

They Whisper...

Blowsight

These people...
These people tell me what to do
and how to do it.
Noone else can see them.
Tall silhouettes.
Thin as scarecrows
but such powerful puppet masters.
Like curtains without edges,
like treeless leaves.
They reach out to me.
Only me.
They whisper.
They tell me
"You didn't die - you just stopped living".
They whisper.