

Endless Night

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By : Raslan

This was first going to be a short story, but then I guess it turned into a poem? I don't see it that way... So consider it a story that rhymes :D Most of my writings are heavily based on drugs, which kind of explains the hallucinations in this one.

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...and there I lay...

Looking for a glimpse of hope, a sense of life that would help me thrive, but the pain came in doses I could not cope, I gave in and said at least I tried.

The icy wind yearned for me to sleep, but how can that be, when you're no longer for me to keep?

I was lost, lost in a picture of this cold night, a night where my whole life derailed, I sew my eyes shut tight, and to these thoughts I swayed.

I remember the day we met, the way you made me pale with palms so wet, and that feeling of happiness I could not mend, but you knew I could never pretend, because all I ever felt was myself descend.

Do you remember walking down the inky highway? You seemed so scared, but my love, I'll never let anything hurt you, not in any way.

Do you remember running the beach, in a speed so fast nobody could reach? With the sound of the ocean crashing behind our ears, and the moon haunting our fears.

Do you remember our first touch, with a passion so powerful, a mountain it would crush? and after your legs got tired, I held you closely to places higher.

...and there we lay...

Beneath the earth's black coat, I wrapped my myself around you to protect you from the cold.

We watched the sky draw us light scars, my baby, I love you... Past all these stars.

The black wind howled, I was lost but now I'm found, but as I looked at your face, my knife started to shift and pulled us to the ground.

We drifted in this busy space, where we lived our lives out of place, and above the mild floor of blood, the ocean drowned me in waves I could not succumb.

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I tried so hardly, when I felt the warmth of your body, to never tuck you nightly beside me, but as you spoke to me, I felt this urge, a need; like a thousand butterfly crawling beneath me, they urged me to do nothing but plead.

I looked at you, wearing scarlet moons for eyes, and I dazed along with you.

We jerked, and we spazed, our time has finally arrived, sucking us inside his wide arms.

No longer should we wait, these beckoning whispers were only a bait.

I tried to run, but it was all too late, for the dirty needles on your head have already brushed my cheek and sunk.

But even in our dying breaths, all you ever did was burn my neck, and as these roses bloom, eating me slowly; conspiring my doom, I finally sensed the feeling of relief, no longer will I ever grieve, for this is the end our night, the departure of our souls, and the death of our minds, like razor blades it scarred up our spine.

...and there I lay, with nothing but the scent of our sweet decay...

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