

# Lamentations In Gray

—— Book of Poetry ——

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# Self-Abandonment

INHALE THE POISON — my life has  
killed me;

child, adolescent: a rigorous upheaval  
taken in doses of self-pity before  
adulthood's whiplash  
will come around and touch your  
shoulder  
as you stand alone before the gray  
forest of your muttered discontent —  
whose tree line you are ten paces  
away from.

This would serve not as ardent  
warning  
but as defeated lament over the  
object in hand:

It is all gone. Having run its course,  
and mounting up again.

Join in with some sad jester and  
disposable melodies readied  
to frantically compensate the lack of  
resolve entrusted;  
because everything is simultaneously  
butting against itself  
and to think that I do better is to  
ignore the heart of the matter —  
*which we are so eager to talk about  
reaching Now.*

## Indeterminate

It has been many endings and  
beginnings since the narrowing  
course pointing now.

Many minds and many hearts have  
tried, many words and many times  
have reached out, and all are singing  
their refuge of eventualities.

And I, somewhere, wandering in  
Then's Whatever, having sailed the  
sacred voyage of conscience:  
where those contending  
predominant matters were,  
I too would step up— only to offer a  
black flag with a retraction of niceties  
which made us thus.

But now there is a palpable doubt in  
a Future, an optimal realization  
within one and within all,  
that would undo a dismal  
destination,  
derail this death train, and plunge us  
somewhere relative to plant and live.

It seemed as a sip from the social  
glass and slamming it down; felt like  
looking around until judging  
thought's dexterity.

There is passage in front of  
obstruction, vice versa,  
which weaves the proud banner of  
attempt. Desire and exhaustion: the  
hallowed harmony!

Keeping with welcoming company  
and sounding sincerity,

re-situating with what necessary  
entropy is lurking, we are staring into  
the same fire in the middle of us.

One and two with one idea, three and  
four with another.

Crossfire possibility with no earthly  
manifesting.

"It will be too late again and again,"  
says someone in me.

My eyes and scowl have nodded its  
quiet remark,

remembering how to cope with

"everything will be okay"

—that things will go on despite all the  
unease, as unease turns to  
acknowledge the anxious encounter.

They are kindling to reanimate the  
lost solaces, to secure shelter in their

pockets and on their tongues,  
but all that sensation grants is  
framing it perfectly for me:  
the nothing that remains; the  
nothing that beckons.  
No one-by-one resolve but the  
*fleeing*. The low-hurried surrenders.

The Absolutes have vanquished us  
all; we cultivated laughter in the  
heart of submission, we endured  
rooms and byways to rejuvenate, we  
sat and listened to swear allegiance  
anew.

Five, ten, fifteen: generational trying  
upon trying.

And this *nothing* vexed the stalwart  
belief, took aback the already  
doubtful desires, and asked a primal



concern which many resigned  
to the whims of bright, hypothetical  
adventure:

*"Will death merely sever the best  
intention's journey?"*

The graveyard that all have known  
for their lives is still and placid for  
the calm, quiet tenants.

The withered and blooming  
colliding,  
stagnant and void is all that patterns  
the animate; our gray-clouded hearts  
and minds are no different:

A morose embrace of the dismal  
destination — because we can  
stomach no longer Hope's betrayal.  
We keenly know ourselves, stand

before the world and offer to take it  
all on, continually under cover of  
murmur; in and around the ash  
heaps, personal fodder 'till Last  
Breath.

□

I wrote the purpose again and again.  
I salted the earth of each would-be  
legacy; scrambled, pushing away—  
panicking— drowning in dust and  
tears, there was one adequacy among  
waste: *nihil*.

It is how you recall the look on a face,  
a precise twinge in tone and subject.  
But this precisely was stretching the  
horizon, every color, every causality,  
my trembling hand... how could  
there be any Break from this?

Alone, I did battle with Object and Space: the crux of my ambition versus its social contract. Likewise, the painfulness of relating it externally: where the line and the word and the idea are awry, and scattering before strangers' eyes — *the point.*

Where the parts have fallen, they have taken root; where the part is played, in reality it is chiseled.

The condition is stitched together in reflexes and steel wire. What I could muster has always been peripherally volatile, gravitating at the neutral, quiet hostility of darkness.

