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Delad vårdnad

Morning light sneaks in
between the blinds
and wakes him up.

Outside the spring birds
try to drown out each other
to get a wife.

He hears the neighbor
close the car door
and wheels away to work.

He stares at the painting
on the wall
stains between frames.

He gets out of bed,
bare feet on the rug
and the cold floor.

He scuffs to the bedroom door,
open it and enter the kitchen
and sees the eating utensils
on the kitchen-sink.

“Shall I call her on the phone
or wash up the dishes?”

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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