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Översättning Pontus Landström

The Dance of the Rats

the rats danced in virgin snow that night behind the shed in the port stretched up their hind legs danced
against each other in moonlight everything was to be changed these scenes not of eternity still timeless time
the cold of the winter night is not cooling just then it is that living inside of me circulating pumped around it
is the blood always something about it too thick to thin too black to red in vain the dance stops up a cloud
obscures the moon have this never happened

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