

Woodlands Pt.2

No Omega

On the grass
in his suit
blood reappears
but not through his nose
dry mouth. red mouth
open eyes
for the first time
blood gushing
and my final
thoughts mere
imprints
specks of dust
nothing
if i'd see you there
let us rest at
the woodland cemetery
our silent film
a vast ocean of nothing
will everything continue without us?

[Swedish poem:]
meningslösa mening
långa korta dagar
hungriga mätta magar
du är aldrig ensam
ändå så känner du dig ensam

[English interpretation:]
meaningful but at the same time so meaningless
long days, yet time passes so quickly
we're never hungry, always hungry for more
you are never alone
still you feel so alone