

Publicerad 2011-10-15 19:25 av Kristina Hellgren

Ancestors

Alone in my dreary cottage.

Rising at sunset

bloodshot eyes

like the sky, ablaze with colors.

Silvermoon competing with a sinking sun,

Dim mountains in the distance spectacular
in the smouldering fire. Becoming cold with
dark of night.

Coyote calling to its lover moon.

Taos town now silent with sleep,

walking past painted vases and statues,

chicken feather head dresses from China,

silver belt buckles from Sri Lanka.

Blankets from Peru.

Saddles from Argentina.

Swayback horses cry as I pass.

Kicking up dust from Aztec sacrifice.

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