

On the mark of blessed brawls 01:25 : 03MAR2025

Borne, ashes with flesh
Fragmented sounds of whistling
Those that end with silence
And those that end with silence
And those that end silenced
Bear with me the witness
To graving limestones of
Post-future countertops
That bare sectioned fingers
Geodes and fossils
That scripted poetries and
Criticisms that lay buried
As carbon, silicon and wailing
Gusts that dust-storm their
Palisades with rich histories
Read : interesting pains

Born with flesh and ashes
Ratios of human meaning
Being being being being
Taught distraught the thought
Tightly taught, it tore
With a crescendo rescinding
Songs of belonging-weariness
And may their bournes never speak beneath
The horizons that bless us with time
And the hopes of breds
That rise in warmth and sugars and salts
For the oven awaits since it warmed up
Your first meal, all returned until
Your last, and then comes to death

Our serious notions of brotherhood
That grow vibrant at distance and deafer
At the hugged neck