

Clocked & bound

The clock is broke

Where am I?

Scintillations of labefaction

Dance rosey
With my memory,
Courtship careful
As the soft dove
Our sense of self

Found and lost
Sworn unlying,
Yet lying thus -
"Lazy"
But it cries the difficulty
Of existence

'Agony,' it says,
'is when you can no longer feel it.'

Souls,
Why is something
Divine
Victim
To environment
More
Than morality?

Ephemeral caprition
Sprout'd by the spay
Of chemical imbalance

Corporeal
As the body
that holds it