Parise

After the Burial

Consign myself away I've built myself with molten steel My skeletal hands are wired and worn I'm becoming a compound so I push and pull

Electric currents replace blood cells Eccentric circuits my soul connects Spheric and strong I no longer break down I cannot rest

My eyes illuminate against the glass Abstaining focal shifts to palindrome lines Mimic expression. Translucent model of progression I look out, escape is granted. Free myself Unresponsive- a mechanic I work inline Scanning faces I learn the nothingness inside A binary heart beat. A digital visionary

Escape is granted, and in this moment, I free myself As each memory fades, in this emptiness. I free myself

Your hand reaches out. I am reaching back