Berlin

Hanne Hukkelberg

Picking dry
And crispy paint flakes
Off a large, white
Brick wall
While I stare
Out of my window.
Stare at my neighbor's balcony.
Old bullet holes.
Behind wild botany.

On the outside
Of the penny marked
Punks are selling
Black and white fanzines.
She buys one,
Walks on by
To another.
Black and white.
The women meet,
Black and white,
The women kiss.

Doodelei.

Shy, polite
You show me yourself.
Forgetting regretting,
But conscientiously humble.
You, you tell about your past.
And with open arms
You listen to mine.

Ooh dei doodelei.

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