After Sappho – rewriting your life

Marij Bernart

–

[…] if, not

--- - the sun

just a dot on the horizon

… the dawn, […] cold sweat.

The way her dress drapes,

The way her hands taste,

You can't see the

She … kissed her on her [head]

[and then ran home in the rain and cried]

It's getting colder – tonight,

I was just a boy

but I was happy there.

[…] five years

… Alone …

But still […]

Known.