

Publicerad 2009-07-27 22:39 av marsupelami

whatever

The rust inside my limbs is you,
it creeps inside my bones
You're the wine that was
too damn sweet to drink
Like a heavy blanket
choking me
in your ever present attention

You're the creep that
stutters on and won't
Move away from me
the suffocating ghost
Looming in every shadow
stretching fat and greedy fingers
in no direction but
mine

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren marsupelami med Poeter.se id #29111 innehar upphovsrätten