

**THE SKY CRASHED,  
and I heard  
CHICKENS, LITTLE  
ones in the barns,  
say that it was  
FALLING, BUT ALL I  
COULD see, GLARING  
on the WINDSHIELD,  
GLEANING, on the**

**Gleaming surface**

**OF THIS WORLD, was**

**DEBRIS, CLOUD**

**SHARDS RAINED**

**DOWN FINALLY UPON**

**SILVER SLIVERS OF**

**snow, SLOWLY**

**MELTING away, LIKE**

**ICICLES,**

**PENDULUMS PULLED  
DOWN BY GRAVITY,  
IN THE SUNLIGHT,  
POURING OUT OF  
PIPES THAT WE  
FORGOT TO CLEAN,  
WHILE THE  
NEIGHBOURS KNEW,  
BUT DIDN'T TELL US,**

**because who  
spoke to anyone  
anymore? These  
days, we were  
best to stay  
inside.**

**These were times  
where the night**

**FELL always too  
EARLY, asleep,  
SLIPPING DARK, BUT  
IT was all the  
TIME, in the sun,  
The moon already  
had, there, so the  
days seemed to  
last forever. and**

**on them went,  
weaving into the  
next, the  
FOLLOWING one  
FOLLOWING THE  
next, and the  
next, QUILTING INTO  
a PEARLEScent**

# **mosaic OF SPITTLE and PHLEGm.**

**I REMEMBER  
FALLING ASLEEP  
LATE, AND WAKING  
UP ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF MY PILLOW  
SECONDS LATER,**

**THE COVERS**

**SPILLING OVER MY**

**SHEETS, THE**

**mATTRESS**

**STRETCHING OUT**

**INTO an INFINITE**

**oASIS THAT FELT**

**LIKE sand**

**TRICKLING DOWN an**

HOURGLASS,  
swaying against  
THE GLASS, RUBBING  
UP AGAINST MY  
THIGHS.

I COULD HEAR THE  
VULTURES CAWING  
IN THE DISTANCE,

THEIR CRIES A  
PIERCING RAZOR  
SHARP BLADE  
SPLICING MY HEAD  
OPEN, MY FINGERS  
REACHING MY EARS  
JUST IN TIME TO  
DROWN OUT THE  
echoes. I WALKED

**FOR WHAT FELT LIKE  
DAYS UNTIL I  
REACHED THE  
SHORES OF THE  
GLISTENING  
SAPPHIRE,  
TWINKLING  
LIMELIGHT, LAKE  
FLACCID, POOLING**

**INTO INFINITE RINGS  
OF never-ending  
BLUE, THE PARALLAX  
a SYMPHONY OF  
COLOURS.**

**I LIED DOWN BELOW  
a SHADOW OF  
GREEN, THE CANOPY**

**RESTING above me**

**WITH YELLOW FRUIT**

**THAT HUNG LOW,**

**JUST HIGH ENOUGH**

**THAT I COULD SMELL**

**Them FROM THE**

**GROUND. I FELT as**

**my SKIN RUBBED**

**THE SOIL a wet,**

waxy trickle down  
the length of my  
arm, my elbow  
starting to burn.  
The palm of my  
hand sinking the  
rot deeper into  
the calloused  
skin on the

**underside of my  
arm, bleeding,  
spouting metallic  
dribbles of  
crimson into the  
earth, back where  
it came from.**

**THEY HEARD me,  
DISSOLVING INTO  
POOLS, THEIR  
RADARS GLOWING  
INFRARED, MY LIGHT  
emitting a  
PHOSPHORESCENT  
GLOW THAT POURED  
OVER THE EDGES OF**

**THEIR RETINAS,  
BOUNCING OFF THEIR  
CORNEAS,  
ULTRAVIOLET  
SHADOWS DANCING  
In THE CLOTTING  
BLACKNESS. THE  
DUNES SPILLING,  
ROLLING OVER HILLS**

**OF AMBER AND THE  
LILAC EDGES OF  
GRAINS, GRANULES,  
TURBINE FLECKS  
TWIRLING, COILING  
AROUND WROUGHT  
IRON BARS THAT  
PIERCE THROUGH  
THE AIR LIKE BEAMS**

# **OF COLLAPSING STEEL.**

**THEN, I FELT A FAINT  
GRIP SCROLL THE  
BOTTOM OF MY LEFT  
ANKLE, TOWARDS MY  
FOOT, AND THEN  
BEHIND THE NAPE OF**

**my neck, TICKLED. I  
Ran away FROM  
THERE, and I  
REGRET ever even  
KNOWING what IT  
FELT LIKE TO know  
THAT THE REST OF  
THESE DAYS COULD  
BE DREAMS, BUT**

**THAT we chose the  
NIGHTMARE BEFORE  
we COULD even  
TASTE THE sweet  
PIT OF LYING IN THE  
BITTER CRYPTS we  
HAD BEEN DIGGING  
FOR OURSELVES ALL  
along.**

I REMEMBER  
WAKING UP, AND  
TURNING THE PAGE  
OF MY NOTEBOOK AS  
I CREEPT BACK TO  
LIFE FROM SLEEP.

THE DAWN WAS  
BARELY YAWNING,

**and I saw DUST,  
DUSK FALL asLEEP,  
KNOWING IT HAD  
Done ALL IT COULD  
TO save THE DYING  
OF THE LIGHT. YET, I  
STOOD TALL  
KNOWING THAT,  
BEYOND THE CHAOS**

**OF THIS BED, SMALL  
as IT may BE, we  
HAD maybe made  
another one  
WORTH LYING IN.**