

SEARCH

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I can't find the light.
A smoky haze filters into the holes from outside
to within me.
My mind lies dormant-
 with the echoes of a door slamming
 and the vibrations afterwards, pulsing inside.
Stuffy, it is hard to breathe.
The flowers die. It's touching.
Stranded in a stream of everydayness.
 of the approaching time, make this, do that
Finished, start, stop and begin-
The who's stand alone like stick people in the fog.
I can't find the switch.
There are no paradises or heavens or stars—
 just dust.
And the smoke—it burns the senses,
 and dulls their response.
 Wait! Wait.
Did you see it? Did it come?
 Missed.
Gone before I could even think
 to feel it, to touch.
Hollow, bare— an endless echo
Knocking, Yet no one is there.
 Eyes, eyes. Your tears cannot bring
 resurrection to the dead.
They can only etch patterns of broken dreams
 on cheeks made of stone.
The who's are laughing, mocking my face
 in the wetness,
 the acidic vapor eating their souls away.
 Look, look. But I am blind.
I can only smell the light.

The fires smolder, hissing breathing heat
in the un-light.
Shattered hopes hang like jagged mobiles
suspended in midair
which tear at the flesh
and let the blood run smooth
and oh, so clean
of the brightest red, shining in the dark
until it dries to form a hard scab
and a gleaming white scar.
Where is it?
Groping in the nothingness, the particles
swirling in sequence,
One, two, three, four.
A shiny, palatable globed fruit—the gift!
the tongue drools in anticipation.
Sorry, eaten already.
The who's are sinking into the vapor.
Nobody knows.
The vapor crystallizes upon us,
sealing in a vacuum filled with smoke
and no holes. Suffocate all ye ones.
The maze gets more complicated at each turn.
Adjust, you sticks.
Breathe in all the deadness—
The ways have all melted—
it doesn't matter.

“Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, three-piled hyperboles,
spruce affectation, figures pedantical.” - Shakespeare

“A poem must intensely excite. Excitement is its province, its
essentiality...” - Edgar Allen Poe