

Publicerad 2018-02-09 11:30 av Olof Lagerhorn

This text is a rewrite of a poem that I published here on Poeter.se, the 23rd of September, 2014.

The theme is the same, though I have edited the text quite extensively in this new version.

Shields and Sails.

First singer: citizens, each day we wake anew upon Eos´
glimmering dew, this pulsing star, among them all
the most precious one by far; a gift, for us endowed.

The choir: we´ll forge a piece we´ll make it strong,
we´ll craft it out of solid bronze, for us a shield to
guard the gift against...ourselves.

Second singer: a most pressing need it is for us, indeed,
to set us free our minds relieve; ...caress the lines, the
contours sense, unmask the eyes...a most pre-eminent
task.

The choir: a shield is there for us to mend, its fruits
and seeds so gently tend; as if within a heavy mist,
there is for us a sense, a flair, ascending from its very
midst, as if there is for us...a boundless fair.

Third singer: a place for us to listen, a place where we
might talk, a place that makes us wonder, then reflect,
so to give ourselves some time....to ponder.

The choir: now listen, talk, then ponder, let it rest, then
grow, in a sense of wonder.

Fourth singer: so let our views go back and forth, there,
where different, though resonable and civilized thoughts,
is not a threat, but a thrill; an opportunity, so to say,
to weigh and measure between the hand and the eye,
things curious, angles new, exciting glints, tints, that
for us brightly shines; so fresh and new.

The choir: yes, forge a shield of solid bronze, a guard
against our faults and wrongs. Open minds and warmth
at hart give steady hands that seldom fail, and that´s
that´s, when Nike´s wings will fill our sails.

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