

Look Further

Atrox

In the shade, in the cold, a grey pastry, a sallow dough. A giant lump of some ý/&%/ substance.

Wallowing in an over-sized glass jar. Quivering, gurgling. Reminding of muddy aspic. It looks so ")&/"ý%. It makes me feel so ?)/&?=`*,

Like a giant mite about to burst after gorging ichor. Taking *ý &())?*ý#"%"& shapes. Stretching flabby limbs. Worming out of the jar towards the yellow light.

Excreting a trail of milky pus through the surface rendering. Outgrowths form in no time, falling off. Tongues emerging from the orifices. Froth and drool drying up as all crumbles away. The pus smouldering and steaming off.

Looking is not seeing is not understanding is not believing is not agreeing. It looks so *%#ý()=. It swells, it grows, it expands. I think it will #ý/\$L@(?.

Waiting is not longing is not hurting is not bleeding in a world trapped in a world trapped in a world. The dough's gurgle ceasing with the yellow rays scorching it. It's throwing a crust, which cracks and unpeels, reminding of flocks of mangy dogs running downhill.

The two of us can't coexist.