/This is my poetry, translated into English from Romanian poetry archive/ 2010-08-27/ Winter skiing!
Great joy, winter comes.
And we will ski like two fools
Mountain, usually
To be alone and without the servant.
A large mountain serpentine
A downhill skiing storm
There will be best
When hot, when cold together.
Cabana's warm light
Soft fur made on foot
A hot roast lamb
And a red wine, giving the fire
And sense of good life.
Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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