

Publicerad 2010-04-09 15:31 av hassanzass

Angel

The room was spinning around her as she sat in the chair.
Wretched and deluded thoughts and dreams formed in front of her.
Death appeared and talked to her, told her how she died.
Childhood abuse and rape.
The blood in the her bed, her dead mother, the knife in her hand.
A children song played in her head.
Her made up appearance.
She screamed until her voice gave way.
His sweaty palms on her neck, his panting patronizing voice in her ears.
The salty fluids trickling down the corner of her mouth.
Shaking, trembling in terrible agony, beautiful agony.
Cut up wrists.
Blood falling to the floor.
The walls of the room coming closer.
Her birthday clown staying the night softly caressing her thigh.
A slow motion slides of her blowing out the too few candles on her cake.
Fake smile.
Drooling in straitjacket, singing that children's song.
Her wings slowly decaying.
A blackening halo.
Eroded eyes, worms in her heart.
No last breath.
Writing in blood, love me, love me, love me.
The grandfather clock ticking slowly, sadly, resignedly.
As do her heart.
Until it stops, forever.
Love me, love me, love me.

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