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Dagen efter. Internationell.

I just woke up, at 14.00 o'clock.

"Fuck this" I thought while realizing
what time it was and the headache
that has taken over my mind. Shit.

So, what did I do yesterday that has
now turned me in to a freakin'
hangover-bitch? Hmm, let me think
reaaaal hard. Me and my girls had a
barbecue-night. (Included white wine
and a lot of beer). Oh yeah, that's it.
I remember now. I came home drunk
in the middle of the night.

I barely saw the letters on the freakin'
computer at first. Anyway, when I sat
here and the whole world was spinning
around me, I came up with a brilliant ide-
lets write some poetry or something. And
so I did. I'm ashamed to admit this,
but I became a member here on Poeter.se
when I WAS DRUNK. I probably would have
become a member anyway, sometime.

But yesterday I was brave enough to write.

I've realized that after all, I believe that I'm
afraid to write about my feelings, and even more
afraid about the fact of letting other people read it.

But here I am now. Hungover, a member at
Poeter.se, dealing with a headache and hungry
as hell.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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