

mes poésies de circonstance...

meine Gelegenheitspoesie in (D/F/E)

Von Rose-de-Noire

Kapitel 8:

bouncy ball

Sitting on the street,
playing with bricks,
drawing with chalk,
running after the bouncy ball.

Climbing trees,
hopping down,
chasing neighbors cat,
running after the bouncy ball.

Barking with the dog,
feeding the ducks,
lie in the field,
running after the bouncy ball.

Watching the clouds,
dreaming away,
living a fairytale,
running after the bouncy ball.

Pretending to be a prince,
saving the princess,
riding a dragon,
running after the bouncy ball.

All those memories slightly fade away,
all toy-cars wretched, all dragons gone,
but I'm still running after my bouncy ball.