

Publicerad 2013-05-20 23:45 av Hon, Hanna

ännu en dikt på engelska

Mist

you are beautiful now
dark waves of silky brown
shadows like you wished for
in your eyes

life was more than
standing in line with you
it was capitals, poets
proposals
and broken bridges
opera with cream

you always tip-toed
along the edges at an angle
shy of ordinary things
strong only in your
vulnerable mask
proud only of your
hidden insanity

we could perhaps
walk hand in hand
say "I would marry you"
like little girls again
but only in another universe

through the smoke
and foreign chatter
on a train in no-mans-land
I changed
and so did you
among the mountain cigarettes
we silently moved on

I wrote page after page
piles of failed attempts
I had no words for us
I never told you

I wrote poetry

this is my last sentence for you

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Hon, Hanna med Poeter.se id #9603 innehar upphovsrätten