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Cosmic Tomb

Chasing shadows
caught in circles
thoughts are tangled
by illusions
Abstract angles
lines in fusion
past and future
time warp-cruiser
Protoplasmic, mind elastic
overwhelmed by realms
deranging every cell
left me feeling spastic
This strange domain
inside my brain
secluded from the dull and plain
an ethereal division
of cosmic fission
whirled in unstoppable change
The comprehension
of this tension
boils a turmoil
erupting the crust
of this dimension
Amazed by the reflection of my face
in the mirror of my inner space
where grinning smiles
in the distant sky
has haunted me for days
and their glare leaves me in despair
over the notion that I won't
soon be getting out of here

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren tobias wedin med Poeter.se id #27596 innehar upphovsrätten