

## Belie My Burial

### "An Abstraction"

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anxious eyes awake  
greedy for harvest  
tile floor under his feet  
cold as any day had ever been before  
icy rays shine white down streets building walls  
exhaust stains pristine roads till evening falls  
this town sleeps  
but he's awake stalking  
until in bled the light  
time stops  
a pit collapses under his thoughts  
the frozen windows  
footsteps just outside  
no time left now  
their reflections are now becoming one  
a triggered reflex  
fatherless sons  
it's done  
look what has become  
drowning in his panic  
washing through veins  
moving in sleep  
the horizon line is turning on an axis  
fueled to the edge of perception  
soaking palms  
moments foreshadowed in dreams undeniably real  
hours turn over until  
this is the sole resort  
find sentient refuge  
the manifestation of sores  
and as the pasture opened up its arms  
days lost in an abstraction  
this mind has strayed away  
glacing down as he begins to fade  
decades die and still there's no escape.

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