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Engelsk, Prosa. Mörk.

Pressure

Staggering tortuously forward, reaching out for support.

Every single bone in my body cries out to me in agonizing pain.

The road is long and tedious, yet I must press on.

The rotten hallways offer no condolences, no comfort.

The walls are covered in spinning cogwheels, all bleeding,

Everything looks the same, except the blood trail I pursue.

Scars not visible to the eye slow me down, encumbers me.

My essence is leaking, but I must move on.

Everyone is expecting me to be disfigured.

Several loud cracks can be heard, as my arms are broken in various places.

As I howl my pain out, my spine bends backwards and I take an unnatural shape.

My legs failed to take me long enough to escape my fate.

Now they are torn apart, and enhanced with rusty screws and bolts.

My vision darkens as I am mounted, yet another cogwheel on the wall.

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