

## Consonant Hemispheres

Textures

The rain has come  
He surrenders to his fate  
It is hiding him  
From the sounds of his mental state

...And the rain falls  
...And the rain pours down

It is fair to say  
That he drifted  
On the salt of the open sea  
And the words that bleed in his mouth  
Carry him, drag him to the deep

Heave your own arms  
Caught adrift  
Embrace the shade

The drama is torn asunder  
Thus I fall inside my fate  
Waiting for the fever  
And I will sing to my crusade

Between the barren and fruitful  
I got lost in the daily grind  
There is no way that supports my  
Dark conceptions to unwind

I am the art for the people  
The apple of their crying eyes  
Missioner for the seeking  
Chewing their lives with contempt

Like a storm front that he precedes  
It is the sound of the dreamer that screams  
Bashing clocks he had always wondered  
But never spoke of  
It is the strength, the weakness  
And the perfect in between

Facing everything that he walked upon  
The eye had hurried by  
Compromising the smallest  
Fractions of a particle