

Thrice "Blur"

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The shutter opens but never closes,
I am waylaid, in light trails.
Endless moments, overlaid and burned across
A melee of scattered braille.

This image is a night-terror transforming
Without the hope of morning.
My nemesis, I feel it coming for me, and it means to
destroy me.

Why does this keep happening?
I try to close my eyes but I can't blink
And the world keeps moving on, black and white blur
into one.

Hieroglyphic, indecipherable, opaque; the meaning
escapes me.
Dry and lidless, are my eyes.
Asleep, awake - reading the slurred debris.

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