

Rough pencil scrawls of what could have been...
Bright flowers there were
I somehow couldn't catch their scent it seemed
Colours weren't quite right... ?
A fumbled tickle of summer sandblasted by the jackbooted night

Sun went down
Moon rose
We basked in the whitewash somewhere near opaque silence
Just as ghosts in a storm of black noise...

Cold fixed stars shining all over the tight tarpaulin of unsun void only.
Separation
All stars screaming
... needle holes in heaven...

Another nameless soul on the blacklist
Snorted the sun, saved the moon for morning
Now awaiting further gathering of the clouds
Bathed in grey stroke black
-no way out it keeps coming back

Noise preventing rebirth
We bathe in shreds of whispering glass
Moon fell
Sun cried

Kept the dragon down, chasing the moon now
With my teeth? And claws!
Down dragon
Moon chased
Teeth wide open
Claws at your pretty throat

Afell asun, arose athunder!

I am an e-flat mage
Chemical curses on the rampage
Head full of daggers
For the backs of random strangers
I suggest you keep an eye or three
Upon your enemies... my dear!

Accidental summer caught mid coitus
Smiling winter zips the up
... Saunters away with a whistle
Whilst the good weather bleeds rain, torn asunder
... Tears for the cold dried only by their owner
Nowhere left now, death of our only summer