

Publicerad 2007-12-11 09:41 av Banehallow

Speglar är dörrar.

The Destroyers becoming

I saw a man whose shadow scorched all on which it fell

His left hand was soaked in his own blood, draining away as the hand gained might

I saw how his head was bowed, his hair covering his face and his eyes blazed through that dark curtain trying to communicate with me, that I could tell

His right hand was festering with an accursed dark blight

The weary arc of his back was that of a bewildered animal thrown into a primal craze caused by hunger

Sorrow was heavily perched on his shoulders and his desires made his heart sunder

Faint whispers hissed around him, whispers that had his voice, whispers that were a malignant warmonger

That was a vision I saw in a mirror and I realized that I was watching myself rapidly going under

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