

The Weight

Digging ever into doldrums and scullery
the razzle-dazzle escapes
Fleeting
Running
Waning
as pummels or petals
to some tumult zephyrs fervor

Fever
The sweat
Migraines aren't evade
rather proliferate
Revolts then aches
Delirium and impate
Neuralgia now amnesia
I worry toward that day
Mine n your day
Our day

When even recollection evaporates
All immortality is forsake
In thy happy
thy panicking
or thy silent afterwake
Do you just dissipate

Nothing secure
Stardust
Or nuclear waste

When does one want rest
If having lived forever
Does death concern
Does quietus speak asa concerned friend

When guilt has fled
As well hast regret
When old loves shed
Lost friends deep sixed
Mother father
Dug their holes and sent
Life lived

When you face finis
I wonder how it is
Last words
Not for them but yourself
Damned be speeches
clever words
bombastic declares
What are the low spoken tongues
Those things you bring up
In your forehead behind the skull
Even a year in breaths how could ya bring it all up
A whole existence
What then to contemplate it all
Or maybe just a moment
That puts everything into a bun
like...

“I’ve found to worry less
Means the angst grows deep instead

Some turmoil some despair barely to my heads comprehend
Wrenches profoundly in my workings
Provokes me to hurry
Wishes action
When i no none to did

So i guessed
Put my bid into this
And perhaps that’s all the need
To ask and aim for this”