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En engelsk version av min dikt "Morgon".

An english version of my poem "Morning".

Morning

It's a gift to wake up to walk the promise
the air, the birds and the sun.

In all the silence
the grass cries with joy.

A young wind delivers you, peacefully
from the night's womb;
mimes in the reeds
what is possible, also this day.

A temple of hope is every step.
On each whispering mother
the prism of leaves sings of consolation.

When a day crumbles as it sometimes does
compass and pole play tag with you,
without being asked,
a drop of dew paints in a flash
your coordinates on the canvas back
a gentle sextant that by eternal mornings
measures your strenght.

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