

The Opposite Direction

Everything converges in the opposite direction

Life echoes within the migraine
like a tale told
in the dark,
but I realize it's I,
mumbling in my ear
while the alarm of assault deep in the brainstem
teems with unknown dangers
out of the deeply personal sense of alienation

The migraine is a ship in the night
with its cargo askew

The effort of thought is silent voices
in the hold of perception,
lost resting positions in rough seas

The Northbothnian forests stand
in battle-ready Roman formations

Everything converges in the opposite direction
on the elastic drift of the wind

The road lies apathetic
like an early spring adder

The relay of winter months seamlessly runs
into something milder

The sought-after becomes the easily discarded

The day spills its Rorschach formula,
interpreted according to temperament and preference,
in the opposite direction of everything

The night sits heavily
in its leather armchair, staring ahead,

while the constellations gather for a performance
of the playfully light vignettes
in Stockhausen's Tierkreis,
meeting the opposite direction of everything
and all the clear notes that mock and cosmicize
the galactic means of coercion
from here to eternity

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