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## **The Hand**

It was hard and cold. A total blackness spread behind my eyelids with a great bang in my ears. How could anything be that strong but weak in the same time? How could a complete silence turn into a sound of an explosion within a second? It had the colour of death; pale and white as marble. Actually, if you looked closer you could see that the white colour almost turned into blue. Now you know how white it was. The hand, I mean. A hand that did not stroke nor was gentle. It was only hard; beating hard. Slapping, torturing me. Where did it struck me? When did it struck me? The hand had beaten me hard, so hard that I did not hear anything for hours. Why was I in this mess? Me, the strong and witty girl I was. The hardship I once suffered from but which I had escaped long ago. Today something had changed and again I was a victim. Why have I let myself down? I am so disappointed and angry with myself. But most of all; I am angry with the hand that has beaten me.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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