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Rotting apples

flypaper buzzing with fluorescent lamps
clothes chairs and stacks of unread mail
meat chunks on plastic wrap
and smoke from a dirty oven

throwing up at random intervals
yard sale paintings line our walls
idols don the form of house plants
in worlds where stars look blurry

meadows emptied of all bees
the shade is still too hot for me
the wind whispers through the corpse
of whatever hope was left

blackout curtains, jeans in July
tick grass strokes against two thighs
my shirt is sticking to my back
I think I might be crying

a lifetime of puke breath
teeth of our true selves
this world of rotting apples
lies ahead of us now

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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