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### **Embarrassment**

I cannot calm myself. The tears falls heavy on my cheeks and push my entire body to the ground. All I want to do is reach out to you. You are right in front of me, sleeping. Yet I cannot. I continue to drag myself to the floor. Shivering in a fetal position I am speechless, the world is drawing closer to me and so is my end. I look at you when you sleep calmly, not disturbed by my pain or thoughts. I look at the knife on the counter, thinking of what I could manage to do with it.

I look at you once again and I see the same thing, the peaceful beauty of your sleep. I look at the lighter on the shelf, thinking of the damage of the impact it could have on my skin. Again I take a look at you and I can see that you deserve the peace, you deserve freedom from me. I take a look at my closet door, wishing that I could pound my fist deep within.

One last time I look at you. I see the beauty of your face. I see the love you try to give me. And I see how pathetic I am. Sitting here on the floor, crying my insides out, wanting nothing more then death.

How could I possibly deserve someone like you? When we both know that I have not done a single good deed in this life?

Yet no matter how much I wish for myself to disappear, to cause such havoc on myself. I cannot bear the thought of your face if I would have done anything. Therefore I will remain here, on the floor. Crying until morning comes and wishes me good luck for the coming day.

Wishing me the best of luck so I do not screw anything else up.

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