

**Yet another day 11**

11

Grovel you dirty mongrel,  
never touching a perfect sky  
with your guitar hands.  
Your shortcomings  
wrap arms around you.

Geiger ticking's  
flow in waves or aftermaths,  
never reposing nor repossessing  
the veracity spoken in a world gone mad.

He doesn't care anymore,  
he doesn't give a damn  
whether what he says  
makes a difference or not.

Perhaps collected say so  
has grown beyond a meeting,  
beyond an importance  
of disparate self.

Perhaps a tree is just a tree,  
not a green spirit bending  
to the wind's wishes.

Wrapped in a street longing  
for sea winds and salt  
he desperately tows himself  
back into the bay of the braves.

The song is a mix  
of a gloating sea  
and a reliance on belief:  
No more remorse for the relentless!

The way response breaks  
is a dull knife.

The temple of theater,  
the rain of the night,  
... too much presence.  
Netherworlds of compliance,  
extravaganza,  
a poor man's table  
surges like a guilty wind  
through the theater.

Who is he now?  
Yesterday have already  
surpassed today.

It is a painful joy,  
a melting stone meeting  
with all in timed friends,  
a small satellite  
smiling with a radiance  
only a father can be.

All his guitars  
have fallen to the ground  
moldering in the rain.  
He dreams of thin sopranos  
dancing in a floriferous wood,  
naked under the moon.

Streets heave in city dreams,  
in a surging ocean,  
in smells of decay and cinnamon.  
The night is through  
with looking the other way,  
neon and liquid shelters.

He has not encircled dominion,  
nor stoned the chiseled epitaph,  
no other swirling space  
where winds might die down

is in a seasonal peace,  
composed by turning wheels.

It's a painful joy,  
this backward samba  
with no other percussion  
than a beating heart.  
The night smells of tangerine.  
The hound is chained.

Choral buildings  
sway in dark derelict requiems  
with gathered voices  
burning comet restore  
in November's final gesture  
to winter.

There is no conflict in the air,  
no unrest stored in bottles  
with a flagellant past,  
no one rolls over the timeless,  
unfettered boundary  
of no return.

The bright voice of sunshine  
might be named tonight  
by he who left his echo  
burning in a cavernous night  
with whatever happens,  
with never to be forgotten.

It's a painful obsession,  
this unexpected propeller,  
this maelstrom,  
never stopping in the light  
of all that never can be undone  
in an afterthought.

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