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Inspirerad av bland annat Shakespeare. Vet ingenting om versform än, så har skapat den på känsla. Ska lära mig versform senare när jag har tid.

The Monologue for the Understanding of Me

I am not to be looked at from a distance, nor through a lens.

For it will make me out unjustly.

Leave thy mere observations and assumptions

To that of lesser eroticism, for I will not

Be explained in scientific terms, but more so to be experienced,

First hand, through that lasciviously obscene veil of life,

Stained red and blue with countless passionate heartaches, anguish,

And white tittering orgasms.

With the sweet smell of despair, and illogical attraction,

Tickling our confused senses, and banging the insides of our brains,

Making us question the very bone hard facts of life.

The dense air, and our wet ears,

Filled with the excitement of the death rustle of

The melancholic ejaculation.

If this in any way does not become thee,

I am afraid logic and reason will not save thy famished understanding.

~~For I am exclusively for the mad ones. And hence cast and crew only, my poor friend.~~

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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