I knew, like a picture, those cringed remarks: the beaten black of the

century-old melancholy whose croaking tune is scarcely catching ears. By chance, I glanced at the black still water of it and swallowed the gagging weight of the problem.

You are still so sobered by your blinders: commonality, mutuality. Access, comprehension; precise solution, precise boundary; all the items that weave cohesion with feeling— *I could only weep in the hurricane of sense and energy.*

For where merely chipper attitudes prevailed, where all is made well and any divergent feeling a sin, there was the central something that snatched me, clobbered, condensed and produced me into a vivid hell.

Saw me yearning; inverting  
covenants, desperate to flee.

The richness of waste! The feeble  
permanence! All is well in its decay,  
what maintenance oversees!

Morning and night reverberations.  
Headache afternoons, the pulsating  
incompleteness of taking only what  
comes.

Standing at the last so many times,  
learning not to care.

Then, something had struck the  
hidden appearance—  
that formless object glimmered with  
void emergence. The purposeful  
gravitation a reflection outlines  
fleshed and rendered to the extent of

what is found. Only the only. Only  
*what renders*; eye for I.

□

Constancy. Linger in the process  
of decapitation.

Snatching at consciousness in its  
brooding, turning.

A blank space in time hovers—  
I awake. It sits and dissipates,  
moment by moment.

In a blanket's wash of darkness over  
me, this quivering skeleton adorns a  
bruised core. I have lacked and went  
on lacking, holding a vivid and  
barren landscape. Knowing, having,  
what cannot be given.

These events known in images and  
voices, affecting, strangling those of  
bile and bone, have risen their worn  
ascent in the sunlight. Senseless  
reassessment of sensibility; the  
breakfast of revisiting in perpetuity.

Now the world for me careens in  
Two Dawns:  
one in the details of twelve hour  
intervals,  
the other in the digestive tract of any  
conscience.

In sum, the plight that is *being* is  
choked  
in the painful thrashing of *trying to*  
*explain*.

What in treatises I would elaborate  
then stands no chance now at being

whole and tangible;  
for every considerate course taken  
up humbly is digested and spat from  
ceaseless panels  
all asking the aimless advice back  
into itself.

Maybe it was the corner, maybe the  
sidewalk.

A door merely opened, and my  
choking heave screamed the pain:

*"Death to morality and  
counter-moralities alike!*

*A relentless pox upon the  
citizens' heart!*

*"Mirth! Mirth! Your promise  
IS MORT."*



My carried, clutching cries have  
deflected the sight.

The incidental insanities accounted  
and accustomed,  
there is no desperation left to strike a  
chord.

There is only the images and the  
voices  
carrying away with the smoke and  
sewage.

A striking point as a void encircles  
and assures  
a thoughtless passage upon and after  
the carnage.

I step back. *A Continual Stepping Back.*  
Something is wrong in my own  
home, where & how  
one could be had.

Someone has gone from my own  
memory, how deep  
a pain is tolerated.

The singular thought remains  
undisturbed:

*it shall be seen, it shall be soon.*

All dizzy and distraught in the arms  
of abusive centuries,

and one of us is still setting urgency  
in print,

because it is always possible to have  
the last book on Earth.

## Guard

The continual contemplation came  
to a halt,  
itself more unnerving than what was  
frequent.

A lull in what seemed omniscient  
swept ahead,  
and cleansed the mind's palette of  
the dreary stone.

Nothing held above the close angle  
of the wall;  
looking up, matching top to bottom,  
one settled for the ordinary white  
and gray. Grout sealing all.  
But further out, arm's length, glowing  
through frost  
bled and shined over the wall and

into the glass,  
the sun-churned blue, white and gray  
held day firmly  
in a frame of straight lines chiseled  
into the fortress.

What called was cautionary, yet still  
– idle,  
relaying while staring into the  
infinity of negligible details,  
giving no whole advice for  
proceeding forward.

So it was left to the idlers without  
mention,  
taking the greatest care without effort  
at all.

