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Kort liten text jag skrev denna morgon. Fri tolkning, men tror ändå ett visst budskap är väldigt framträdande.

Existing With Knowledge

I was born naked into light
Into warmth
Into an idyllic scenery
But that was all it was
A scenery
For time tore it down
For knowledge gave me vision
Revealed to me a cold industrial reality
Industrialized landscape, industrialized life
Man created, An earth devastated
Where once blue water had flown
Streaming now was blood
Trees and mountains
All reduced to barren wastelands
Smiling faces - skeletal grins
Hooded men with scythes walking among the naked crowds
Laughs and cheers replaced
With agonized sobbing and hypocrisy as the common tongue
Though a man dressed in a torn uniform came forth to me
Pointed a gun towards my forehead
Gave me two options
To follow the naked crowd
Or to end my life
Thus he handed me the gun
and I squeezed the trigger
To see the man in the uniform
Fall dead to the bleeding earth
His uniform withered and revealed yet another naked body
Just like my own, like the others, like a cold truth incarnated
I was freezing, I was shivering and so overwhelmed with anxiety
Granted such a perspective of this "Precious life"
~~Granted such perspective of it's true worth~~

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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