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Black sun

I touch flames at the tip of my fingers
in the union saved a psychotic day
where phantom-like memories burn
at the edge of all the forgettable days
to roam like a dragon made of mind
and connect in a magic net,
I rest in like a hammock, under a troubled sky
confiding the shapes of creatures
hissing in vanilla clouds &
I chill in the fever-dream
like a timeless protagonist blessed by a curse
& I see in the periphery of my vision;
eternal love walk by itself
dancing, without touching
the lines between the stones in the pavement
summoning cliché-like postcard motives
of vibrant colors through a funnel on top
of its head & an unknown woman
tries eagerly to draw his movements,
whilst locked inside the sun

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