# Civilization

I tried to commune with the urban  
vortex:  
that wordless voice conveying space  
and time,  
made up of shattered shouts and car  
doors,  
hopelessly searching for a view  
of the momentous, desolate  
plentifulness  
balancing on the pinhead of the  
world;  
of those carrying it on their backs,  
and of all that's decayed for its safety.  
Vehicular indicators opening  
directions

and sounding their reverse in the  
alley,  
announcing the roundtrip sequence  
that starts and ends nowhere  
while crossing off the day's anxiety.

I wished to embark in confidence and  
courage:  
that sense of no telling, requires  
walking into  
while holding *a composure* and *a focus*.

Gratuitous stabilization that assures  
the transactions  
and adjoins the backward path  
towards home.

And if that, so vividly known in  
second-nature,  
was the humble bridge for I and I  
alone among All,

I shudder in the shadow of what All  
takes up against I;  
forfeiture reigned supreme,  
contracts, deeds —  
I and All have met gazes atop our  
respective hills.

Curious how our wits remain  
circuitry, utility;  
that our hearts and minds judge the  
transaction—  
stagnant and defeated at the grout  
and the masonry,  
feeble to the opened hands at  
counters around numbers.  
So easier, effortless even, is the manic  
attack in similar vein.

# Apologies

Rendered unto the rim of the abyss,  
that it would assuage the atmosphere;  
yet recoiled a sour reaction, remiss,  
and scaled its lower wrung of fear.

Knowing it makes me nauseous to  
repeat, I lend another word in the  
matter contend;

what I gathered best in a hurried  
retreat – discarded all the time and  
how we spend.



## Contact

Prevalence, who misplaced the acute  
formations— now abiding in the  
once-over premeditation—  
cruised over its own multitude,  
returning unchanged.

Presiding in stability, although feebly  
aligned, one syllable expecting to be  
joined in a word is left in the  
stuttering wretch predisposed to it.

Intention, unifying by the hollow  
weight, doubted and subdued before  
it can pierce the frail texture of the  
entire situation begun.

## Guard, II

Idler; humble and silent,  
the daylight framed, gray at a  
distance and a world made  
motionless. Peculiar, repetitive  
sounds prevail,  
wanton feelings disposed – or  
disperse.

A composure of reclusion learned  
and queued—with sudden lapse in  
isolation made stiff, yet quiet,  
a manageable distress displaced still  
waters. Making nothing less regretful,  
but vaguely lighter.

"Where did the time go?" *Everywhere.*  
It spilled out entire, drowned our  
seconds, that numerical discrepancy

ganging up and shoving into and  
between—  
definite purposes lynched or raped.

## Retrospect

It occurred to me,  
that I had forgone  
all the second chances  
of minute commotion  
sprawled out from home.  
That humiliated respite laid  
what infernal interaction made—  
recounted in mournful notes  
and sunken ships afloat.

## Femininity

Ribbons joined in floral pattern,  
a light color touched with shade;  
temperamental conventions to flatter  
the sweet sorrowful caste made.

Persons stiff in light presences,  
adjoining company taken aback;  
pummeled faith in binary essences  
with no blatant kindness retract.

Turmoil smoldering, cigarette burn,  
melancholy gesture kept in a grin;  
no indication, fleeting fancy's turn –  
tears drip her down razor burnt skin.

## Death Knell

A horrid air swept over, whose brunt  
force

struck the sound on the ruin walls.

Its droning ring sang through the  
gully,

turning the machine's rusted gears.

The metal click gave, sweeping the  
battered course

that stood along the gray, rocky falls.

Charitable caution gave heed as not  
to sully

the herded hearts' insentient fears.

Meanwhile, leaping in the madness  
of their ritual,

chanced upon the writhing fray sated  
with respite.

Adored consideration made the  
occasion  
that went on in familiarity – made  
something new.

Stories in serenade laced with alcohol  
made habitual,  
the general proclivities seemed not  
desperate.

Hour upon hour draws a skilled  
evasion  
that went unnoticed, non-existent for  
the remaining few.

Now the foreboding wind has  
peaked, risen steadily,  
the turning moon passed on the  
other side near.

The growling mist embellished who  
can really try

to fend off the disembodied  
abduction closing in.

Terror thrust them to their feet,  
brandished readily,  
as the situation's faint urgency  
became clear.

Its ephemeral snarl mocked any tears  
left to cry  
that settled heartily for how things  
had always been.



