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Reborn thought

A tiger pawling,
a fire crawling,
bursting fourth
with all their might.

A child caught,
a thought thought.
Death in an instant of time,
still, a thought is no crime.

Let it prawl and crawl
as free as the sun.
Let it blow and flow
and have its fun.

Let the child play its game,
there is no need to shame.

Let it freely fly
and like the eagle soar,
Let it dive back
into the ocean floor.

There it can breathe
its heavy breath,
an unfolding event
broken by death.

There it can prawl, crawl, be caught;

The rebirth of a thought.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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