Poem:

Meerweh

Come, let's have a pint of brackwasser cobblestone down the water road watch our breaths mingle at the drought of Frisian wood Let's link fingernails pretend that your bra clasp isn't clutching at your spine We can talk books if you like or how the weather acts weirdly We can laugh. We can skip things we don't talk about (I pay for your second pint don't worry.) Before our eyes darken we leave walk up the heads-of-cats stop when polish finds gummy lines. Do you think sometimes you say let's go back.

- Katharina Maria Kalinowski -