

Theories Of Old Bones

Mourning Beloveth

They passed by flames almost out
here even the wind destroys bones
time turns into space bones ache
drawn out like an ache bones space
it smelled like slow death bones ache

and they crawled along the floor hungry and lean and looking for more
the stench followed me out of the gloom, a ghost of rage
a memory of cruel fatigue screams heard bone deep
there is nothing to breathe into the heart the cold drifted

to the pit where we twist and cringe bones ache
huddled away from the daylight pale and white
hollowed into a numbness no need for pain or wasting disease
for it's the same ragged tangle of fears,
the same strange sense of aimlessness
that knot of rage scoured the floor of the skull

life had drifted away to some far off point inside leaving the
body to automatic ruin
fall through the ether and that slow sweat of time gnawing at my entrails
silent as the drift of death