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just a slight touch of moodiness on a boredom-made-beautiful saturday...

re: life

I'd like to write an epic poem to your beauty
but I'm not sure you're beautiful...
I don't even know who you are

I'd like to praise your wondrous eyes
but I've never seen 'em, how could I describe 'em
I don't even know if you have any

I'd like to shout I love you over and over again
tho' I'm not all that sure I really do
love is a mystery to me, too

cause I haven't met you yet
at least, I don't think I have
I don't even know if you really exist
probably wouldn't even see it if it's there

maybe this is it for me
alone, slightly leaned back in a chair
in a cluttered room
in a clueless life

it's not all that bad, loneliness
it's just...
there's no one close to hold on to

no one here to embrace

in the dark of night
there's no light at the end of this tunnel
there's no one soul to give you a reason to continue
to breathe, to move,...
to wake up in the morning and go to bed at night

I have no strive on my own

no goals in my future
no real plan in the works
and that has always been alright for me

life is...
birth, life, death
it's the in-betweens that confound me
what is this life-thing
and how do you get a hold of one

I don't know

maybe it doesn't matter

I'm fairly sure I don't

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