

Burnt By The Sun, Famke

I picked it up. I held it. I threw it away. I strayed.
By far one of the dumbest things I've done to myself.
No embracement of the truth, it's gone.
Progress unwound. Ideals shut down.
Pin it on me. Take me away.
I'm guilty as charged. You can call out.
This is my forceful vice struggling to gain some life.
Sometimes when you live with something for so long you can't break it,
can't put it down, can't walk away.
Beauty in my mind defined by images shot into my mind.
Brain scan. Observe the man I am.
Look at my hands. I'm trembling at the mistakes I live.
One day I'm awake. The next day I'm dead.
This is not real. This I know.
But it calls on me. How does this work?
It's so fucking twisted. It takes me away.
It sweeps me off my feet. I know how this goes.
I've dealt with this before. Day one, liquefy my life.
Take my insides out. Hang them on a wall.
The beauty. Self-security works itself into a hole.
But I can feel the cold from here.
And I know it's cold.
Blisters ravaged my life.
The life that I claimed back.
Turned it around.