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Draft for Anne Belle:

I want to fly

After an infinite number of years,
aimlessly staggering around
on broken crutches,

over far too shiny
and thin ice.
I finally fell into the abyss.

Once fallen,
clinging to false rope,
I could not muster climbing up

I must lower myself deeper,
down into the darkness,
in hope of light.

There in the icy womb,
I lay and torture myself
with everything I have got

On a camp bed firmly anchored
to the bottom of the abyss
with my self loathing as provisional blanket

I burn in the manic flames
of self-hatred, when suddenly
a chemical Shaman lights his flame

The Shaman guides me to an exit
whisper words in my ears
that no one can understand

Blows glitter in my face
that takes me to worlds
no one ever knew existed

Traveling through infinite
levels of dreams
constantly false awakening

Lost I fell between realities
until non no longer existed
and no totem in the world could tell

Like the princess trapped in the tower
longing for someone to slay
the dragon that guards

I had long been longing
for an experience
conveying words

A direct and personal
experience
of that beyond language

Now I have finally formed
a relationship with that
which can not be mentioned

And I just stand here risen
from the ashes of the uterus
with wings ready to grow

I want to fly!

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