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A Stone's Throw

I dream of cutting my hair
and growing wings
or fins

I soar on the surf of hunger,
dive into the well of thirst,
thrive
on the repercussions of sexual love

”You will never create a masterpiece
by being polite!”,
I scream into the wind

I meet somebody face to face,
let some words of silver dance
like wayward thoughts on a ray of light;
get an erection
and dismiss my restrictive experience

I remember the name of a math teacher
who went to the flag pole on his remote farm,
hoisted the flag
and shot himself to kingdom come
with a shotgun,
to bereave the cancer of his death

I fantasize about mosquitos dancing
in the backlight
across the yard,
as I hide in the silence
between words

I'm ticklish when it's convenient,
but I don't go overboard with that

I pull ten minutes by the ears
until time begs for mercy
and pleads guilty

I see space swallow matter;
even art objects

I make use of jet engines
and false testimony,
smelling the vague scent
of times that ended
just before I arrived

I cut short, loosen up,
throw stones a stone's throw

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