

Peccatum, Stillness

Sickening, sickening place
framed snapshots of buzzing stillness
noisy polaroid faces
with tick, tack clock voices
with crawling on my skin words
to drown outside
my feverish head
away away away
to go under in
a silent sea of nothing
gone gone gone
paranoid, paranoid wish
all feed the claustrophobic storm
broken down in molecule faces
with tick, tack clock presence
with crawling on my heart eyes
to drown outside
my feverish head
away away away
to go under in
a silent sea of nothing
gone gone gone
as a delirious Don Quixote
I enter the shadow
of spinning windmills
ghostly spin, away but not towards
earthly ride, away but not towards.