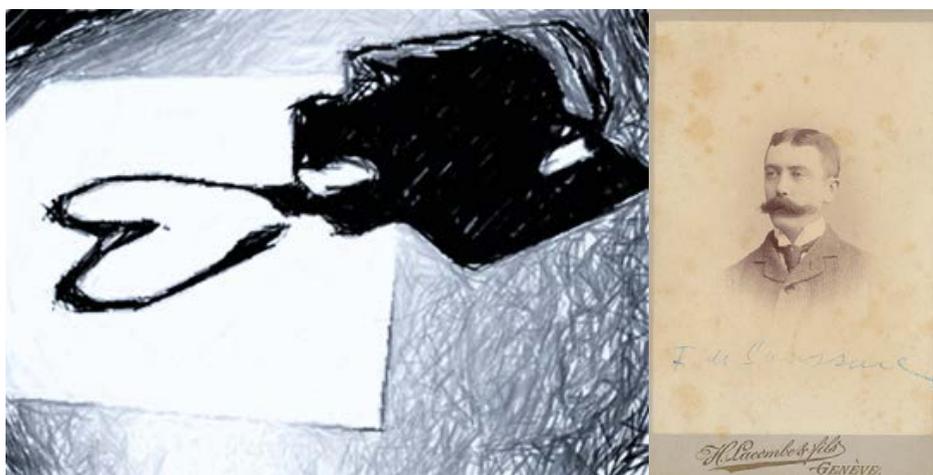


*Hey Saussure...*

*Warum diese dunkien ahnungen  
mein herz?*



I lost my heart for a linguist  
A man made of letters,  
A man full of puzzles and loneliness  
Yet, remarkably lovely and charming.

I lost my soul for a thinker  
Whose miracle eyes  
Penetrate into the deepest places of your heart  
And still no judgements are settled.

Oh, unexplainable feelings, joy without boundaries,  
Ideal balance between desire, hunger, tenderness,  
Care and intimacy.

And now, I might find my whole life and thoughts  
Lost to just one man, for just one name,  
A name that fulfils me and make me complete,  
And that is only you FdS...

**Eliette Karajan**