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A Painful Flashback

I think I've fallen off

The brush against my cheek

Left me hazed and disoriented

The skies just doesn't feel right anymore

I can't seem to reach the ground

I'm levitating two inches over the asphalt

My love is puking blood three feet away

What the fuck has happened here?

The parkbench we were sitting on

Is smashed into a billion tiny pieces

A billion bloody pieces...

Oh my god, love, are you alright?

Somebody, please, call an ambulance

I think she's drifting away

The clouds are moving in orange swirls

Everything is silent

The clock on my wrist has stopped

I tap it with my finger

It moves slightly forward and then turns

And starts to tick in the wrong direction

I look at my love, caughing in reverse

Cleaning the streets from the redness

How did you become so fragile, baby?

Why can't I feel you anymore?

The shattered bench assembles itself

And two dark characters starts to swing

They punch, push, kick and drags her

As everything turnes white

I feel an immense pain in the back of my head

The silence is gone and I can hear her laughter

It's echoing in reverse, we both smile

As our hands are joined togehter in a loving gesture

We hear somebody shouting in the distance
You fucking cunts! You fucking whores!
And before that, it was all butterflies and sunshine
Butteflies in my heart and sunshine in her eyes

I've always known that ignorance could kill
But not like this, not this way

Am I dead?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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