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### **Sweet nothing at all**

In this now, this complete and unfeathered now,  
this pure, shiny and broken moment in the flow of moments,  
now, this now, my own personal now,  
it's constantly disappearing from my sight.

I've come to terms with my minds unwillingness to accept what I tell it,  
this gray lump of cells, it's mostly for show, but still...  
... contained inside there is an abundance of useless tidbits.  
Every single word in every single song I've ever heard has a place inside there,  
locked away... stored, as if in cryonic suspension.

Maybe I'll thaw at some point, just for fun, just to see what falls away,  
what will be an always lost piece of existance, and what will suddenly resurface as something worth more  
than these trivial words.

Not bloody likely, is it?

Let go, find some peace, find a home in your own breath, calm down, be at peace, collect yourself, be as one  
with yourself and your mind and your soul and your complete set of luggage from years and years of  
trivialized existance, breathe... inhale, keep it in... exhale... repeat and redo 'till time shuts you down.

I can safely say that I don't really know the questions to the answers I don't know, some answers I do know,  
but their connection to various questions are forever locked away... blurred away, I suppose...

That's basically it... nothing left to say... nothing left to do... nowhere left to be...

I'm me... o, cruelest of trivialized agony that isn't...

I'll always wish I'd been a cow... cows get it... complete calm and gory death... ending up in a hamburger  
lodged in the throat of someone... poetic as hell... justice?

I don't really know, but it sounds funny enough to be... justified

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