

Fall Of The Leafe, Deference, Diminuend

Hellfire burns. This I can well feel. Before long,
all sense will be lost to distances afar.

I have been a witness to the
collapse of all respect. Without the wit or will
the humour of all this torment lies entirely, without exception, in the
pitiful sarcastic voids it itself holds within.

Laughter. And never it has been mine in
these moments that I am held captive
to. Withering is the correct attribute to describe my realities.

Sadness can, at its utmost state, lead to what I am at the
shades of blackened lights. Immolation.

Massacr could come out of this irrelevancy. Nonsense, so much nonsense but never,
and hear: never! Never it is that to me.

Let me fall. Regrettably my obituaries can reach the starlit Ferniaah s, where-ever
they may lurk at whichever time and space.

I cannot but consider vomiting - sensing the fierce reek of the lack of wisdom
you exhibit. Calm down,
light the candles and consider taking leave.