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Det här är något jag skrev för ett tag sedan. Jag tycker på något sätt att det finns en del värt att fundera över i den - men jag är inte helt säker. Förmodligen kommer jag återvända till den och modifiera den lite - när jag har mer distans till den.

Unmoving

I.

Fear.

I cannot seem to escape it.

It embraces me;

Traces me;

Follows,

Until the very end.

Trying. Trying!

Is that not what we fear?

This simple yet somehow impossible endeavour

Where every victory becomes ...

Something distant;

Unattainable.

Because failure would mean so much more

We cling to the mundane

The mediocre reality

The simplistic, unimaginative, yes! - even the dreary.

Because failure would mean so much, much more.

II.

I walked upon a silver meadow

Where every straw was made of glass

I walked down glowing rivers

To a place where time would never pass

The mist lies thick, the sky is grey

The wind on broken windpipes play

In solemn praise, the grass do sway

A world of peace

Or so they say.

III.

Trying, was it not supposed to be easy

Or did I just fool myself?
All these people look so happy
And I so very dull.
There is no other way to salvation
Yet here I am, unmoving in an unmoving world
Counting seconds when time stands still!
Swimming - against the current.
I am trying, am I not?
Or was I just watching;
Hoping;
Never catching that last gleam of light
Before the mist thickens the air,
And the meadow turns dark?

Once lost, the light will never more return
I stand beneath the blackening sky
Hoping to get just one more chance to try
To turn back that everturning clock. Wry
Time from its path and set the course straight
Convince myself that there is no more reason to wait.
"And then?" The dark sky whispers.
"You had your chance before.
Yet you stood still
Unmoving
Because failure would mean so much, much more."

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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