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Lost on the northern winds.

I can't shake the feeling
that I'm always,

slowly,

fading out of peoples lives.

Like a fire

I will eventually turn to coal
and then to dust.

Like fire

I make you glow,
I keep you warm and safe.

I keep the dark monsters away at night.
And light the power in you.

Like coal,

I am your mask
You make-up
in your battle cry

I paint you strong
and fearless.

Like dust,

and with a last exhale,
I wither away.

Lost
on the northern winds
And soon,

all too soon,

forgotten.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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