

My Sullen Sulcus

Mourning Beloveth

Through a mirror of silver my sullen sulcus portrays some dark anger.

For the grey lights wrapped their chaotic shape round my tired, hungry eyes.

Fractaled rancour bleeds through the lifeless mirror within which

all hope sprawls, dangling from the cool draught of air to amuse us all.

The black and white frames which flash unerringly, bend

they bend to an end, touched by scorching sunlight and this self induced madness

Where I see the world explode into miniscule droplets of unnerving sadness

But to stop would be to blunt the very stars that shine from behind a threatening stone.

The yellow beams, touched by starlight, delve the shrieking tortured air, to founder in a sea of ether and a planet of fools.

Idle minutes devour

Open space, seething nebula

takes hold and strangles

dripping torment. Bright and lucid

Colours meld

design that seem to dip and swerve

to fathomless depths, where eyes can drink

the sights of dreams.

It is in these moments of ponderous nausea that the scattered atoms solidify

The cruel, silver portrait swallowed by time itself had uttered nothing

but truth through the separated darkness.

With morningfall, emptied

it's aching particles into the reaches of my furrows.