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The elf

sometimes heart hurts
sometimes pain pains
so so much

that it kills itself

zoo much it becomes a park
filled with floods covered in skeleton elephants
back from death
are they

you, back down from it
don't hear them
close your ears

to detect your ability to protect
from fears, yourself

who you are

afraid of

but still are

even in plain sight plague

the hurt-thing
in a deep hole of a pained self-killer
it becomes a self pain-killer

when the pain
hurts hearts
so much
it kills itself

back to life in unpain
on the knowledgeless happy shelf

demanding silence, standing smiling with

your pain-self

is

your Pain's Elf

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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