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improviserad sannsaga

buried with my treasure

I woke up from a nightmare
sweaty with a broken arm
i dreamt i was not boating
i was but on a farm

my life was all but ended
my life had been so dry
the farm i had was rented
the wife i had was shy

no comming earthlings from me
no bearers of my age
i woke up i was sweaty
my arm was all at ache

the dream seemed glued upon me
i couldnt shake it off
for days for weeks for years now
i wouldnt have it tossed

the message seemed to haunt me
what was i running from?
i tried to run it off me
i tryed to drink more rom!

but now that riddled feeling
that layed upon my chest
is all but lifted from me
and i can come to rest

for i know now what it was
that dream was all about
dont wait for it to happen
dont cling on to your mount

dont hold on to youre treasure
afraid to give away
its content will get rotten

and you will fade away

my sweath my broken arm there

was all a signal not

be buried with my treasure

no use it while its hot!

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Författaren Jewiel Rayson med Poeter.se id #42641 innehar upphovsrätten