



"Abyss is its own apology" – Emily Dickinson

By our own mad(e)ness,

Trying to follow the other track
but losing it with my eyes.

Thinking always, morning is a mistake.

You were in my dream.
I want to tell you, but I can't remember
who you are.

A breve, a brevity.

The missing glyphs arrive in place
of the missing.

Later, undisputed; irons, eagles, precipitation.
Waiting to see what I will never see.

Trapped inside loquacity's mandate.
How disappointment is not loss.

The only time I tell myself things could always
be worse, is when they are getting worse.