

Delving deep into my mind tips me over the precipice,
There is no escape from the twirling spin,
I am now fading fast into the mist
Gravity holds me tight in its grip
All vanish as a world appears where
The dead revive, the lost found, defeats triumph and future excels
All are possibilities.
My father steps out from the shades of grey into soft warm light,
He smells, sounds, pats, cares - here we are together again
In a soothing world of father and son
Keep up the spin never to see the real again.

1st January 2017 (sv)