

Beautiful mess

I want to write of love and sunshine, I'd like to create something that brings you a smile that you can't hide.

I want to write with ease and let the pen guide my hand, let out everything I have in my mind and believe me there's so much I want to let out.

But... most of the times I fail at that, I have a problem with letting all the beautiful things I have in my head out, so they just pile up and eventually explodes in the very end on to the paper before me, in a bundle, in a sort of mess that's impossible to sort out and make sense of.

My voice is weak and small so pen and paper is my only way to show the world that... although I blend in in a crowd i have a strong will and a stronger message for the future's history lessons.

I could write about the future, but sadly I will not live to see that which I write of... I can give my somewhat cheesy beliefs of a future without war, without poverty, of a place where happiness is the only currency and love have built a foundation that can not give way.

My guess is as good as yours of what lies beyond the sunset, just beyond the last streams of the setting sun.

When my time comes will I dance my way along with the sun as it disappears, i hope that my time with all of you has... perhaps not made an impact that changed your life... but just made you question tomorrow.

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