

My ecco ring, bonus is come

The old needle

Stands in a moss of green

Its broken point strikes me -

Once it was much higher

My feet uncertain

I stumble past.

A disappointed feeling

Numbless

It rattles silent.

My ecco ring, bonus is come.

To recall numbers counted

Their beauty

Does not smell and their humour

No mercy.

A flashing moment just waking up.

What was the grip you took ?

Paying ourselves for what goes up and up,

To eclipse the eclipse – to let it rip.