

The shutter opens but never closes,  
I am lost, waylaid, in light trails.  
Endless moments, overlaid and burned across  
A melee of scattered braille.

This image is a night-terror transforming  
Without the hope of morning.  
My nemesis, I feel it coming for me, and it means to destroy me  
.

Why does this keep happening?  
I try to close my eyes but I can't blink  
And the world keeps moving on, black and white blur into one.

Hieroglyphic, indecipherable, opaque; the meaning escapes me.  
Dry and lidless, are my eyes.  
Asleep, awake - reading the slurred debris.

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