

It Comes Closer

Pile

It comes closer
Repeating over and over
Quieter, then colder
I think I want to leave
Ellipses as it approaches
Vibrating in slow motion

Burned, blank and clenched
Under nattering

Muffles more as the sun swallows me
And I melt into it

It comes closer
Repeating over and over
Quieter, then older
I think I'm going to be
Ellipses as it approaches
And heaving in slow motion

Burned, blank and clenched
Under nattering

Muffles more as the sun swallows me
And I melt into it