

Uran

"Queen of survival"

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Her hair is split in black and white
"One part of me is darkness and one part is light"
She said
And took
My hand

We sat in her room and drank some tea
The stories she told could have been about me
I bled
Tears from
My eyes

Slowly
She's dancing
Hardly
She breathes
Always on her knees
Always (ready to please!)

Why is she ashamed?
Not the one to blame

The white line on mirror glass
Invites
To more drinks
More sex and drugs more fights
Angst and remorse
Cuts
Suicidal stains on walls in strangers' homes

Little girl - go home

All people are such stupid fools
They don't know survival has got its' own rules
They prefer
To look
Away
A big rat hides inside her chest
The pain inside as she tries
To breathe in air
Space blank
Inside her head

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