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Driftwood.

I was at the ocean floor walking around

holding my breath, no talking allowed

I loved it here alone, in a blue forgotten and unexplored world, i could walk for days and never want to return

lungs filled with air, that would not run out

The rumbling of a calm sea below echoed on rocky walls where fish hide, sleep and eat,

away from the bigger ones,

dark as night, no light in sight

a stillness danced in my hair, back and forth in the lullaby sung by the waves

I am not scared

Something ominous caught my eye

a stiffness so crooked, a lifeless shadow pulled slowly towards me by the current

standing steady with my bare feet digged down

I am scared now

Stoically watch it come closer towards me, shivers down my spine,

a piece of driftwood long as my arm

hits my chest, digging it's way in,

I lost my air, still standing, it got through the skin, I let it pierce my ribs,

I accepted my faith

My screams woke up the fish,

they swarm like wasps

smoked out from their hive

this piece of pointless wood

started a underwater fire, a fierce force that should not be played with, the sea is boiling, my hair flailing, let

chaos reign this will never subside

This piece of driftwood, made me the storm i am within. And the ocean is yet the blue in my eyes.

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