

Publicerad 2014-04-02 19:07 av Jonas S. Lundström

To all you loving Aspies out there, to all you who love

Aspie Love

To be alone, is not to be the strongest?
For years I have taken pride in being a hermit ,
the lone wolf is the strong wolf.

Help is for the weak,
always much love to give ,
but always too strong to be loved .

The strength and pride , however, was only shame
and the Jester now dances there over the town square,
juggling towards his own inescapable fate.

When I finally fell, I pretended to stand.
Became a magician , an illusionist
for those who are strong never fall

When the illusion was no longer in time
and the magician's time had past ,
all time ran out.

But when I were to exhale my last breath
something inexplicable happened
and the breath became a screaming cry for help.

A help I always knew did not exist.
A screaming cry over mountains
that had always been too high to be drowned

Longing for an end to the dream ,
I lay down and await my home
the deep quiet sleep.

In a final surprise by life
drums were heard ,
echoing in the back of my mind

Hordes of Love warriors are heard marching.
Their shouts and chants echo in my heart.
- They have come to save me .

He who gave love ,
let love in
and love exploded

People who love unconditionally
were apparently there, just shattered and lost
in the jungles of sheep, shepherds and wolves.

Naked the cynic now stood ,
surrounded by brothers and sisters.
Love warriors !

Together we are strong
and can reverse the storms that whines
and shed all soundness around us.

With our love and forgotten wings,
we can turn the tide and fly
towards the sun and just love.

We might fly too close to the sun and fall ,
but then there are always arms to catch us
and we save each other.

It is our time now,
to become a microcosm
of the ideal future.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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