

DiSEMBOWELMENT, Cerulean Transience Of All

All is calm, all is quiescent-the colour magenta,
The afternoon breeze finds its way to my soul,
As I sit there and enhance the tranquillity,
The solace of sensory magic, Irreplaceable nirvana,
My body feels the effect of blood-letting,
The winds brought in from the south coast replace
Such drainful inhabitation,
My eyelids voluntarily close as the blue horizon line takes shape,
Stretching out far beyond the sun,
The sound of the blue, an eternity of complete acquiescence,
I cannot move, nor do I need to, for it is enough to lie on the cliff
And become entrapped in a world of escapism and peace,
Cerulean transience of all my imagined shores,
A bird of the ocean perches before me
And lets out a shriek which transcends me back,
Back to where I write,
And the calm breeze continues to enter my peripheral