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*Para Manuel*

### **Aurora.**

“Frequently there are beautiful light shows in the sky. These lights are called auroras. If you're near the North Pole, it is called an aurora borealis or northern light. If you're near the South Pole, it is called an aurora australis or the southern lights.”

a:204.05° Barriers reflecting on an  
illuminated winter city  
I'm alone and you're not from here  
In the most natural way  
You take a hold of me  
I dissolve desire and confusion with wine  
you don't know, and we dance

Your fingers carefully holding a story  
Speaking about auroras  
And the music in Cartagena  
you pass over a cigarette  
and I inhale you

a:201.38° I want more of your  
contemplations on how you see the world,  
the gentle way you carry your past  
and how you equal  
future with adventure  
Hesitation

a:200.00° We discuss with the same tongue  
But we don't talk for real  
I'm so familiar with your formulations  
in your words, I lose center  
Still, this hasn't even begun

draw me something, lines forming an inception  
abstraction, in your delicate way  
for me to keep and to cover my walls with  
as you're leaving

a:200.09° Holding back becomes

more of a challenge now  
As time is running out and  
you look like that

Somehow, I manage to form the force required  
not to approach the entrance to your open room,  
even though imaginably  
I meet you there now

Break barriers & space with you  
Black ink and white sheets around you

A:200.75° Conversations on a lit-up screen  
Constantly ongoing, in my mind, 2 AM  
Everything is so intense now  
even when I wake up

Do you also see  
Our stories intersecting,  
do you also notice  
the familiar in this.  
And how you paint a portrait  
in front of me

Frequently there are beautiful light shows in the sky. These lights are called auroras.

Rain on cold curb stone  
late night walking home  
In this light  
you are so inevitably;  
multifaceted, magnetic, alive.  
You ask if you will see me again

Words by and over  
never spoken out loud  
Even asleep, though in fractions,  
Present.

a:204.79° There is something you don't know  
I can't neither stay, nor leave  
You want to call me and

I want to travel into everything about you  
and then forced revaluation

a:232.03° Almost mine once.  
reading the last sentence on the first page  
Thin sheets browsing at a high frequency  
Honesty in different perspective now,  
Same color, but in clear vision  
and I'm changed.

a:204.08 ° Fast forward, days,  
now more like seconds  
one line on the last page  
To share a cigarette, to inhale you

break barriers & space with you  
in a world with  
black ink and white sheets around you

Aurora.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Paulie\_\_ med Poeter.se id #232321 innehar upphovsrätten