

Exsanguination

Fen

I saw all colour bleached from the sky
I saw all life drained from the soils at my feet
I saw a million souls stripped from their fleshy prisons
I saw my own death staring back at me
Through the filmy orbs of my own accuser
I watched myself and this reality emptied
I saw skin become pallid, diaphonous parchment

One pitiful drop at a time, vigour drains
As great wings of finality unfurl
Throwing aeons into shadow
Unseen by a legion of bloodless eyes
Riven by a gradual weakening
Perceiving naught

Painless was the bleeding
And so we felt nothing at our parting
Life-essense reaved
Translucent skin bleached
Emptying veins throb and stutter
We fade to little more than ghosts

Cold fringers press agains the surface of a sterilised credo
Eyes glazed, a legion of ciphers bend low
Thralls enthralled, supine before the eucharist
A stained mirror reflecting naught but stagnation

So willingly did we surrender
Into this numb grasp of unmaking
Our footing lost on foundations of vapour

So willingly did we supplicate
To a deity etched in the translucent tatters
Of ignorance's raiment in hopelessness befouled

So willingly did we disappear
So willingly did we disappear