

8 Days And Waiting "15 Min Dream"

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just another beginning for a reflection that's out worn
its welcome
two figures walked in honesty
and i could feel deafness
gnawing at my fingertips
if i could gnaw my fingertips

impatient itching a growing mutiny what is left of flesh
slowly,
beaten down by an unchecked brow
if i could force a conclusion

then i would breathe in consequence
if i could dream in consciousness

bleached out sands, oubliettes, the endless white
rooms of mansions

tease a prayer- remember to forget

a thousand forms of apologies, anything to escape this
fifteen minute dream.

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