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*Provar på engelska*

## **Breathless**

So many people are on the run;  
birds gathered on the platform

I'm getting aboard

While the black hood of night closes in on my body  
I am met by the ferry man's gaze, the tacit agreement  
between tossing eyes

Everyone here forges their own coins  
and then flips over to the other side

The train slows down  
New searchers enlist  
The black navy drafts yet another victim

When the train finally stops  
(this time no names are called out)  
we are in an unknown location;  
a limbo  
underground and above

Together we are many who have been stranded here

The compass eye sees only me  
A terracotta army of unique features

Here reigns the unspoiled nature with an iron fist

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