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Small Theology / You Here

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Small Theology
You Here

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Small Theology III

Everybody wants three things: Love, love, love. The fourth is rather more difficult, an hour rest in the afternoon.

A fly lands again and again on the back of the hands’ sensitive skin, on cheek and neck, a power surge, very light, bsss, it wants something from you, you shall feel, it is and you are, it caresses you at the verge of a dream.

You could die
for a minute sleep, but
you are not even injured.
No scratch, no tear and
no doubt – you have rested.
If you get up now and
slay it, the hour is
over. One, two, three…


You here

After felt eternities we meet again,
between us assorted children, three of which live,

a cat from the shelter, on withdrawal of love,
four economic crises like a long, quiet afternoon

in bed, a whispered “that hurts me,”
the desire for scratching, joke and edge.

Countless angels it took, to acknowledge: Even I,
I would not be familiar with me in nobody’s stead.