

Publicerad 2008-08-18 18:01 av Jonny Larsen

the murky wall 'tween loneliness and psychosis

the face of silent dreams and petrified terror
she stood before me once
an appearance so striking of nothingness
so perfectly non-descriptive of the person beneath

like a gift wrapped in brown packing-paper
bound in yarn and absolutely without bows
were I a poet of great stature I'd fallen for temptation
unwrapped this gift I saw before me
non-invasive, by word alone and with care... not haste
so not to damage the obvious frailness beneath

this gift... this package... this...
... this person, it hit me like a fist in the gut
a human is what I saw but not what I felt
a vision of likeness, an hallucination of sorts
an object of desire for no apparent reason
lust... it distorts the view of eyes meant not to see

I remember words playing inside my mind's eye
forgotten words, words of passion... of power
words without meaning for one
but with one and one it multiplies in value
in strength... in fearfulness...
as an unknown it's quizzical and dreaded
you can't look away but you best not see

and as memories shift, so do I...
to another day... another explosion...
another stew of ordinary everyday mumbles
... I dare not try to end what I started
so I begin anew

I belong here, I told myself
I belong here, I shivered and announced
I belong here, with a questionmark loosely attached
I belong here, I asked once...
... I wish you would've listened

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