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I can't explain why, I am swedish and all... english is... hell, I dream in english... I think badly formed thoughts in english... swedish is my second language... and english is too, I guess... my first is gibberish and dot dot dots...

That piece of clay stuck underneath that left shoe look like Patrick Duffy...

wish there were truth within
to be told and accepted
but, in truth there is nothing

when sight fall on beauty
sight slip and fall

does it matter at all?

light and dark make up the void
between now and then
and then again

days float by
this river act harsh
stones, everywhere there are
in memory
no flying birds remembered
no life at all
just rocks
and water
and very little else

'tis hard this writing
there's nothing inside it
and stories 'bout nothing
usually fall apart
in the very beginning
and in the very end
and always in the middle
where the story should be
it abruptly ends

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