

Publicerad 2010-04-30 15:11 av Björn Donobauer

*..a story or not a story, a real event that is was or maybe.*

## Late in time

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;"><a name="poetryhead">

Morning school

those days when

more children were in school

than seats were at benches

unlike today</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;"></h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;"> some  
of us

some days

had morning school

some afternoon

one could be home for dinner

one could be home for supper

one could

unless tadpoles

squirmed

under the footbridge

or hairbands in lurid colors

drew attention

at the haberdashing lady's place

whenever

there was always

the village square to cross

and to the east

the mighty spire

to circumvent

one day

in a youth

clouded by mismemories

I saw the trapdoors open

and workmen seemed

to ply their trade

in the works of the clock</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">

Suddenly

the church

struck her bells

not once  
not twice  
nor ten or twelve

but thirteen..  
I ask you!  
thirteen!

The little boy  
who's worlds as yet  
only knew of twelve strokes</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">for  
either noon or midnight  
took fright

ran home, arms flailing,</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">head  
spinning,  
rucksack straining  
at straps</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">

</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">dashed  
through garden

crashed through vestibule

slammed open main door</h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans:  
2;">shouted, yelled  
wide-eyed

It's never been so late before!!

It has not, for ever and ever

been so late before so tell me  
for whom does the bell strike  
thirteen?

Say it soon

Or it will be too late </h2>

<h2 style="margin-top: 0cm; margin-bottom: 0.26cm; line-height: 0.64cm; widows: 2; orphans: 2;">

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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