

Publicerad 2009-05-06 13:18 av B Brom

Helsingborg som hemlös i en blåst av kraft!

Blowing Tent

In the beginning of May

There was one day

When the wind was blowing

around the church

and I was outside

too find and surch

There was some boys

how won,t raise a tent

They needed some healp

so too them I went

My weight My body

and the porpuse goal

Was too not make a hoal

in someones special soul

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren B Brom med Poeter.se id #13843 innehar upphovsrätten