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These three - these trees.

Splattering eyes.

intangible comfortability

im at home

where no fertilized

substance seems to be

and all i ignited fell of my back

like sand from the whale pad

or rain drops from a duck tale

feather like we wave at each others

in corners and creeks

where its too dark to talk

or too bitter to meet

too open to ask for recognition

or too slate to conversate

tell me, for i'm not the meek

i will never be what i seek

and never see through different

periscopes than these three

i've summoned up my wishes

in a little rope

and now i bag it empty

leave it at the doorstep

and take it back at every entry

so i sound so seamless when i twist

in your waters

but in my private shallows

i soar roaring for difference

i cannot be

and will not be

satisfied with these hands
concepting, caressing, all this magic
to make with

and yet i feel i create few for myself
and more for the reasons

i cannot bare another season change
without feeling in pace
with my movement

in and out these three
doors.

for i lay nailed to the floor now
splattering.

what is the answer?
and what is the question?
restlessness once again, has its dent on me.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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