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Jag kanske förändrar radbrytningen lite (när jag är mindre full) men annars är jag nöjd; relativt.

Secrets.

So here I stand
a dead boy
quite dearly stench in rain
a sycophant of struggle
my shame I named our life, my pain
a selfish apathetic
I wish against the pavement, so sickly drenched
a stain
withered
and hitherto
I whisper naught, for you
'tis I, broken dreams I know them and yet
I wither too
skies, I've seen them
wished upon them
clearly starlight you brought me to
in decay I keep them now, it's a secret
this dead boy, distance;
me and you.
So clearly in life of turmoil
confusion straight as day
how could I declare phantoms
of a life you've named decay
so sit here on my rock
a fortress alone I've built
perhaps could be there, you, a queen
but you'll a frame my life a wilt
and thus
in fragile moonlight
you'll be sanctuary calm
yet fret of soul the struggle
I'm dying in unbeknownst your warmth.

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