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TRU KNOW TIME

SCATTERING THE SINCE LONG AVOIDED

Far above the dream of the individual's great strength
have the thoughts wished for highness been tongue-tied...

Truths may only be suspected, be indifferently attacked,
longing for where something impossibly can get worsened
and when common sense as a rule here is overestimated,
the years unerringly are castrated; slow and worn dead...

When you at times, quite often, sit in your afterwisdom
and rarely there visiting other than through coercion;
becoming a vacillating joke, born-with loneliness,
snort at all mistakes, in-grown dirt, dumbness...

Realize:

It is a nauseating to be seated in pitifulness.

In awkward unreality, a placed shallow lowness,
sail the scum on imaginations highest waves
while our foes sick nonsense is said to own you a value;
goodhearted are eagerly pulled away as weeds
where dirt sits stuck with all its silly questions needs...

In particularly hard to understand seems to be:

Here are never bought any kind of indulgence of dirt
and inner thoughts will stand up front - no matter what.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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