Carrion

Project Pitchfork

deep deep down . the silence covers your ears
no light will ever reach its depths . it watches
high above . cold winds pass the black dunes
a feather jerks in the storm . till it looses the fight
whirls around . and drowns in black masses
life stops in slowmotion . a suffering still-life
caught in this potion . yet it struggles
raped by men . still it watches
squirming and gleaming bubbles bursting . breathing out their stench
every noise is suffocated . slowly very slowly
creamy molasses sinking . deepening the silence
stopping life in slowmotion . movement ceases . never to come back
still it watches . powerless to clench onto life
its breathing ceases completely . and the feather slowly drifting by

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