

Surrounded by death

You playing hard to get.
But they will find you.
Track you down.
See, my heart roam the streets
as a part time criminal.
Part time lover.

My words are surrounded by death.

I started to believe in ghost.
The day I started writing.
I started to believe in magic
The day I laid my eyes on you.

And just for the thrill I cheat death like
“woooaw” every time I put my soul on
the line for writing.
Fighting demons when I put
a spell on them.
This may sound like a shortcut.
A memorial greif.
But baby don’t cry.
This poem is just a papercut.

I am right here.

And I am very much alive.

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