

Leaving The Corporal Shade

Craft

Amidst the desert of humanity sits a man on the floor of a sickly lit room. Beneath his feet are pools of blood leaving the corporal shade. His mind is a neutron star. In his mind the walls are birthing thorns. Leaving the corporal shade. To pierce and break his troubled corpse. There is laughing in the distance. This is life? Amidst the desert of humanity, in a pool of blood, leaving the corporal shade, dies a man with a crystal mind.