

Publicerad 2015-11-30 23:49 av Mary A.

Försöker plöja igenom tonårstiden, så gott det går, blev på engelska denna gång, svenska versionen kändes fel fel fel.

Through the years (part 1)

I remember vinyl floors
beneath shaky feet
and I was fourteen
back then
when loneliness
descended

and without hesitation
I grasped onto it
because it made me feel
less alone.

I did the most (horrible) beautiful thing
when I was sixteen
and it led me
to an ever growing darkness
that I let sweep me up

I remember when I told you,
thoughts never seemed so right
That bones had never felt so good,
never looked so beautiful,

as they did that time
when they appeared
beneath my fingertips.

I saw mass disappear before my eyes
and I let lies run amok
while I stood fiercely grounded
on someone else's shaky feet

I was 17
when I thought
I'd run out of life

I was always

five steps behind you in life
yet you kept your eyes constant
on my gnarly back
until they felt like tiny pebbles
thrashing against my battered soul
and to be honest

the bruises
are still trying to heal

Perhaps it was life's cruel lesson
that I'd never felt more in control
then that time when I had none
and by then I was 18
wondering how I'd made it that far

How I ever made it that far

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Mary A. med Poeter.se id #41406 innehar upphovsrätten