

## My Sullen Sulcus

### Mourning Beloveth

Through a mirror of silver my sullen sulcus portrays some dark  
anger.

For the grey lights wrapped their chaotic shape round my tired,  
hungry eyes.

Fractaled rancour bleeds through the lifeless mirror within whi  
ch

all hope sprawls, dangling from the cool draught of air to amus  
e us all.

The black and white frames which flash unerringly, bend

they bend to an end, touched by scorching sunlight and this sel  
f induced madness

Where I see the world explode into miniscule droplets of unnerv  
ing sadness

But to stop would be to blunt the very stars that shine from be  
hind a threatening stone.

The yellow beams, touched by starlight, delve the shrieking  
tortured air, to founder in a sea of ether and a planet of fool  
s.

Idle minutes devour

Open space, seething nebula

takes hold and strangles

dripping torment. Bright and lucid

Colours meld

design that seem to dip and swerve

to fathomless depths, where eyes can drink

the sights of dreams.

It is in these moments of ponderous nausea that the scattered  
atoms solidify

The cruel, silver portrait swallowed by time itself had uttered  
nothing

but truth through the separated darkness.

With morningfall, emptied

it's aching particles into the reaches of my furrows.