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Nostalgia.

It is actually a beautiful afternoon.

This is a lazy gray Sunday afternoon,
P and I have been talking proudly
about a performance of 1 km
With new skates in our hands.
On a small lake in the north of Djurgarden,
During the ski season.
The ice was cleaned with a 1.5 kilometer loop.
We joined the crowd,
At the brake in the laughter of the little ones,
On the bridge at the southeastern edge of the lake,
We struggle with balance to put skates without the bank,
And both failed after the tenth attempt.
But it is an attempt, for another time, finally we were both flying on the ice

And I deceived the dark black, late at night
Circles with stellar cracks radiating.

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Författaren Jeflea Norma, Diana. med Poeter.se id #40227 innehar upphovsrätten