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En kamp med mina känslor

Cinematic response to your broken heart

Here\'s my faults in stark contrast

A bad pun on the movie screen

Nauseating pick-up lines on display

“He left you?

Baby, I\'ll be the best rebound

you\'ve ever had.”

I swallow my vile disease

Another takes its place

Consuming me in its level of fire

“He left you?

I\'ll kill him, before he can

breath another word of

poisonous fumes!”

I choke it down the best I can

Try to fit it next to the other

Category: Self loathing

It slips out, ravaging my china

Intermingling with the righteous compassion

Creating sorrow-drenched havoc

“He left you.

He has no right to

elude your raw-diamond beauty”

Said and done

Honesty is a bitch in heat

Once fucked it can\'t be undone

One last beast tries to escape

But this leash will hold

Along with my sanity

“He left you?

Good. Now there is no choker
on my love.”

I play with my hold on the rope
Why not just let it go
I play with the leash on my sanity

I stack them up
In a neat row of viruses

I mark them with Your name – and His
The last time they will ever stand next to each other

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