

Expired

Disillusion

Dismal grin onto still born lust
Like a whisper in a thousand other's rut
Slow and underestimated, dismissed touch
The ferocious disgust pilfers the frail one's blood.

I miss this seditious revelation of your suns
The fierce intimation, the abandonment for once
But silence girds what regret should smother
For in the end there lies no end in my hands or any other's.

I wish I felt torment
For knowing casts a shade on suns
Expired for all moments
A comfort that itself outdoes

Whatever Nothing I feel with no utterance it reigns,
Whatever torment prevails, expires me.

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