

Burst Synapse

Full of Hell

Silt pillow, thunderous sheet
River depths abdicate a dream, so sweet
A pitiless cretin tastes the sweat
Dream echoes disparage skull walls
Soured honey in a mouth agape
A Sisyphus drunk and borne of bile
What draws such madness forth?
The frigid rest of a placid thirst
Deepest sleep, bracken grows
Umbiferous, languid shade
Human violence turns the gears
Voices cry, no words form