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no title

The walls seem to open
and Neptune said I should
fill the empty parts
a substitute

Is that what I always do?
fill the empty parts
of what has been ripped out,
scratched off, drawn out,
faded away...

Always seems to find me
when I believe I am my own
always with the believe
that I can manage without

And it carries me away
to those endless green fields
sun shines, the sky opens
or is it the flowers?

And so it echoes
inside and outside
outside and inside
and I don't know -
where my outside is
or if it's the inside
that echoes to the outside
what words I can not hear...
but they feel to revealing

stranded with the flowers
or the sun?
and then that scream...
lie there afterwards
with the pigeons picking on you
and whatever is left of the power
that once was you

you've seen it too many times before
and you just lie there
adjusted, to someone else
and you hear the echoing from the inside

but there is no room on the outside
for you to let it flow
it beats as a heart
or a beating, only you can hear
what words, I can not feel...

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