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En till text i stil med den tidigare.

Dear Elsa

To my dear Elsa.

Dear Elsa, the darkness around here seldom frightens me anymore, it barely graces my indefinite gratification towards its soothing presence. Its cold breath carries me through the horrific tales that still haunts me. By day, I am a victim. By night, I am god.

It is desolate, this place. Its pine-trees howl at the touch of wind, and move with grace. Just like the grass, waving in smooth, finely composed patterns.

I sought peace here. Long ago, when I still remembered yesteryear. A spirit living inside me, told me about the great wonders of nature, and infused me with rage, so that no time would be to waste. When I first laid my eyes unto the blood red horizon, cooperating with the deep, murky water that reflected its beauty in the most beautiful way.

I yearned to be a part of this magnificent spectra, urging my hard cynical self to free me from the rusty shackles that restrained me. In this, I set out to mimic the singing of the waves, hammering the solid cliff face that opened up before me. Hoping that I in some way would be part of the harmony of the water orchestra.

My voice strained me, and left me in belief, that I was a part of something greater than mankind. Something beyond the skyscrapers and electric water-plants. The ocean called out for me, leaving me vulnerable to the touch of all that was known to me. I cried at the loss of my beloved, but in their place was peace, peace that granted me hope for a better outcome.

The heavens opened up today, glorifying my presence with beams of light, cutting through the darkness my life had adopted and nourished. Oh what a sight this was. The vast ocean revealed different colors, enhancing its raw beauty, green and blue.

I slit my wrist, the blood approached its rightful place down in the roaring abyss. My eyes did wander across the wonderous sight that was the Aurora borealis. I fell to the to the ground. My chest pounded with pain, but my actions were just, and granted me peace at mind. Be my savior, did I cry with the last intake of breath.

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