## Into The Night

A lonely savant hugging  
unaffectionate pillows drew  
uncertainty from the pull off a  
cigarette.

"Never wanted to hinder, never  
helped to relieve."

A readied, cherished sight flared at  
the windows, drawing in dawn and  
dusk colors: the harrowed epithet.  
Resting on curtains, took her quiet,  
light reprieve.

Her gaze rests heavily from sight to  
sight,  
in each look expressing voiceless  
concerns.

"Never wanted to hinder, never  
helped to relieve."

Conscious, stoic of each disaster  
burnt bright — that the ebb and flow  
of feeling always returns,  
rending the humblest desires ever  
conceived.

A moonlit night occurred  
intentionless, more profound,  
and in that moment more radiant  
than rest.

"Never wanted to hinder, never  
helped to relieve."

Luna's grip this night shows the  
blight bound: a million leagues of  
fear-stricken fodder  
doing their best—

affluence under arrogance, falling  
over what they believe.

Abruptly, curtain thrown asunder,  
the house crashes down!  
The innocent white gown corroded  
black in the ashen glow.

"Never wanted to hinder, never  
helped to relieve."

Ruined boards and rusted hinges  
piled outside the town,  
where in street lights they sing,  
flailing stupidly to and fro.  
She, looking out, discards the pain  
she just wanted to leave.

## Faggotry

Between the peaks was a root canal of  
the heart.

From the infirm memories, it  
casually was apparent.

Compressed in time, it poured out  
adequately,  
although burdensome in its  
delightfulness.

A mental, emotional destitution tore  
her apart.

In her guilty retreat, went on by  
unwitting parents — restless with  
consideration, readjusted  
sporadically, without recourse  
embraced after frightfulness.

□

Contusion in the *un-mannerism*;  
that sacrilege of the loins! Contrasted,  
humanoid fragments of  
temperament fused partially with an  
entire person.

The splendid personality of  
deviance!

To know power: to overcome,  
to defy, to shut out entirely in  
disregard— from *being queer* it is  
drawn.

Ten faces cry, ten cheer;  
all bright apostles waving smiles—  
before turning, confounded by a  
truer aspect of that relatively batshit  
disposition of self & character.

Thus the confusion segments kindly:  
let my essence be all manners of

mangled,  
my foundations all portions of  
fucked.

These girls are grateful in the heretic  
alchemy that comes with shattering  
castes!

Flashing Fucking Lights Are Here!  
They gave us music and medicine to  
steal;  
they made the possibilities available  
and they were rightly stolen.  
And right itself seemed inverted:  
where joy is the criminal element,  
we reclaim what was stolen from us.

□

The soul glancing to the side, over  
her shoulder,

thought of the word that sufficed,  
now abandoned.

It graced the porcelain by reflection,  
and stood back as the evening carried  
on.

Close beside, smiling, was there they  
told her.

About what expelled the bond  
eternity demanded;  
the happy hearts assumed in  
detection,  
paraded as though deprived for very  
long.

□

"The Bitch!" delightful, loving cry—  
*"There's my bitch..."* and yanked at the  
heart.

In a shudder, the spine bends before

the chest moans—

Filth. In it's precious grime, queer  
filth.

The Tainted Hearts converge—  
splendor *in nihil*.

Hail, hail— as they go on— Whiskey  
Bitches,  
shaping, even smashing their pride-  
filth;  
embraced that crude delight— *hail*.  
So a circle forms to break, so a heart  
lifts— to fall, and die;  
nonetheless taken out of the cruel  
mistress of the night;  
to be repaid in the encroachments of  
the limit.

Parade of the dead hearts  
has now stolen the disposition



of nothing in particular.

Convened, and turned with wrath:

*"I have None!"*

(So heartfelt without consequence;)

despair hurled, castrated in cackles,

comprise ultimately in the lisp

threat, *then the bite.*

Whereupon the horrid sun gleams,

and the timid tatters retreat.

When she revisited the barren

mattress,

with only an ash mural to greet her,

she beheld then her comfort in

nothing—

sustained only by tiredness and fear.

□

Down the Parting Path, she presses

on the way:

meditating precision, texture in the  
self to meld.

It is hard, she feels, to continue  
ultimately helpless;  
a jerk of her hood overhead  
convinces her onward.

