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*A poem about people who drive thunderbirds. I sat on the sub, listening, when somebody said, "It came to me"; and it sounded so beautiful.*

### **Sing Bards**

Sing Bards

about a battle rolling

about a victory so certain

that a thunderbird

waking and humming in its nest

in a cold and damp November break

soon in jubilant tones on a suburb street

praises its coming of age.

The driver, intensely listening

leans forward, then back again

trying to catch

the words within the chords

from his precious gliding bird.

At the toll-station then

getting ready to pay his due

the guard leans forward

smiles and says

"The one just before paid for you."

Only then, he notices the warmth

starting to spread

through his strong and tender

stout and thundering bird.

And then it comes to him

in a sudden flash

that still

just slightly resembles

the force of that gradual shift

when the drops in that heavy mist

one by one, starts to get lit

and he knows

the time for good and decent people

has finally come.

And then he thought

and he thought it out loud:  
should we not have to face and feel  
the labor pains of the fact  
that we all carry a supreme  
and wonderful mind?

And it came to him  
a ghetto in 1943  
there, a group of people  
shivering and pale  
as the sky there above  
and they looked at each other  
and then they said  
"Just being lead away; away to be murdered."  
And then they said  
"No way, no way."  
And from that moment  
never more.

And it came to him  
all those people all over  
the world  
getting killed and used  
raped and abused  
so often neglected, even selected  
and he knows  
the time for good and decent people  
has finally come.

And it came to him  
the immense beauty  
of all those people  
in that news report  
from that oil-spilled and devastated  
Louisiana beach  
taking a battle stance  
so gentle and kind  
yet  
strong, sturdy and proud

Sing Bards about a battle rolling

about a victory as certain  
as the flowers breaking through  
the dead poisoned soil  
in the month of May.



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