

Erlend Oye, Sudden Rush

A sudden rush of expectation
as I realise it's you.
Like a river in a droughtful season.
How cool you didn't call.
Initial hint of disappointment.
The mirror of my smile
that isn't there, that doesn't follow
a very causal 'hi'.
Why did you come at all,
if it wasn't for me?
Another blow of resignation
when realise I do.
Now in your hands
the book you borrowed.
The whole way we first met
comes together in my head,
when the picture's clear you've left