Alone in honesty, she knows it was a  
privilege to stay;  
detesting, though accepting, that she  
won't be held.

Considering the frayed need left to  
devices selfless,  
she appraises it easier: at the center  
of NIL, sauntered.

# Time

Empty volumes sounded their cries,  
this abysmal trial notwithstanding.  
Timid recall without surprise,  
the happenstance rough landing.

The Touchless Passing in  
consequence, scattered all around  
aimless blame. Kept alive in gentle  
correspondence, and embellished  
what remains the same.

## (nameless whore)

Dropped the penny of my fortune,  
cradled the seed of my charity;  
by day it came along steady —  
and hobbled along the streets of gold.

In a time where I were an orphan,  
handled in the hands of rarity;  
youth's hearty nudge at the ready —  
feeding from fairy-tales foretold.

One among awry, bustling scavenge,  
I commended the honest, perfect  
pain.

What the Caste Begotten then  
sermoned  
in their tribulations unfolded— flung  
at me.

I accounted for the frail, human  
ravage, set beside a pragmatic  
disposition remained.

Its exact points are scarcely  
determined,  
but each experience gave something  
to me.

So there I go out, after each season  
overturned,  
looming quietly in the dead,  
abandoned wood.

People's friendly emptiness wrung  
me dry,  
so I take the path alone, meditating  
in the moon.

And if I find that my spirit is  
returned,  
if someone felt they should, it is

neither mine nor their's to go  
and cry; I figured as much if it ever  
came soon.

# To All Whom Are Unknown

Stay where you are.  
Let no word sanctify,  
let no thought utter,  
let no memory confide.  
You are there— confidence!  
In confidence you roam,  
in security you decide,  
in agency you affect.  
And this is only  
the result of solitude—  
earned in pain,  
learned in time.  
For the touch known is gone,  
its scar reaches a heart's tip.  
Its memory throbs, assaults now,

whose vacancy casts breath to the  
wind.



## "Putting Yourself Down"

Gave way, gave way. "The solid  
matter," that you say,  
"it stands between you and I, as  
something ephemeral  
borders you and yourself."

These are the bricks I have carried,  
and— happily—  
made with them the stretch that  
terminates touch.

Consider it my own insurance born  
from trauma;  
a furious huddle inward is the trade:  
if either of us can relax,  
it will be with a fleeing at the ready  
and on a whim,

whatever is necessary upon a  
friendly grin's death.

Because the stoic truth is that I AM  
DEAD JUST AS I HAVE LIVED;  
so pitifully was my hope placed and  
nourished as to be  
uprooted in the most deadpan  
dramaticism that ever was.

The most civil barbarity of sensation  
has graced everywhere,  
and my defects of character and  
being and all have done no favor.

My rotted legacy stamped with gold  
is the crooked here & there.

I am weak and afraid, my own two  
skills being *complaint* and *concealment*.  
Scorned and cursed is the crusade for

cleverness, beaten and ramshackle is  
your book and pulpit—

*You and I have fucking been through  
shit...*

*and to each their own reckoning!*

## Going Forward

Arbitrary fragments of  
all the dullest days  
made their case  
against forlorn conscience;  
obliteration with creation —  
mounting zig-zag at  
hearts and arms,  
made placid perfection  
and the case closed.

**Slammed** in your face.  
The fissures of existence  
are rounded into rings:  
for every waking hour  
just nearly illuminated,  
there is a heart  
gone up in flames;  
there is a diamond

whisked away in desperation;  
there is a purpose  
rendered derelict.  
And on the merit  
of us going on  
is the sorry reward  
for seeing it all  
go to shit  
in the end.

## Composite Of Corrosion

The black cloth in which my face is  
buried, wherein all possible exterior  
obliterated,  
will in time absolve the whole of my  
senses; undoing any sense of exterior  
multitude,  
expelling all the function of any &  
every.

The clasp of my hands which props  
this body, standing sobbing solitary  
under the spout,  
must in time take up the real final  
motion;  
arms, legs, head and core thrust at  
ceasing,

nodded the points crossed-off: my  
end.

