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A Calm Ebullition

Sometimes, somewhere

Thoughts tend to boil up to a point

Where the degrees are not measureable

Without logical solutions

Like a koan

The sound of it engenders folly in itself

Rising, clearly, in production

Forcing creativity to stop

And just listen

To this

A calm ebullition

Go back and forth

Googols of ringing and waiting

Pounding and suffering

People may feel my infliction

But they do not know my sensitivity

And the effectiveness

And the frequency

A screech

So often

I have heard about those clowns

Taking the laughter out of children

Setting fire to the sense of being sane

Imagine the scenario of doing that to yourself

A gavage of emotions

A quiet spectacular shout

Barking at me

A bellows used for pushing, feeding

Like a torture, torment

Extortion of my inner will

But my endurance is taking over

I hear laughter

Screaming

Howling and interrupting
The process takes a while
But it is not directed towards me

An inner suffering
Created by myself
Not angry, no
Merely disappointed

A calm ebullition

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