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## **There is Nothing Reconciling**

In a mythical golden age  
Gunwald slept every night with Anna and me  
up in the Great Ship of Dreams  
on the upper floor at the farm in Niemisel,  
while the seasons traded places

Now the strong, healthy cat  
- once a fearsome hunter outdoors;  
in the lap indoors, a purring seeker of affection -  
at at least seventeen years old  
is a panting shadow of himself;  
a 3.2-kilo remnant of his prime 5 kilos.

...and if we get an appointment with the vet today,  
June 18th,  
he will die before the day wanes,  
and then death will take his place with us.

There is nothing reconciling to say about this;  
just a rasping scratching over the paper;  
cuts in off-white,  
the self-harm of the words of longing,  
the hot blood of black sorrow  
over the unbearable heaviness of time,  
the rain on the windshields from Luleå  
out to the crouching houses on the farm,  
drooping in summer grief;  
the figures devoid of trust,  
exposed in the poisonous midsummer darkness

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