

Air Travel

Little lady, little bluer,
cheering your very own noise,
you as the visitor
me as the viewer.

Nervous, as well as horrified,
she had her eyes on me,
she was my honey guide,
oh boy, dead replied.

Your senses have noticed this pain,
inner and truly yours.
You called it daydreaming, the migraine,
inverted preserved cloudy desolation.
Just the crappy grain,
experiencing this sensation.

Once I carried my head,
no more trusting my eyes,
this snake entered my body,
Please, lets don't do this twice,
super sneaky—super ugly.

First, it was my ear, oh my dear,
then reaching the curved jaw,
her young milk teeth.
Crushing my pale cheeks,
likely pulling my only self
along with desirable fear.

Beneath visible illusion,
thus quite severe,
my private view mistake,
stomach for heart and jaws for soul.

Filling, tripping, disappearing,
no way, the snake is here in a minute,
just crawling into my eye into my head.
It's not just pure pain,
it's pure pain being,
breathing existing
like a hurricane.

I make sure that I remember who am I
where am I going.

Alone, sitting in the middle of chaos,
they suddenly looked through my eyes.
Me pretending to sense the calmness,
laying down my face into my palms.
I beg, they belong together to be honest.

Hearing virtuous grain, silently murmuring:
just few seconds, at that right place.

But those muddy seconds,
suggested the sacred stroke itself
After one hour, I unstick my hands,
looking at them, at my perished face.

I seem to be bleeding, I cried.
Again, making properly sure,
ok, I remember who am I.

Trying to wake my feet up, my hands,
move one move the other,
still locked in the seat I think about mother,
I feel my stomach I feel my heart.

They both keep on beating,
primarily me, the functioning innocent life.
Hell has two types of turbulences,
including talking people around.

Not being able to chase those voices,
unaware, acting pretending the absence,
I try to ask myself again,
who is she
is she happy?

She whispered to my painful ear,
moreover the answer hurt even more.
There was no need to meet her eyes,
never required, that's what she asked for.
What stayed was just the feeling
of my stomach and her heart.
Soon after it gets dark
I make claim to stay alive.

Counting from ten to one in my native language,
no no no, not right,
who is she,

who am I,
am I happy?

Imagine yourself on the sofa of your parents,
it's perfectly empty there,
although one snake in this entire house
waiting for the right moment,
just there.

Freaked out with the tears on the face,
not yours just coming from the same body.
Over and over, not able to move,
asking her,
where is she,
does she survive?
The snake explains to her
thanks the grain.

Paralysed thus vomiting
your memory out to the world,
giving the life, dying at the same time.
Then celebrating, surviving the birth,
side by side in control of this crime.

The act of something new,
of forgotten love of you.
Spreading together with the roots of trees,
answering: It's fucking spring, summer coming,
isn't this time of thank you?

They admire you, you look through,
rubbing your hands touching your forehead
nervously coughing, formerly smiling
pretending invisibility.
Rejection is the devil,
after all, she told you.
Snake crawling closer,

frozen and scared, still daring breathing,
closely listening, exposed to her.

Horribly crying, no it's not you,
it's just another fever, another misery,
unconventional feelings of happiness.
Smelling burned betrayal, yes,
that's from you.

Now over here, desolation,
we were used to be one, not two.
The snake spoke ready,
twisting on your sofa,
very tired - very bended,
crunched in the corner unsteady.
Gently rubbing her toes I glance him
and demand again,
why is she?

The snake turns to me very slowly,
mouth full of the shiny sharp teeth,
in the eyes I can read blue
instead of the dirty darkness.
Describing to me, that the heaven
has colours of the pastel candy.
And just like that the hell stays black,
you recognize this familiar feeling.

Fresh tears in her eyes reading
in the darkness they see the most.
The snake comes over, whispering,
the darkness is your key coast.

At this moment I close my eyes
I guess I'll never open,
we sail together into angel dust,

into far astray to the deepest blue.
Surrounded by confidence and trust,
surrounded by each other.

Our skin blends, we certainly ally,
while the snake spins in her palms
palms of my hand, full of her mouldy water,
overflowing, full of me.

Falling into the darkness,
seeing more than I could see.
Nervously welcoming the snake:
who is she,
she has a broken heart,
she is the snake.