

Estradasphere

"Saturnine"

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It draws her with strokes that burn her life. A disfigured shape on the floor gives reason to believe that conversations between hand and speculum are unavailing. Unveiling ocular daggers and staring through their core. Searing the skin, before this coma breathes. A saturnine storm formed so deep the floods are swelling her insides. And when she walks, she destroys everything over again. And they swell.... I've been waiting in a white room screaming the walls red...and smearing your name with my finger. In an aphotic cave she hides, capsules bore into her sides. Argent torsos hung from this concave divide. She hangs her skin and before she sleeps, a florid haze lifts in and whispers to her. "Pray before an overflow of this brings closure to your breath. And leave with me, you'll need nothing but hallowed wishes inside your chest. With your tongue hew tunnels from this littered cave that you have been. We'll reconvene above the clouds. With your tongue hew tunnels from this littered cave that you have been. Or do wish to feel the glow searing your skin..."

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