

Self-Image

I have a natural talent
for being cruel to close ones,
while weeping for distant strangers

I keep on behaving like a young man
(bike, ski, start literate projects)
though my years amass
like a jam of logs;
dismiss pain in stubborn physiotherapies
and fantasize about glorious fornication
in daily raging masturbation,
while writing off old friends
for minor disfunctions,
making no concessions
to half-assed dilettant tries at poetry
in international poetry groups on the web,
no matter how honest

I don't give anyone any credit
for 1000 good deeds
if making one fucking mistake,
while realizing that a good crime
far outweighs
a 1000 years of honesty

I mourned my cat Izzi
much more
than my father Helge

I love my cat Gunwald way deeper
than ever my son or my daughter

I look myself in the eye and smile!

Useless folks
must be acknowledged as such
for the air to be breathable

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Ingvar Loco Nordin med Poeter.se id #114094 innehar upphovsrätten