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*love's really tricky to try faking yourself to actually feel... uselessness come easier for me though... that's a plus...*

**it was supposed to be a love poem... it went sideways...**

Hello...

I love you...

but... you make me wanna kill myself...

... just sometimes

just a little bit... a little bit of myself...

... crude as I can be...

you make death seem beautiful...

and life... utterly unbearable...

... not all the time... no, no, no...

just most of the time...

... just when you're visible... or audible...

or every single time I think of you...

don't get me wrong though...

I love you... I... I really do...

... not that I even know your name

or how you look... or how your voice sounds...

... how you pronounce the word "tomato"

or potato...

not that it matters...

there's just something...

something about you ...

something I cannot easily define...

something that makes me ache...

and long for death's cold embrace...

... with a plastic grin melted to my face

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