

Death

Stars above Grand Canyon
cliffs and hills and mountains.
Let me stay here on my back,
lying, talking to God, and dreaming
and looking into the eye of the storm.
Smoking funny, and dreaming of
planets and gods. A snake and a
eagle, a white owl in space.
Flying through the sky,
breathing, exhaling.
The smileycat
smiles, caterpillar
and spiderweb,
seethrough moonbeams
caressing marble
and crystals.
Smoking crystalmeth
and bringing you the
child that's chosen,
to be the next messiah.
Her hands filled with henna,
and her eyes filled with cracked
smoke from these kerosene lungs now.
In this rainroom, doubts are born
between bleeding legs, he habits.
She, the bringer of the sungod,
sees the third eye in the witches
forehead.
Naked, he sits, seeing the future
in someones innards...

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