

BRIT BILDØEN

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two men stand beside
the window, they are dressed
in white, they share
a common rapture
they have also shared an
orange, once they shared
the same woman
but this was long ago
now, who knows how quickly we forget
one of them stands with
his hands on his waist, not
because he is cocky but
the other one stands with
his arms loosely hung, he
smiles, it appears
they are indifferent
but this is only a
picture we can't know more
than what we see or more than
what we imagine seeing
and they are sentenced to
share, now and forever
a common rapture
an orange
(and sometimes also in their thoughts)
the same woman