

Textures, Ostensibly Impregnable

Abundance!
Satisfied with life.
Grown integrity flourished.
Dreaming as the days go by.
Fading as the voices cry.

Impregnable conscience.

Memories I recall today, the time to come clears them away.
The striving goes on.
I remain untouched, parted from all constraint.

Still it haunts me phantom-wise.
Echoes fade and memories die by the hand that grasped away a once presupposed life.

Breakdown.
Dreams burn in the void.
From man, to machine, to victim.
Parted by force.

Dark clouds cast over the frontline .
Blood taints the sand .
Fragments & chaotic views roam through the trenches.
Is this reality?
Ear-clenching noise above .
Recollections make way for the encompassing fall of darkness.