

Rough pencil scrawls of what could have been...  
Bright flowers there were  
I somehow couldn't catch their scent it seemed  
Colours weren't quite right... ?  
A fumbled tickle of summer sandblasted by the jackbooted night

Sun went down  
Moon rose  
We basked in the whitewash somewhere near opaque silence  
Just as ghosts in a storm of black noise...

Cold fixed stars shining all over the tight tarpaulin of unsun void only.  
Separation  
All stars screaming  
... needle holes in heaven...

Another nameless soul on the blacklist  
Snorted the sun, saved the moon for morning  
Now awaiting further gathering of the clouds  
Bathed in grey stroke black  
-no way out it keeps coming back

Noise preventing rebirth  
We bathe in shreds of whispering glass  
Moon fell  
Sun cried

Kept the dragon down, chasing the moon now  
With my teeth? And claws!  
Down dragon  
Moon chased  
Teeth wide open  
Claws at your pretty throat

Afell asun, arose athunder!

I am an e-flat mage  
Chemical curses on the rampage  
Head full of daggers  
For the backs of random strangers  
I suggest you keep an eye or three  
Upon your enemies... my dear!

Accidental summer caught mid coitus  
Smiling winter zips the up  
... Saunters away with a whistle  
Whilst the good weather bleeds rain, torn asunder  
... Tears for the cold dried only by their owner  
Nowhere left now, death of our only summer