

Publicerad 2012-10-01 11:58 av Phantasos

Buenas tardes

Det är ju så skönt att bara gå. Musik, vänner i tankarna. Hur ska jag förklara ett ljud, i ord? Svaret säger sig själv. Alltid.

Paus här och var - eko, helt reko. Sextakt o gung, stadigt tung.

Bold, I was told, in french on a bench. I heard some sirens, hongfiftly, immediate pilgrimage and silence, as they drove past, flashing through the streets.

His name, was Julian.

Still looking young in a way, always smiling when he sees you; he calls himself a free man. An abstract tattoo on his back, groove street, we talked. 'I sit here every day, every day the same. I know every person, every name.' In this time, like out of nowhere, the journey began. Partake and elaborate, animated language in it's own, forwarded momentum in ad infinitum, man. Memories with histories, lefted touch, above seeping arcana open absorptive outlined new discovered details, targeted varied tempo. Two before two, yeah. In the am, in the night.

The joker, the confusion, nobody out of this world. Huff huddle my excitement. Gracias por tado.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Phantasos med Poeter.se id #37438 innehar upphovsrätten