

Mourning Beloveth "My Sullen Sulcus"

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Through a mirror of silver my sullen sulcus portrays
some dark anger.
For the grey lights wrapped their chaotic shape round
my tired, hungry eyes.

Fractaled rancour bleeds through the lifeless mirror
within which
All hope sprawls, dangling from the cool draught of air
to amuse us all.
The black and white frames which flash unerringly,
bend

They bend to an end, touched by scorching sunlight
and this self induced madness
Where I see the world explode into miniscule droplets
of unnerving sadness
But to stop would be to blunt the very stars that shine
from behind a threatening stone.
The yellow beams, touched by starlight, delve the
shrieking
Tortured air, to founder in a sea of ether and a planet
of fools.

Idle minutes devour
Open space, seething nebula
Takes hold and strangles
Dripping torment. Bright and lucid

Colours meld
Design that seem to dip and swerve
To fathomless depths, where eyes can drink
The sights of dreams.

It is in these moments of ponderous nausea that the
scattered
Atoms solidify

The cruel, silver portrait swallowed by time itself had
uttered nothing
But truth through the separated darkness.
With morningfall, emptied
It's aching particles into the reaches of my furrows.

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