

The Romanian Wall

I compose myself,
a string trio in the morning,
a bassoon quintet at noon,
but at night a jerky dance
to Bob Dylan's Simple Twist of Fate

I "of course" myself,
go dress in one of my fluctuating names,
head out amongst people or trees,
behaving accordingly

I dispose of myself,
straddle-legged in a public toilet,
letting go of a lot of shit

I disclose myself,
wiggle my thoughts,
stretch my IQ,
burn a couple of bridges,
go down(town) with Moses

I know something that knows myself,
something that grows upon a shelf,
and I can hear it talk of me to itself
considering me a fairytale elf

Finally, I must endorse myself,
to one and two and three and all,
call up on y'all to heed this duty call,
or you'll be stood up against that Romanian wall
where Ceausescu was riddled with hole upon hole

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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