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Text som jag skrev efter att ha självskadat om mina tankar vid sådana tillfällen.

One, two, three, four, five

One.

The beginning

Or rather, the continuation

Regardless of time or circumstances, this will always be considered the first passing of that threshold

The very same threshold over which many already have tread, and will tread

Two

Another

Perhaps for no other reason than to ease the burden of the first

No matter, they are all the same, after all

The only difference being the shift in resonance of the scratching, coming from nowhere

Three

More than half the weight lifted

The peace, however, short-lived, almost non-existent, giving way to waves of sporadic elation, ebbing out in spasms of desperation

Inching ever closer to tranquillity

Four

Focusing on nothing but the line on the horizon, pupils turn to black holes, greedily absorbing all light in sight

Distortion no longer an oddity, but a habitual state of mind

Hues of light now serve only to categorise shades of crimson

Five

The ending

Or rather, the holdup

Until next time

Float around in empty space while it lasts, before crashing down onto the cold floor

Wash away the poison to the point where it clogs up the drains

The body, dry of emotion

One, two, three, four, five

That's not it

Again

Two, four, five

Better

Not perfect still

One, four

Closer

Not quite

One, one, one, two, three, three, three, three, three, four, four, five

As close to perfection as possible

Wash it away

One, two, three, four, five

They itch for more

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren INM med Poeter.se id #65966 innehar upphovsrätten