

Skepticism

"The Raven And The Backward Funeral"

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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

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