

Religious & Mentally Ill

The horses stand naked
at -25°C, chewing hay,
without freezing

I walk in the body's cold storage
and photograph the Moon,
my skeleton illuminated
by impersonal time,
my past parents fluttering
their uneasy attempts;
my children simply wasted efforts;
my own inconsistency
a prevailing idea

I sit seated,
in the driver's seat

The cat sings
in the grip of death

The walls accommodate the rooms
with both short & long sides

The world unfolds
in cars & buses,
like frightened cockroaches
at Blackwell Apartments in Dallas

The houses roar in the wind

The mentally ill polish taboos
with the righteous

The religious trudge
in circular reasoning

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