

naked

NATÁLIE HÁJKOVÁ



● — pointa

Naked

Vyšlo také v tištěné verzi

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Naked – e-kniha

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*Věnováno tobě, drahý čtenáři. Tobě, kdo držíš tuto knihu v rukou.
Díky tobě tu NAKED může být.*

Reflection

She's pale,
an unhealthy colour.
White as a snowdrop,
if not for the dark circles
laying beneath her dull green eyes.
Stare blank
as if she wasn't there,
as if she never slept.
as if she was almost dead
I don't recognize her anymore,
She looks like a walking corpse,
Lurking in the shadows,
Ever to be seen or heard.
She looks like me
-no she doesn't
this isn't healthy
- for beauty you suffer
This doesn't feel right
-trust me, it's better
I'm not worth it
- You're starting to get it.
My reflection blurs a little,
tears in my eyes spill down my chin,
As I look up from the mirror
The voice in my head is with me still.

-AZ

Little girl, hiding under the bed,
writing in her diary, everything he said.
How he called her good,
no wonder she thought of him,
as a lover would think about their dear.
She had troubles, she knew it well,
but there was nothing she could do,
to avoid all those feelings, she had for him.
A role model, a dad she didn't have.
Parents must think that she just hit puberty.
They wouldn't even consider,
that she's spending time like this.
Thinking about him in all the ways possible,
ways she didn't understand,
ways she would learn.
The things he had shown her,
that she hadn't see before.
That she feared.
If he only knew,
what he had done

Dried up roses

Hanging dead flowers. They smell funny. They smell strongly of sweet decomposition. They are pretty, but dead. Usually nothing dead is pretty, but flowers? Hanging upside down, slowly dying.

You wouldn't look pretty, hanging upside down, slowly dying. No, you wouldn't.

Is there a point to keep on trying?
Is it worth to keep on surviving,
or is it useless to live without sense?
Numb and broken,
as though my spirit has been stolen.
Why does my conscience destroy itself
on daily basis,
like once a carefree dove,
now wasting away in its self-built cage,
longing for even a taste of belonging.
A single rose in thousand miles of deserted land.
Barely surviving off the little pond at hand

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