

Abigail Washburn

"Melquiades"

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Lost in something closest to true gnosis,
a sociopath's neurosis born from hours spent scorned
and transposing messages intentionally skewed and
bent
that have encoded why humanity has gone the way of
the post script'
.after the experience, a daunting afterthought lingers,
a tenacious sailor's knot
tying up past and present moments
with the promise of a future
lying gagged and sedated on a polyester cot,,,,
pay attention to the golden spiral that dictates a certain
degree of mind rot,
or mind not anything that comes closest
to knowledgeable or knowledge less true gnosis'...
that ever strived for second of superceding darkness
with its umbrella shaped harness
that efficiently prepares each and every one of us
for absolute nothingness.

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