

Disembowelment

"Cerulean Transcience of All My Imagined Shores"

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all is calm, all is quiescent - the colour magenta, the

afternoon breeze finds its way into my soul, as I sit
there and enhance

the tranquility, the

solace of the sensory magic,

irreplaceable nirvana, my body feels the effect of
blood-letting, the

winds brought in from

the south coast replace such

drainful inhabitance, my eyelids voluntarily close as
the blue horizon

line takes shape,

stretching out far beyond the

sun, the sound of hte blue, an eternity of complete
aquiescence, I

cannot move, nor do I

need to, for it is enough to lie

on the cliff and become entrapped in a world of
escapism and peace,

cerulean transcience of

all my imagined shores,

a bird of the ocean perches before me and lets out a
shriek which

transcends me back, back

to where I write, and the

calm breeze continues to enter my perhipheral

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