

Konnichi's Strange Poetry

Von Konnichi

Kapitel 1: Ode to Home

The sound of Jetplanes fills the air
Dreams of beaches in my head
A thousand trees rush from afar (You're stuck here)
It's green, it's bright, it's nice to see
It's wonderfully boring

Dust rises, as I walk along the streets
Dust rises, as I walk along the fields

My worn out shoes take me along
I've seen this place a million times
And wished myself away
A feeling rises
My conscience speaks (Get out!)
This place is old, it's dead, it's tired
It's sickeningly boring

Dust rises, as I walk along the streets
Dust rises, as I walk along the fields

I'm home.

{This has already been published in my Weblog. It was supposed to be a song but now it's a poem dedicated to my home, a little village at the edge of the world}