

Rebekka Karijord

"Skin And Concrete"

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I stood on the street, in the drizzling rain.
The brick roads are slippery in this ambiguous town.
No one took notice. No one around.
Except umbrellas and bicycles, passing without a
sound.

The one whose skin meets concrete,
whose daughter is this girl?
Her name is tagged all over town
on skin and concrete.

A pink , french balcony. The light inside was dim.
Reflections of motion dancing on the curtains.
One window half open so I whispered to him.
But it was she who opened , a girl of my age, about 15.

The one whose skin meets concrete
Whose daughter is this girl?
Her name is tagged all over town
on skin and concrete

So I won't forget her.
So I won't forget her.
Get her.

I stared like a child .Thank you innocence.
I asked pale, naked girl what she did down on the floor.
The answer she gave me
at the time, made no sense:
"Take your eyes off me
while I inject my indifference."

The one whose skin meets concrete
Whose daughter is this girl?
Her name is tagged
all over town ,
on skin and concrete
So I won't forget her.
Did you long for that last shot ?
Was it good to forget?
Did they buy you a nice coffin
with red roses on?

And when someone wonders :
"What happened to your lovely daughter?"
They will simply say:
"She just slipped away."

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