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**jet-off in the same place**

Screen lighting the ceiling  
it goes dark on its own

wanna go  
Escape the criticism  
Me too

a liar wants to void her conscience  
dim dumb bimbo swaggering the street walk  
happiness in forgetting regrets  
I was too smart to make

the smoke signs  
ignoring what's cruel in society  
Overshot aiming for euphoric sobriety

Grassy valley slopes  
down a mountain road  
I walked contemplating

it's strange being happy almost all the time  
not being suicidal makes me question the point of life  
Pulling at the parachute cord and  
the anxiety of oblivion  
is thankfully the best of available therapy

Until I go a month going to bed in the same place  
erratically being passing company to car rides, dinner nights  
running around or sleeping for days  
Where is home in a year when I don't know what to do  
past the day after tomorrow.

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Författaren Ebba AA med Poeter.se id #84738 innehar upphovsrätten