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existentialistical pondering...

Less than human...

How do you know you're human?

Is there a number you can call somewhere
or maybe a tattoo I've missed... in the nape, perhaps
in the back of the neck, I mean

Do you have to live to exist?

Is it pain that make it all seem real?
My head hurts like a dead ferret in a glove-box...

Is... is that enough?
Am I real now?

What if you don't really care anymore?
I mean, whatever happens is alright... isn't it?

I have doubts regarding breathing...
air in, air out... inhale, exhale...
It seems so useless... I'd rather smoke
Maybe then I'll eventually feel something...

Wait, is it about the journey?
the birth-life-death thing?
Is being human the same as being afraid
I don't think I'm afraid... of death
spiders eeks me but they're tiny, fast and furry
death seems kinda expected

How can you even fear a certainty?

Something tells me I should be happy
then again... some things lie...

I don't know
I barely give a damn

Cheerie-bye

ta-ta

sayonara

so long

have no fear, the goodbye is here...

have a glorious, stupendous, magnificent, fulfilling, wondrous day...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se
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