

Publicerad 2018-06-12 21:01 av Patrik Orion Sten

Första duschen efter maston.

After the first shower

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I looked at myself in the mirror

visiting topography suddenly altered

No nipples, only skin

with the scars as winding rivers

expanse over my rounded tummy

And I felt a prescence beside me, within me

a child, the child that was me

before puberty, before everything

I felt them, they who once was she

Wrongly, incorrect, wrong name on a map

And finally we agreed, and we continue forward

Our hands interlinked

Our heartbeats are our steps

On the expansive map

Of my body

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