

Poem out of Thing

I tear at the seams of reality
At night
That's why all my nails are broken

I run away from there world
In dreams
That's why I sleep so much

I wear a coat of burning
By day
Everything cries that I touch

I'm one word off this time
Unforgiven
Drowning in a cup of cold coffee

We both no I'm wounded
Not slain
I need no chance, I will rise again