

Publicerad 2022-12-11 18:26 av Paulie__

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.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se
Författaren Paulie__ med Poeter.se id #232321 innehåller upphovsrätten