

Ane Brun

"A Temporary Dive"

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I fell down that hole again
I am a lump of Jelly
I am a dead fish

I look up at the blue sky
and I know that it's just a temporary dive

sometimes we tip toe
sometimes we run
sometimes we wander while looking at the sun

sometimes we tip toe
sometimes we run
sometimes we wander while looking at the sun

Sitting on the cold dirt floor
I want to finish the counting of days on the walls
I build a ladder from broken wish bones and square-
shaped stones
That my friends threw down in the hole

sometimes we tip toe
sometimes we run
sometimes we wander while looking at the sun

sometimes we tip toe
sometimes we run
sometimes we wander while looking at the sun

And even though I read maps to avoid them
they change location every day
and somehow all of my traces they vanish

But shall one stay put?
Shall one stay low?
Shall one not go?

Just to avoid this hole?

