

The Raven And The Backward Funeral

Skepticism

led somewhere
the path before me
turning around
numb fingers
fell up on my feet
i was awoken
sinking deeper
filling my lungs with pleasure
thick water
i sunk

on the sky
of grey clouds
fell on an iron armada
glittering in the sunlight

a rain like nails
waves forgotten
the shores were gone
a crew, rowing a coffin across
calm, stormy sea
i laid back on a slow wave,

to the depths of ground
growing down
with nothing to say
facing each other

withering in bloom
black flowers
as it landed away
down a rasp throat

inhaling a monotonous song
on the top of a pine
a shadow cast a raven

i turned towards my right arm
rays drew warmth from my skin
filling half of the horizon
the sun

on a carpet of thick moss
fully covered up by the woods
fell on my face
took a step back
the path was gone
i turned around