

**Poem**

You talk  
about acidic ink  
how we digest ourselves  
in yellow papers  
when all we can do is to read  
fish eggs and glassy stares  
from fish heads  
that we ate  
and dark beer that we drank  
you print my face with kisses  
dust  
fish eggs swim our mouths  
like poor dumb lions in zoo  
they would not come together,  
our minds

I have not personally met anyone like you  
oh dear Mr O  
Shakespeare  
Jung  
Kvant  
and theories  
and development

you inkblot me  
with kisses on my throat  
they whisper about us

book

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Kristina Hellgren med Poeter.se id #35832 innehar upphovsrätten