

Dead Man's Tale

I lie in this running river, the water is cool,
the broken rays through the foliage annoy me a bit.

I taste blood in my mouth; I am well, there is a corpse stuck onto the rocks next to me.
I did not notice before. Decomposing flesh is black like wet rocks.

“Look at us, we are both lying here; only thing is that I’m alive and you, dead.”
“I’m just a little bit better kept than you.”
“Still, you seem fresher than these rocks”

“Let’s talk for a bit. You have no soul; and even less the semblance of a personality.”
“You can borrow one from my mind.”
“Isn’t it all we do? We never tried to see someone without the lens of ourselves.”
“I can feel it’s gonna be regular, boring, small talks.”

“Wait! The nice thing about you being dead is you can’t judge me.”
“That should spice things up.”

“Still, through any personality I give to you, when we talk, I still hear you calling me a loser.”
“I wait for a voice to say: I am enough for what I am seeking.”
“I still haven’t found it; doubt never leaves as I do the walk of life.”

“I never paid heed to silence, what good is the dead?”
“That’s all that’s left to hear.”

“Talk, let me listen to you.”
