



And that you
after-you-know-many-how many days
(weeks? months? years?)
that you then hear yourself ask:
“Would I maybe once ...
Well just...
Just to watch...
Quickly ...
An hour...
Or a morning max ...
Go back?



That will never happen, of course,
but imagine that...
if ...

Then you know with your eyes closed
which corner to turn around
every curb
all pits in the field with the goal
the bicycle rack
the fence that creaks
the door
the hall
the smell
the light
then you are back in school.

