

Publicerad 2009-04-19 16:50 av Plaster_Poetry

Skyflowers

I dont know

I really dont know

what it is about the stars

that makes the corner of my mouth to turn

90 degrees

but at the same time

fill grand canyon with out rubbed

feeling testimony

and i dont seem to be able to

figure out

what it is about the black sky surrounding them

that makes me wanna

cut out my heart with a pair of scissors

make it sparkle and with chalks paint it pink

split it in two

put one half alongside the stars in the black space-ocean, fit in

and give the other half away

to the only shadow in the entire world

that is more beautiful than the starry sky

will ever only be able dreaming of being

what is it about this unknowing beauty

that makes my long since dead heart

to become alive, vivid enough to cry itself to death once again

and what is it about this shade

that if the sky ran out of stars

and she said to me that those little skyflowers

were something she required to be able of happines-smiles

that makes me able to

press a gun against my temple

print stars

and

shoot my head of...

can you explain that to me?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Plaster_Poetry med Poeter.se id #28367 innehar upphovsrätten