

To Elysium "I Decline"

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["To feel our motion forward is impossible. Motion implies terminus; and how can terminus be felt before we have arrived?" - William James, Essays in radical empiricism.]

The caustic stain of guilt on once sterile hands.
I have gone numb in my conspiracy of one.
I am easily pleased, just a little time before I decline.

I need...
A purpose for these arms, a care to breed new life,
A purpose for these hands, a reason I need...
A reason to fall and a reason to dive.
It's the wait I fear the most.

Set free mortal coil, come purest of pain.
A serious reality, elusive and free.

I breathe forgiveness in.

The other moment I found me in a chamber filled with
irony.
Screaming, falling into grace for a moment only.

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