

Miguel Migs

"Gray Flowers"

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Behold my savior, for he comes on a plate (in a capsule)
Wouldst thou grant my soul peace before I should cross thee, lest I take flight from this bridge, and plummet through my most ecstatic anticipation

What is and what is not

There is only an hourglass and a scythe, a picturesque solace made for dying and burials
I no longer dream of us
For I am swept away in this solitary sea of breathless harmony
The fixation flickers and is snuffed out
It is just myself and these apparitions
Lingering around as if to communicate something to me
But I am deaf

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