

Publicerad 2016-04-28 07:45 av RW3

Traveller

One half meter above the ground
at hundred kilometres an hour
from a warm bed
to a starved metal bird
ready to speed up
above the clouds
on a flight from claustrophobic reality
that never stops
only slows down for a few days
just to speed up again
boomeranging my restless bones
to new and old adventures -

I am a traveller

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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