

Stoned Librarian

A librarian
in an oasis
in the sky,
whit a smile on her lips
the smile of a stoned airplane
flying high
in the sky,

hallucinating by the sea
about capitalistic cars
from the past,

about shitty Englishmen
in the dark,
whit false names
falling by the rain,

fleeing from the vanished vaccum
of my eyes,

its a pointless sense of trying
to see the electricity in the middle of nowhere
disturbing the bulletproof sound of harmony
and silence
through the pipes in the ground,
guarded by crusades in the treetops
across endless mourning plains
of the darkness you see,
that you witnessed
from behind the window behind bars
up in yer tower,
whit screaming ghosts in the walls
disturbing your precious sleep
that you think you need to forget
all about the mad parkinglots of your mind
from when you were younger
and innocent.

You're driving cross country

and tiny little spiders of water splash on yer windshield.
you stop,
to try 'n
to sleep,
you see a talking fish walking slowly across the sky,
chasing a fly whit her eyes
is the waitress that wakes you up
whit insane orders from the lines in the sky
you need to cook fast
whit the Mexican fryer
and the Carlos serving,
or else they'll turn some place else,
and fuck whit your mind,
running the road to someplace
and nowhere,

where they can be killed all the way
by irregular sculptures of my mind
chasing you down
hunting them down,
shwong them right back to sleep,
like innocent darkhaired boys killing for fun.

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