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Into the dark

He rode into the dark
in broad daylight,
never regretting wild days
where ideas roared with fire
and air tasted untamed herbs.

Now he sips at sunset
and drives my furniture mad,
he cries at tribal fringes
with a voice sadly wrought
by rays of all days.

I drift endlessly into the do that
and drink regret with ease,
I bring onomatopoetic order
into the coming of sleep
and fall abruptly into relief.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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