

Seven or Shell

A time or two or four or five,
years back; when i took a dive,
peculiar is the word for thee,
eyes to ceiling; on my sheets.
closed have i, and saw the face,
faster pace but hard to trace;
gazed have i, on another day,
silence was all i could say.
leaves gently glide to frost,
silence was still; the only way,
fading away thee; with no cause,
silence came, to stay today.
further away, will he stroll,
what does stride, besides his time,
without a guide, he finds the toll,
booth; is his life worthy of dime,
dime for dime's sake; a Time,
won't take his dime.
mothy without a tail, no doubt;
a glider is a thing, but has a sail,
separated have i; split in two,
a timothy without a tail, not gecko;
it can only pray for it to grow.
opened have i, and see no face;
silence has a mouth; screaming,
calmly cuts the skin: with its ways,
i see one self, none; for redeeming.
eyes to ceiling, carry the table,
tiny lamp hands, the venom to me,
close it again, for the lashes kiss,
thwart the hands, own little fable,
old man stands, shattered debris,
bend to the belly, the untold hiss.
the words today, measures a gram,
heavy as an ant, treads my skin,
the words untold, surely will damn,
prickle the bones, the flesh within.

