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Trying to find my flow and using more of an "adult" language

Cutting-edge

Frozen inner worlds start thawing,
a river rising from the cracks of every heartbreak,
pushing me towards the edge.

The roaring sorrow drowns my spirit,
extinguishes the light,
Its pointless trying to resist.

The edge is soft,
no outer line defines the final border,
unknown remains the last frontier
of where my longing ends.

False idols cast a shadow
on monuments of shattered love,
When fallen gods began to crumble
I could feel my future
slowly slip away.

I cut myself on shards of broken trust
that lay scattered in the rubble
Only ruins
of things that might have been
remain.

The sky was clouded as I watched my memories turn to dust,
My illusions swallowed whole,
by the clarity I gained.

And from the corner of my eye,
I saw
the final truth revealed before me;

-the temple
where I had spent my life of worship
was, after all,
Nothing,

but a cage.

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