

Publicerad 2013-12-19 12:59 av Nina.K

Poem

Meanwhile in Arkansas

There was a time
a place - somewhere
in Arkansas a man
and his beer on
a dirty old bar
Women's thighs
and high hopes
barking dogs
and stray cats

Should have been
a starry night
but the ropes
were tight and
the aims were high
no moon tonight
just the shadow
of footsteps in the
hallway - far away
from daylight
far away from
the sanctuary

A duel of
words and pride
the ride to the midnight
hour - clock ticking
although it seems
as the time stands still

Pristine and glowing
like the queen of spades
temptingly touchable
yet not quite
the price to win

the price to pay
the game to play
he had his say
and then he
walked away

Left was the once
crowded room
where booze
and nickels
was spilled on
the floor

the door was open
but the bar was closed
just the shadow
of footsteps
in the hallway
an imprint of a lonely face
in the dusty particles
floating in the air

Meanwhile in Arkansas
a man on his way home

dusty boots
the bar was closed
only barking dogs
and stray cats

- and an imprint of a lonely face

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Nina.K med Poeter.se id #22653 innehar upphovsrätten