

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
blindness: 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. Lingering 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, mudded 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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