The rise of my head which grasps at  
the birds,  
leveling exhausted eyes to barren  
heavens,  
has sung its silent yearning knowing  
to be helpless;  
as if only by chance made human,  
flightless —  
but in heart as lost and stoic as  
a wolf.

## A Cerebral Folktale

*Hark now, to the Fallen Sage—*

THERE WAS A WAR. Nestled in some odd century, it blew through my mind like that late Fall wind; that time I knew without touching the life of it. The time that, when flared in my sleeping recollection, would roll and resonate over mine.

Since then, I let the time have its way over me. Scurried and flinched in painful successions with the nervous prospect of remaining things falling to their deaths, only to see them still: taken care of, unshaken. Observing the panic blankly.

I have hardened, in some sense, more keenly to the unapologetic bluntness of it all. With glances away, and reflexive determination: absolution immediate. The sorrow



does not hold as one, but adds to a chain, patterned with forgetfulness.

Which is why, I think — you poor listener of my word — it all looms above so vividly for me. This is nothing more than the guts of life, but struggling to neutralize the cancers within them. Where all goes null, where a seed of understanding is only rumored.

And with all this, *there was a war*. Even then; *well before then*. The eons of tears put end-to-end. I know only its face: the flashes on the hills. The low, subdued yells out on the valley unearthed by canon fire. The wind stinging with mortality.

I know because I knew the earth (as it were) there entire. As it were lived and died upon. As it was given to me at the gates of the dream I recall, smoking and draining out from my head.

The war had uprooted and stirred  
the wooded lands. The valleys and  
hills once-green were washed entire  
with a gray ashen soil. All that  
weren't black stretches were  
splintered wood and protruding  
barricades; rotted trenches.  
Dissolved, upright vessels once  
people.

In those borders, between its gray  
and black stretches were soldiers in  
one column, sobbing and lamenting  
in their marching tune. Coats over  
their shoulders, cigarettes hanging  
from their dried, bleeding lips.

Bandaged and berated; miserable was  
their morning: what rations  
remained would feed only for a day.  
Pried up from that column's tomb, a  
phantom testament: "There was only  
one thing that could cheer us up on  
the march, and that was singing."

Their shuffling in unison goes on in the ash valley. The lieutenants leading horses call and clatter in the mud, rifles slung – bumping the backs of heads – under a ghostly voice singing in the sky.

*“We’re here, because we’re here,  
because...”*

In the same vein, with a flash, a house is undisturbed at the edge of the war-torn world. Walls white, spattered with mud. The column trudges on without notice, a crow rests unthinking on the bare tree branches. Two caws while perched, turning— and then four in flight.

I pause, struggling for the next moment— met only by a window. A stagnant black behind the glass pane where a bedroom would be. The soldiers have rounded a hill: the column's back end fades behind the

slope, before one lone soldier turns,  
stares for a moment, stepping away.

Within, sitting stoically, clothed in a  
tattered gray dress— the broken  
figure: dark hair, frayed as though  
frenzied, but still. Weaving daily the  
silence to her comfort. There in time,  
she waded. At the center of a room  
amid dust, books, ink and corpses of  
hope.

*Within, within, it is thought, where  
within is the ease unfound without?*

The gray sky devours the reflection,  
outlining her pale head, turning to  
gaze out at the lone hill. Around the  
divulged, grassy basin of the wood—  
a point where her eyes are fixed: the  
humblest grave.

□

I heard then, as she sigh without  
weeping, the blink of each second  
contains a chipped-away truth, what

she nourished off of for a decade.  
The silent, cyclical heartbeat carried  
on under each reflection. Her river of  
tears had since run dry when she  
opened to me:—

We lounged in the withered  
waterways, after I had first sighted  
her in the woods. The chase was  
abrupt— briefly I lingered in distress  
when it was *I* that was caught *by her*.  
This retreat granted my lonesome  
company, alone without unease;  
desolate on the air of any spent  
understanding.

Across me, she lay supine in the  
gully. When her Babylon spoke, it  
was not the word of light— but of  
depth and scar. When her book  
opened, it was *null*. And this *blankness*,  
I found, was what she endeavored to  
compose. “For just a while,” she said  
finally, “*you will bear witness.*”

She led me then to the house; the war had flared some distance away. It was, to her, like any other— although she had sensed my mortal fear. We entered;

“The canons don't bother me,” said she, “but I hear you quivering,” and the door heaved shut.

