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Jag är inte säker på vad jag tänkte med den här. Eller så är jag det och vill inte säga.

Last night

I dreamt I kissed you last night
The dream wasn't vivid enough
I tasted your lips and my fright
My mouth let out a tired cough

I wish those hours
would last a bit more
But my own powers
and my mind were so sore

I dreamt I held you last night
Your skin was cold from my doubt
And your hair would glitter in light
A sliver of hope was allowed

I wish those screens
weren't so damn thick
and the heart that gleams
wasn't so travel-sick

I dreamt I met you last night
and the night before, and again
Every evening, a beautiful sight
But I hadn't the courage then

I wish I could say
in so many words
and tell them your name
and not write some verse

Now it's the only language I've got
In these lines you'll find my truth
I'll just hope that my message is caught
There's no more room for lonesome blues

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