

Riders on the Storm

A Midnight House on a hill

A Winter Storm

Three horses in the dark,
like three ships steering up against the wind,
eyes thin cracks
towards the piercing snow, ears folded back

Anna asleep beside me
in the Great Ship of Dreams

”I’d rather live for you than die for you”,
I whisper in her ear,
when the Dark Force of the Wind
etches the contour of the House
on the Black Silence of the Night's Interior;
the House a container;
a man and a woman,
a cat asleep downstairs

The Storm has a full-scale Voice,
the House has Volume;
but embraced by the Wind it creaks

Our Bodies fill up
with the Emptiness of the Not Known
behind the windows' Transparent Mirrors
in a Tomas Tranströmer House
”that feels its constellation of nails
holding the walls together”;
the roots of the trees holding on,
Brown Bears sleeping in their dens;
their heartbeats slow,
the Storm stooping,
growling along the ground,
snow blasting the terrain,
filling me with rushing time;

the irresistible Surge of Now;
a Vortex in the Midst of Everything;
the House an aged storm shelter,
taking the Full Force

I'm intellectualizing the Storm,
but it is as Blind as Faith, empty of biases

My Strength is wound in Vulnerability,
my Courage in Fright,
or perhaps my Vulnerability's masquerading as Strength;
my Cowardice as Bravery,

but as Evolutionaries in this Bardo,
we're all Riders on the Storm

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