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I - Sakura

We spiral downward like moonlight upon oceans of trees;
a forest of death beckons to us with the apples of treason
screaming, endlessly, for anything

In our downward spiral,
caused by our snow white dreams
with powder snowflakes
enticing us to dream a little longer,
and even longer,

Underneath the flapping wings of history,
hope and loss is breathed in by the
angels that we made out of the snow,

The angels we forsook in order to dream a little longer,
the very same angels with wings stretched from the top of your fingertips
to the short breath of your laughter
I wished for everything yesterday

And as the moonlight of our dreams reaches the forest of death,
the twilight of our perpetual struggle draws closer,
like how the seasons bring the cherry blossoms

I wish I could've painted flowers on your skin,
to hide the strangers that crawl underneath,
but reality sinks in like a plague-ridden bullet,
buried in between our linked chests

I wish we could've given ourselves a funeral too,
like when we buried our angels underneath the pinkness of your cherry tree.

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