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tänkt som slam-dikt och därför inte sådär jätterolig i skriven form men whatever

CLARA

Clara, who's Clara you said, and those whispers are still echoing in my brain.

I wanna be like her but I can't play the drums or grow my hair out long, so i'll just keep watching, in silence, knowing that i will never play the drums, neither grow my hair out long.

Clara though, she's like a mythical creature, have you heard of her? She puts all the men, and the lesbians, in like a trance. They just can't take their eyes off her, once they've laid them upon her they're stuck. She's magical, I swear.

I know it sounds strange, like, I mean, I wouldn't believe it if i heard of a magical woman, but it is true!

The thing is, she's only got eyes for this one person, which is a little sad. I mean, she breaks the hearts of all the men, and the lesbians, like this, just with her fingernails. (they're always in painted bright red)

Clara, who's Clara you said, and those whispers are still echoing in my brain. This was, of course, before I realised. Realised that you're one of them. One of these sad men, and lesbians, that once have been crushed, between her fingers. Like the butts of the cigarettes she smokes she mashes you with her toes.

Yeah, it's kind of sad that she's only got eyes for this one person but I bet this one person is kind of happy about it.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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