

Publicerad 2014-01-05 14:37 av L Patrik W Johansson

från en av Lynx63s vackra originaltexter "Virvelvind" <http://www.poeter.se/Las+Text?textId=1652160>

Whirlwind (Lynx63)

~*~

Silently the train takes us through the forest-valleys

Yes, and also the fields

Pastures with beasts grazing the green grass

The sun is on it's usual journey down 'tween the hills

The day had been warm but pleasant

Picked flowers to place in the vase

Saw children playing in the park

a small dog chasing a ball

it's little master running along

The thoughts are aloft like the swallows in the skies

Just touching upon things a nice feeling

Soon I will be there

In front of the steamengine's wavy motions the station is seen

On the platform it's master stands gesticulating with his flag

People are coming towards us

Everyone wants to get aboard

Myself I am departing

Frolicing down the small gate

The one on the left side of the stationhouse

The wind is caressing me a welcome home

'Tis crunching under my feet

Smiling as even the clay seems friendly

The stones of the churchwalls makes a pattern

The angelic gates makes me atoned

Whispering to all the sleeping souls

I think of you for a while e'ery day

Open the door to the small red house

Bring forth the coffee-parcel with such aroma

It spreads in e'ery nook and cranny
like a whirlwind
filled wit' love

(Lynx63 13 Aug 2013)

L Patrik W Johansson

last verse day after, 14 Aug 13, the rest of the nine verses rendered at 5 Jan 14
sista versen skriven dagen efter, 14 Aug 13, de resterande nio verserna gjorda 5 Jan 14

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren L Patrik W Johansson med Poeter.se id #26710 innehar upphovsrätten