

Una Reinman

**A little sad
book of poetry**

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**A LITTLE SAD
BOOK OF POETRY**

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Thank you from my heart!

Sometimes my heart hurts
family inheritance as a whim
At times as a spiritual injection
Hurting is essential for life

To be me
I have to hurt
The pain reminds
of the existence of the body

I sell my memories
I'm handing out my belongings
I'll give up my angels
I donate hearts
stars and books

I'm deleting my history
I look at my future
That my moving load
would be light enough
Easier to carry

The hermit crab can change
hundred times
during its life
I am behind it
So there is still
without experiencing many moves

I still have the key
to the apartment
which no longer exists

I carry it with me
change to another
and it doesn't fit into any lock

The green scent of the birch whisk
follows us
to the city fuss
I don't see from the window
anything than concrete and asphalt

In my mind's eye
I can see the field landscape
cozy beloved lost
By closing the eyes
I get peace in my heart

I soon want back to tread on
the stubbled fields

There I can bounce for running
Smile freely for the trees
Caress the grey barns
I sniff the red tops
of my hair
They smell consolingly
still of the birch whisk

My soul
misses your words
With a certain voice spoken
soft and lovely

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