

Tangaroa

"The Picturesque Annulment"

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The clearing of the mists.
Whispered prophecies scream of truth.
Vertebrae holding its last ounce
All ligaments twist,
but you never listen.
His tears shock like the chair.
A home,
to spend a fortune in dreaming.
Shades or shapes,
it's all in disarray
and stones still stick in my teeth.
Salt in the mouths.
Cover the ulcer.
Call it regression.
Aeons of passion cannot amount to nothing.
The Contours of Temptation
bleed from the eyes of guilt.

Redress the demons of lonely's inhibitions.
An aching undermined.
Misery encased and embalmed.
Pure thoughts of you.
Her wings have spread and poisoned me.
Amnesia calls.
...and although her conscience is broken
She still remains a portrait
(A moment for the taking)
Still I forget
For the Heart has its distance
to fulfil and to nurse
in this promise I sought.
But still the decay has me bound.
In this chaos I revel.
For home has been built.

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