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Snabba tankar, Dominoeffekt.

Länkad kedja.

Fånga lejonet.

Lionesses love for that sniper.

I Like those lions.

Smygskyttar.

De är fega på avstånd

Förresten... Vad har du för rätt att plocka blommor om du inte vet hur man sår ett frö?
Jag struntar i hur mycket du betalade för dem.

Är Det omtanken? ... I dont get it.

NO NEED TO EXPLAIN. Im not stupid.

I get the gesture. I dont get you.

Thoughts and thoughts and endless question marks.

I'd like to buy that at the supermarket. I Dont want them cheap...

They bring expensive exclamation marks!

I'd like it wrapped, for me to give away. To you.

I hope you like it.

I will shout and shout "This is who i am!"

and then I'll walk away, leaving you with my back.

Untill, that moment, if i turned around, i'd not be able to see you.

Cold isn't it?

I like the winter. It is white in the dark, cold in the mornings.

And you can leave marks.

They will be there after a week too, underneath the fresh snow.

Wounds do not work like that. They are just dug in, and left. They leave no marks.

Just emptiness...like the sun in the springtime, it will be gone and it will still be there.

In the water you know. The tears that flows.

And it will still be there, the tears, in the skin...

and so the circle begins.

Have you seen how the bubbles pop?

It's beautiful. The bubbles i mean.. For those seconds they last at least.

The question is if you broke them willingly, or if you happend to just look at them while they broke.

Kids are so sweet... always trying to save those bubbles. Blowing more and more, almost like they will survive with some friends.

In the end, they just run out of soap.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Novalill med Poeter.se id #30980 innehar upphovsrätten