

# Poems From The Afternoon

by

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## THE YOUTH AND THE COUNTRYSIDE

It's magic...

To stand upon a hill  
And to capture the first  
Sign of a new day

To see the dawn  
And how the sun gives birth  
To another morning

To watch the first sunbeam  
And how it captures an image  
Of you in a dewdrop

To see the morning flourish  
And how the sunshine  
Caresses the new day

To feel a soft summer breeze  
And how it brings  
A scent of you

To sit down by the ocean  
And to breathe in  
The salt sea breezes  
To hear the sound of the sea  
And how it gurgles calming  
Songs to the shore

To feel the world all around  
And how it changes  
From time to time

To look at the evening sun  
And how it conjures with  
The colours of the sky

To gaze at the night sky  
And to meet ancient lights  
From the stars

To catch a glimpse of you  
And how you peacefully sleep  
In my gentle bed.

\* \* \*

I awoke before the dawn  
Voices I heard

From the room next door

Whispers and the sound  
Of a crooning woman

Ancient songs  
And forgotten words

Tears I heard

Touching the floor

A scratching sound  
Of a distant cigarette lighter

A puff or two

My mother

My nostrils tell me

And in the chink of the door

It's just a dream

Go back to sleep

My sweetheart

Her lips whisper

In the soft darkness.

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