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*Dikt på engelska som min röst skrev när jag var som värst*

### **Makwe's poem**

finally

I am

alone

he is gone

David is gone

forever he is gone

what is left

is just a shell

a façade

a mask

he cannot go on

he has ceased to exist

he isn't

anymore

all his petty emotions

they are gone

all his stupid ideals

they have vanished

and those messed up dreams of his

they are no more

he has understood reality

he has seen the darkness

he has been shown what must be done

faith is no more

it is no more within his soul

left are his instincts

he come into possession

of a new

a different

a stronger instinct

the thirst has been awakened

a thirst which water cannot quench

which will not loosen its grip

but by blood

he knows I can

he knows I wish to

he knows I will provide it for him

therefore I am king

David  
is  
no more  
my new name  
is

Makwe

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