

Nothing Has A Centre

Mourning Beloveth

A cancerous day nothing to guide
all the monuments of slower aeons sank into the loam
even time decays like a razor through creation
as I sifted through the bones of a soiled humanity
with swirls of light and meaning drained out of the universe
a fever dream or a brooding advanced decay?

the hollow of night drifts like the slowest sea of all
the edges failed every fragment rushed away
thrown around the centrifuge of space
disintegrating set of cells disintegrate space
woven back together with chemical thread
cord which makes us live

branches run down with bones of ancient stone
and roots grow up with the weight of the air
interminable ennui
a ragged cascade of neurons edging out
the roots were so shallow once free to stagnate
it slowly drains away to a level that can't be reached
decay non being urging death
roots grow down with ancient stone

swarms of purest crystal expand reality something high very pure
and empty
above the lines of light and when we reach the highest point things
fall apart in all forms created

time passed unused bestial and lonely
a gaunt catalogue of bones and hollows

the frame tested to destruction as veins tremble and secrete
but what if time is the disease an essence of discarded nothing

roots grow up with ancient stone
interminable ennui
branches run down with bones of air
cascading neurons
urging death decay and non being
stagnant relics
free to suck the marrow of time or nothing.