



When I saw one of those men touch your hair,



I heard for the first time in many a year
the ancient battle trumpets and I s a w

the banners of an army winding off t o w a r



... and felt that
blind power
urging me to knock
him out with one punch,
send him tumbling to the floor.



If nobody had held me back, stopped me,
I would god help me have killed him on the spot,

stomped out his blood, and spit in it.



I'm sorry,
but you must be aware your winding hair
is different now,
a hornets' nest,
a snakes' lair!

Yes, like a ball of snakes in a flower basket, dear.



Your Hair of Snakes and Flowers

Håkan Sandell