

## Estradasphere

### "Collapse Into The Abstract"

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Silhouettes left burned in these walls from you. The  
smell of fear still decorates the squares at night. I  
close my eyes with two blue stars beside:mine and I  
collapse into the abstract, cloaking my words. I can feel  
your hands on my neck. Surround my face:.with frozen  
moments enveloping my stare. They thaw into my  
dreams and dissipate into the night with your scent.  
The color of rose will slowly form onto my trunk as sap  
flows from hollow tubes in my shins. Diminishing my  
weight:until you bottle me and leave me unshapely. As  
time sings faster, songs of disaster will find home in  
your ears. And when I sleep I lie, still knowing well that I  
can feel your hands on my neck.

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