

Act#1 (Nascency)

Another cell divides, as soft footsteps echo through partitioned cloisters.

The eye moves, almost imperceptible as you smile; a movement at philtrum, below septum, where Cupid once rested the dainty whorls of his finger, as you slept.

A Lanugo down drifts, ebbing in the cornfield breeze that enters through the window ajar.

A snow is coming.

Act#2 (Transmigration)

The low winter sun blazes earnestly, cradled at the bottom of the sky; where solitary nautical pilots are charged with returning souls to where candles wait in windows.

Tomorrow ends where oceans freeze over, where the rotted flesh of long dead beasts fire engines of destruction, thawing the future and goading the sea, who asks:

‘Where will you sail to when there’s no more home?’

Act#3 (Quietus)

Slow, the spasms; padded with fatigue.

A taciturn finger traces lines over traces of you, finding remnants of composed breathless throes, that seem romantic in their emptiness.

Here, where a heart still tries to beat itself free, and the mellow electric of a misfiring synapse fades, the one breath that matters is the last.