

Dying and cold coffee

Cold coffee my lips are blue my skin is white,
the remains of a last night,
shattered on the floor.

(It's been a misunderstanding.)

broken glass, water, sugar, wine
on the floor

(It's been a misunderstanding.)

a vase, glittering with blood
red blood,
my blood

Once it was mine, now it belongs to the carpet.

Blood stained carpet. In a sterile hotel room.

It's obviously been a misunderstanding.

I don't believe it. How could it happen?? How???

I wouldn't have believed it at all if it wasn't for the cold coffee.

My lips are blue my skin is white.

"It's because you're dead since the last night."

explains God while he pours me another cup of ethereal cold coffee in the Heavens.

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