

## **Hands up!**

My hands show up  
before me,  
tilt the pen,  
let the ink flow,  
sign me ten-part madrigals,  
deal me full hands,  
semaphore intuitive messages  
at arm's length

The mirror watches me shower,  
the water engulfing a male body,  
old but well trained,  
the origin of many poems  
& many miles;  
the totem of anger & love,  
of fast decisions  
& unabashed changes of mind  
and cut-up phrases

Was I a nearby woman,  
I'd try hard to make him enter me, daily,  
eager blood straightening "things" out

I confront the day  
swept in a heavy towel,  
my feet leaving wet tracks  
in the hall,  
time remaining my grand exploration,  
from Jalal al-din Rumi to Solvej Balle,  
from Monteverdi to Hooja

The trees brush the sky;  
the sky whines with pleasure;  
the people are blinded,  
steered by telephones,  
hypnotized by latter-day scrolls  
and the Spotify AI DJs

but folks like Dottie Andersson  
ensure me there's a world  
seeping through  
as I turn my back  
and dissolve

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