

The Insolent Caul

Mourning Beloveth

In possession of a celestial object the obtrusive fatigue lay s
till in a corner.

The vivid, shuddering emotion let loose on the flawed pursuit r
eturned bare.

To walk among intricate ordeals, to survive the artificial heave
n that turned the marble monuments pale is
a cold effigy to the dulcet murmurings of loneliness.

The insolent caul spoke of forgetfulness and the glittering air
that tends the limpid seasons. The sea of
reason clawed its way to a height and came crashing down, while
the blazing thoughts lay vulnerable beneath the
elusive gaze.

The distance is not a door but a silent, black wall to which we
are committed. The moon is gone but my lidless
sleep remembers its traces like fingerless hands crawling on my
back.

The sinister duel between waking and torture rages on as the do
ur hours slowly fall.