

Subtle, Gonebones

He past
A definite nothing much,
biproduct of the heights of flesh and such.
Net weight of one's ghost, got...
A solved version of a former you,
Not congealing on the ceiling of your present song,
as it's greys reach off into gone.
A bread end egg,
if ever there was one...

Nigh are those long gone bones on me...

the Present
The bread basket of choice...
The all mightey and bone holding now,
where the day wears down on your direction and dive.
Dripping its sadmath in the brief breathe slide,
of every second sucked into the pearl that becomes you...

Night are those long gone bones on me...

the Future
The future is fully opposable.
Statistically there are no present plans of actions took,
Statistically there are no present plans of actions took,
that can truly and entirely ever affect it,
nor set its effects completely to a certain more desirable strain of so...

in fact
to the thinking thing,
it is a killer black,
an unpredictable and all devouring trap.
It is a hollow in the mind, begging to be let out and bleach the now,
ignite the uquiets of the often fear-eyed and endowed skull.
Drawing the stinging things to mean,
out like a present danger does the venom.
We are but a swarm of andts to tremble on its handgun...
The blood on its shield...
A single swallow to its honey-smothered winds of wield...

To it your death is a fact
To you an axe

Nigh are those long gone bones on me..