

Publicerad 2023-10-06 12:57 av Lars Hellberg

*En kort tanke om det fantastiska, och hur det kan kännas att sakna sina sagor.*

### **Should Ever You See Them**

Have you ever met the fairy tales?

I'm sure you've heard them, or at least heard of them. But have you ever stood face-to-cranium with a ghost? Conversed with a friendly cat familiar, parley'd with a proud gryphon or danced on Midsummer's Eve with a dashing wood roe? You probably have, but you may have forgotten you did.

They usually set sail for away while your mind is still open. When your memories are fickle and fluid and your reality not yet set in rigid stone, when the writings on the wall are but crayon scribbles on the fridge. Staying for too long might leave them stranded until in time, time turns them from scintillatingly alive to hazy imaginations and murky memories.

The decline can happen in the blink of a lamb's tail, or, not in the whole of a lifetime. You'll miss them forever once they are gone, or perhaps not remember at all. Some, lucky few, keep them vividly clear, like the crystal trickle of a waterfall. Nurture them and let them grow, safe inside a perfect fantasy. Whisper to them every night and keep them the best of company.

Others smother them as soon as they can, maybe even while they're too young to know why they do it. The outside claims their undivided attention; a screenflux of input clams up their instincts and inhibit their ability to sense the wonderful and the sago-like.

Remember, a fertile mind is not the same as one clogged to the brim with manure.

Do you still have your fairy tales with you? Do werewolves prowl behind your eyelids when you sleep, do sphinxes whisper riddles while you spreadsheet? Are elven minstrels singing along in your shower? Does the goblin king lead you arm in arm to the witches' dance, on bonfiery Valborg's Night?

Even so briefly, in a blink of the corner of your eye, are they still there?

Then count yourself blessed. Because they comfort and cuddle when alone is your sole companion. They care and soothe when life pulls the rug out from underneath your sinking ship, and they light the way 'fore your feet whenever your mood gets too dark.

Look closely, under the couch or behind your thoughts. You can easily miss them. That was not a shooting star but a faelight in free flight. The barely-there sound you almost heard, was not still air but the swish of a unicorn's tail. The din of the city is really a dragon, stirring in her underground sleep. Look, closer.

Should ever you see them, please, give them my love. And tell them I miss them most dearly.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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