

Half Open Door

Ane Brun

When I was a little girl and I couldn't fall asleep

My mother left the door half open so that I could feel at ease

Then she would wander around the house at night singing made up songs
for me

I never felt alone or lonely when she sang so softly

Around the corner of our house

There's some people hanging out every day

They are always worried

Chasing something they believe they need to survive

It's not rain or light

From my half open door in the night

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When I was young and fell ill I always wanted this

That my mother would put her warm hands on my head

I still want this