Having inquired on my cloak and hood, she told me to “toss them anywhere.” At which point, she led me 'round through the doorway. I saw her faint etchings graced on the plaster, beside where she lay her head.

The house comprised a cold air, a blacken weight, the dust and smoke she made— it was Temple to my wretched heart's dream. 'Twas this bleak affinity in which her un-presence and mine were bound, weaving this afterlife for a dead crux.

Her intrigue was born of an awful contrast, a sudden burst in her Early World, a world she anticipated not to do without. She elaborated this in the den:—

Seated on the floor, she unbound a tome and gave its winnowed word to me: The Kingdom— rich in wanton finitude— from where she fled; upon the details, attested to the eternity of grayness, from collision to involuntary survival. The present, ongoing, thus humors the void— in her.

As she turned, her incense now burning, resumed the mortal encounter. I felt the rising pain in my throat, the need to unburden: “I am sickly calm,” I confessed at her candlelight. “I know this wouldn't last in my corner of the world.” Her remark, unchanged, stooped to my mind:—

“Here, you linger by my generosity, in the languid reverberation of emotion made a moment.” This left a mark on me, more than her perfect calm. Humbled, I went on. “Perhaps worse than being done with life is to obsess over a reason to continue. I am still so conflicted.”

Glancing up, she nodded. Her silver eyes seemingly held me at a distance; I knew then, she waited for my deeper findings of word: “the woeful meanderings are still quite remarkable. Pity, what pain they inflict; what emptiness they dig.”

Her head was still as her jaw parts to reply: “*Pain deals no injury.*” The forceful murmur sends me to shutter— “It only tests the marrow, asking what you would do after picking yourself up.” This, I could not steep to.



“But would pain not press on the soul  
such to break its will?” I asked  
shakily.

Leaping upright, tapping the ash, her  
answer is plain. “Those who’ve not  
yet broken know no end. The End is  
not like pain, where it looms—  
mounting and settling. *The End is  
Mercy’s Vacancy. Pain is the gift of  
endurance.*”

The force upon me grows colder.  
The darkness reels its horrid nil hue.  
I am locked in my own skin; she  
stares, mulls over my fright and  
hands me the herb. “You’re a fool.  
Come now, settle!” Clutching the  
tinder, the drag releases the sleeping  
woe, unwinding the dark.

For a time, I ruminated quietly— my  
silence seemed wholly useless  
between hers. “And what of the  
emptiness?” I finally asked. There in  
those words I hovered, bearing down

on the hollow and the non-existent.  
“End or not, I am scalded by life—” I  
finished regretfully.

A moment, she watched me before  
speaking. “The sense of Emptiness  
simmers to undo itself, if one is not  
upon their end. Some would *wish* for  
an end, or pursue it, but nonetheless  
find things to supplant the empty.  
Choices remain, either to resume or  
to finish.”

While I sit in tears, a flare in the  
chasm of her burrowed chest—  
“Even if you're broken— what then?  
Crumble under your own weight, or  
dare to snatch your newfound pagan  
fire!”

My breath lost, inhaled her follow-  
up. “Or, resign in the middle,  
manipulating the margins just as I've  
meddled.”

On whole circulation's condition, the superb prime in black under her waning day sky, it was realized for both of us: the compact wholeness of this feeble dream. Tarnished, my lost aching heart— shaken by a near canon blast. She stood, lending me her hand.

“You have yet to linger as I have, but I want to give you something...” She turned to the table.

Her witchcraft showed— grasping on the dreary space— her temporary elevation of heart, the meekest potion she thrives on in conjunction with the bitter herb. Amid her ash, the embalmed fetuses of her ideas— budded and reborn as the tendrils of her whim— scrawled their meaning in gore.

What this meaning delighted, grimaced— not even whispered— showed only the joyful wrath in her

flailing decimation of the air. Its violent characters in erratic lines, thus corresponded with the burst from darkness— a terrible sound's light!

Upon me she thrust: pressing her stare after the summary washed over me, and drained back into the stark, oozing black.

Thus was hailed, as I sole witness, the color and sound of her hateful joy—the Fruit of her dark contrast with the infinite scope of bright woe. I at her side, now composed, she turned:

“Go, and carve what you've seen.”

