

Publicerad 2009-03-26 01:13 av Dimman

Saulty Cheeks and Silver Scribble

I'm laying here awake,
It's 2 am and I'm waiting
I can't sleep so I put my silver pen
to my silver paper
And create a wordvomit
of thoughts and longings
I can hear my heart beat
through my breaths
Like the small waves of the salty seas
Crashing towards my shore
Leaving me lovestruck
and thunderdazed

The silver pen leaves no marks
except shimmered traces of ashes
I put my hands together
forming the perfect heart
As I hesitate
what if I'll break in two
As my handmade heart does
everytime I lose focus
What if I'll break?
But I know I wont
I'll glue my hands together
forever forming...

I'm laying here waiting for your call
Though I fear I'll wait forever, cause
I watched you from a distance
I was hiding in a shadowed corner
When I saw that tiny piece of paper
That held my phonenumber
and an anxiously scribbled heart
Got tossed in the trash
As if it was filled with flees
But I'm still waiting
for your number to pop up on my display
Sending me to sleep

Why are my cheeks so saulty?

And why are my hands glued together?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Dimman med Poeter.se id #23930 innehar upphovsrätten