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<https://open.spotify.com/track/5MJZ5GYGXM6iWWfutptwsS>

### **The observatory**

a chime echoes backwards,  
black to blue, to purplish green  
we walk past the observatory,  
beneath the slope of the hill  
my hands are in my pockets, it is cold

she relates her attempts  
to stop in mid-air  
in their fall into each other  
she says  
I don't need you to  
justify my actions  
I don't even want you to  
I know I would not  
just  
acknowledge the feelings  
that caused them

she secures a strand of hair behind her right ear  
the wind pulls it back, they struggle  
back and forth  
while we wait for a streetlight

like driving by night  
you don't see the road  
just the short part illuminated  
the rest is assumption  
of continuity  
she says, leaning heavily  
on the comparison

and I tell her  
in a tone meant to be reassuring  
that as soon as a way of transmitting a signal is established  
between two parties  
a crack making way over a glass surface  
or any other signal at all  
unlimited communication is possible

and that all that is needed  
is to impose protocols over the signal  
force it into interpretation  
and establish language

she nods, she did not listen  
the air carries a naked moisture  
droplets of years, smudged  
and I hold onto it

I find our receipt in my pocket  
and I hold onto that  
read it in my mind as we part  
and her hair is

like a belching smoke  
a chime and a reason

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