□

Upon waking, the ghosts of her tears dot the dreamy firmament where I lay. Her chasm of heart and mind has fled, but wove its traces with mine. Beside this place of rest, the pages of my recount fade helpless to regain—

yet find their dark blessing in the  
sight I since donned.

I rise. The Ease Unfound scurries to  
the threshold, 'ere within is turned  
on its rolling open space. In this, I  
ventured to extend the waking  
recollection: I find the field of battle  
widened, the bodies and burned chaff  
scattered amid the house.

The window, darker now than ever,  
sheds no view. A broken pane floods  
the dark inward, mounted by the  
white, muddled walls. The gray figure  
eludes in space, but sings wearily the  
cheers of her sorrow. Her ghostly,  
tearful tune! And by this guttural,  
choking drone I conjure her  
enveloping the Ease— *found!*

In ease, lifted by her sobbing  
downfall, the waters churn in the  
basin of my mind cleansing the  
grime of the war, extending to her—  
amid her pages burnt in a panic— the

Solitary Scepter of the self in  
creation. Her once-placid expression  
jarred— gazing— grabbed hold.

Standing now with me, gripping the  
surging crux, we turn to look out the  
window. The ancient mound sits,  
holding a corrupted origin; the point  
she nailed herself to in mind. The  
drainage of her every failure, circling  
that contested rim of pain.

In her quiet stare, I hear her  
emotion: To have languished in  
those spaces, allowing the margins to  
*take her*. To open her eyes as she is  
swallowed whole by uncertain  
entities. In her surrenders in and  
surrenders out, steps along the path,  
gain distance to look back again.

Mind, body: To ask to distinguish;  
for her to know only vomit and  
sorrow, but because she knows too,  
warmth and joy. It is not the  
impassiveness, but the throbbing

entropy— inner and outer, which  
upsets such wretched turmoil. In the  
corner, the page still intact reads:

*“The Quiet Landscape  
beckons my thoughts;  
slow, sauntering mists  
harking sympathy —  
and I would tell from my  
head what my heart has  
seen.”*

The reaching— one thinks into the  
attainment— lingers in the strain.

The young, sorrowful ghost looms  
before me a moment longer; the  
word of mine hanging with unrest,  
trembling, spoke: “lovely girl,” yet  
only passed through her,  
systematically appreciative, but  
responded:

“I am ugly and bad. Your company  
was a delight.”

Her step away bursts with her ink's  
vibrant gray, shrouding the weary  
spot where she lay, and gently cast  
me out of the sleeping landscape.  
The resonance of her breath left the  
final flash:—

I watch on a lone, neighboring  
mountaintop. The grassy basin,  
submerged by an Eternal Night,  
summons the Earth herself. Shadow  
demons brandishing blades, wolves  
encircling a burning light and its  
horrid droning. The Amulet Rises!  
Obscured in glow, the manifold  
Familiars of her word snickered:

“...but we *can* overcome.”

The silence rings out, and the only  
path is firm in my mind: Rove and  
roam, only to stay where you land  
and die. My ink from her ash stands  
as quiet testimony to each gray cloud  
hereafter; their lifeless wisdom will



grace our faces at rest, looking  
upward.

Returned and renewed *in one*.  
Onward. Always onward.

*“...and I would tell from my  
head what my heart has  
seen.”*

## Spring Plague

A ripe history warns, of those  
sub-world walls dug and  
pathways conspired,  
that Gaia's merciful bounty  
dissolves in human gluttony.

Tearful want: no rule over Love and  
Youth; life already stifled by caste,  
careening intentions delivered  
in volley – blast.

Those Royal Heights, for whom  
all spineless heads bowed, have  
cast their wicked, holy spell  
on all heartbroken souls:

The Power and The Glory —  
owed only to The Masters,

only to the rigid, finite continuity  
that pleases and feeds this cancer.

And believing in it, wringing their  
hands that feel only with holy  
infatuated hearts of intangible  
wonder, surrendered to death gladly.

Stood then to prove again, Love and  
Youth's new Ancient Trial from the  
Loyalists' footsteps:

The most stalwart intentions  
for paradise  
engineer the most profound  
instances of hell.

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