

Wracked

Fen

It rises within like a wave
Again
A surge, a storm, a coruscating pyre
Pitiless and unmerciful
This agony shows no relent

Freezing stanchions bury far
And paralyse
Every segment of perception broken apart
Unmade, rent, dismembered
A remorseless tide brings naught but havoc
To wage war on any semblance of the real self

And this void-cold pulse grips
Clutching hard - crushing, suffocating
Eyes widen in growing horror
Skin pale, drenched, sickened
Sodden parchment encases shivering remnants
That thrash in a turbulent maelstrom of defective matter

Shuddering and bewildered
Assailed by every sense rendered in coal-black poison
Ripped slowly apart, piece by piece
Unmade - unrecognisable
Pitiful is the degraded residue that remains
Lurching in a forlorn and sorrowful half-life.

The wave is unending
A remorselessness without succour
On your knees, weeping for release
Face pressed against the hot ash of the earth

Crushed and spent
Forgotten and lost
Reduced to naught
But cinders adrift on winds forged
from the breath of the dying