

# Skepticism, The Raven And The Backward Funeral

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