

Mourning Beloveth "The Insolent Caul"

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In possession of a celestial object the obtrusive fatigue
lay still in a corner.

The vivid, shuddering emotion let loose on the flawed
pursuit returned bare.

To walk among intricate ordeals, to survive the artificial
heaven that turned the marble monuments pale is
A cold effigy to the dulcet murmurings of loneliness.

The insolent caul spoke of forgetfulness and the
glittering air that tends the limpid seasons. The sea of
Reason clawed it's way to a height and came crashing
down, while the blazing thoughts lay vulnerable
beneath the
Elusive gaze.

The distance is not a door but a silent, black wall to
which we are committed. The moon is gone but my
lidless
Sleep remembers it's traces like fingerless hands
crawling on my back.

The sinister duel between waking and torture rages on
as the dour hours slowly fall.

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