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I'm starting to believe that the universe is a gun pointing at me...

Turmoil

where do I go
while waiting for the turmoil
to leave my space

how do I know
the rating of the petroil
will break the haze...

I just want to hide
from eighty thousand issues
landing at my desk

I'm shielding my pride
while using all the tissues
still being 'picturesque'...

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Författaren Caprice! med Poeter.se id #11042 innehar upphovsrätten