

Sit Back & Die!

Everything you prepare
is a little off
when the time comes

Beings
are high-order matter
intoxicated with expectations

- but who can blame them?

The sight is appealing, is appalling

The skin is soft,
the eyes well forth in tandem

Death handles its acts of sanitation
with numb hands
& bleeding eyes

Birth screams & breathes hard

In the offices
coffee machines cough,
lawyers curse,
business executives fit
into revelatory Bob Dylan songs

Every angle fits into its geometry,
each entity into its measurement

We sit back & die,
a little off

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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