

Publicerad 2014-02-20 21:24 av Nina.K

A text

Covering surfaces

There was
a plot twist

she scratched
her wrist

flickering
lights

a solid
amount of
darkness
was about
to cover
her beautiful
face

secrets kept
in a shiny box
bought for a penny
long time ago

so many cracks
in those walls

she wore a wool jacket
and leather boots

the door closed behind her
and she left the rugged old place

never to return

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