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## **Timelines**

Today you would have been a teenager  
and hopefully a happy laddy not consumed by anger or anxiety and fear like daddy

I stand here at the bridge, missing what never was  
In tears over spilled milk that's  
still standing firmly in the fridge

To jump would not materialize what was never meant  
Yet I hear the sirens call for my fall  
but these days I hardly listen to them at all

Instead I scream back my anguish at the canvas  
hearing it reply that I live now in the moment  
and not in the shadows of what was

By Jonas S Lundström 2015-11-12

Mixed Acrylics and Mosaic on canvasboard 50 x 70 cm  
Poem handwritten on back.

The creative world of Jonas S Lundström:

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