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*A text - again - perhaps a song, If I find the melody for it.*

### **The color blue and other love stories**

He was prepared for a fall

But not for falling in love

For that no one can prepare you for

He fell and fell

....

Dizzy stars among flying ducks and cranberries

Not knowing left from right

Not ready for the fight

With the common sense

They never took no for an answer

Heart says yes

Mind says

- What?

What just happened?

How could I fall for this?

This thing called love?

I was the man

Who knew the color blue

Oh so well

I had written stories about

Everyone else falling into the space of love

Floating around like chubby little angels

On clouds made of cotton candy

Yet here I was

Standing in front of her

Yes - her - that woman

Who had my heart in her hand

Oh my! How scared I was  
of being left

All heartbroken

My whole soul

Taken by a thief

The thief of love

But there were never any thief's to see

Only the sweetest smile I'd seen in a long time

The curls framing her face

The red nails and her coffee cup

Beside my coffee cup

Our fifth date

And my first time

To fall in love

In so many years

She certainly had 'it'

Whatever 'it' might be

It was what did it for me

- I dared myself  
to let it go

All the stuff that I no longer needed  
All the stuff that once served me well

Now it was time to say farewell  
Breaking the spell

...

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But not for falling in love

For that - no one can prepare you for

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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