

Thinking

It's a minute after half past two
my ears are listening to the door
in the kitchen clapping against the wall.
In the bathroom the water is dropping
in a rhythm never known to me before.
I'm tired, but I can't sleep.

I'm thinking about tomorrow
thinking about what would be
the sense I run after.
The aim I'm supposed to reach.

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It seems like the ceiling is coming down
shone at by the light of the radio a little bit red.
My body is sleeping underneath the blanket,
my body feels safe but my brain is lost
to the dark corners in my room
are getting bigger just like in my head.

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More and more questions are coming up to me
and the past makes me scared of every new day in my life.
Is there a way to reach the aim?
Is there a way to be what I was meant to be?

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