

Circus

Stina Nordenstam

Tomorrow I will stretch out
Like an acrobat
And make my way to
What's there

I will get dressed
Again, in spite of all
With a laziness
Of a circus

Before or after the performance
As I'm walking down the many stairs
Remembering my stunts all over
Remembering I'm sick and like to die

I will be
The only not mad woman in the park
I will be
What's left of longing on this earth

It took two days to lead up to this agony
Learning trust was just as slow
I just stopped seeing you as my enemy
I was not prepared to let you go

I will be
The only not mad woman in the park
I will be
What's left of longing on this earth