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(Dedicated / sic! / to Monsieur Griffonner!)

What It Won't Feel Like

I'm stuck in this world
which is turning on itself,
I'm like a plastic elf upon a shelf

I wake up to this day
wandering what it won't feel like
not to wake up anymore, never take another hike

I hear Hariprasad Chaurasia soothing all hell
with his cobra flute,
no more nothing to dispute

I can't console myself,
I'm not very good at that;
maybe I can console the cat?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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