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*Minne från Lapland*

## **Northern Aquarelle**

The snow is a blue overcoat,  
a dog team.

The direction is: Jokkmokk.

A polar wind whistles,  
Sam fishermen have collected  
their catch  
in sledges;  
they've caught the fish  
from holes drilled  
in the ice.

The white sunset burns  
the men's sharp eyes.

A mountain, like a pudding  
with its rounded ridges,  
overwhelms the lakes  
with a hard crust.

How long  
will moths of mica impetuously fly?  
They gleam on the deer stirrups.  
Five men are coming back home.  
Tomorrow morning the fishermen  
will display living r&#337;dings at the fish market:  
many women  
and children in embroidered topcoats  
will thong the place.

The youngest one will croon  
a song in the distance,  
the most daring one will go home  
with a good man by her side.

Twenty beautiful huskies  
will go to sleep behind the baskets.

They, just like people, plunge into dreams –  
howling eerily, they roll the Polar Circle's wheel  
until  
an apple-colored sunset  
wakes up  
the huskies' camp.

A wild land,  
Dogs scampering around,  
Fisherman from Sam,  
God of snow,  
At 5 am  
the team  
starts from Jokkmokk.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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