

TYPOS

by LAURA BRAUN

you don't like my sad writing
me wide awake the whole night and
being made of the typos
in bad books and sad prose
of longings and calling
my brain and the bawling
make you uneasy
my maze makes you feel queasy
since there is no way out

my off-key notes are far too loud
and my typos - they were never italic
they're bold
and the voice in my head says I'm not made of gold
but of typos and mistakes, and my ideas are old

Do I deserve to feel wrong?
because I try and I long
for more than I know
for stars in my hands and summers with snow
for summers with magic
for building bad habits

And in everything I write I want typos
I need mistakes and sad prose
I want to catch balls that life throws
And I desperately need somebody who knows
I made every single typo on purpose
They give you the chance to look beyond surface

And there's only a few
who will deep dive into
the currents of typos
concealed from the casual view.