

Riches of This Forest

The turbulence entailed by the gulls who chant above — their capsizing strength, evidenced by the mass of the conformities' devotion below.

The echo of the pests that adhere upon my shoulders and the creatures that hover above; they are all mindful of their position in this ecosystem.

I am struck at the sight of the heirs who reside at the echelons of the trees; the spectacle of this beauty has immersed the ruin of the grounds entirely.

But I am unable to flee from this moment — empowering my limbs to confess to the earth's triumphant cry; the framework that denotes the condemnation of all rebellion against this regime.

The freeloaders all impede the rabbits' speech; they speak of evolution and propriety, but the parasites sneer at this noise!

They ridicule the cries of the forest and the enclaves clamoring for transition.

There is an enforcement of brutality across all echelons of prosperity; unflinching in the sight of pleading.

The supplied guarantees for the dream, this once redundant ambition that has concluded liberty for all organisms.

The owls have now begun sending prayers for the sanctuary of the night — even the sun's rapture has proved to stagger all organisms in this forest; communities cried for the sun to never rise.

Anguish was now amplified in the narrations of the sky, where there was no quality to possess in this reality, but the simple veracity provided by the gulls above.

Where had the insects of the trees, the creatures of the sky, and the soil of the earth's floor embraced the jurisdiction of affluence's poisonous tongue? What had prompted this blind conformity?

The forest's subordinates are all hindered by the gravitational force of this ridiculing class — they again, bite their knees and rehash the structure once more.

For centuries of blind saturation, the animosity between the infrastructure of authority within this forest has prospered for generational tides — to devour an infrastructure built on the principles of strength.

A redundant tide of transformation is now threatening to rip the trajectory among all regions. The animals that cry from the bleached whispers of the trees have now woven the silk for the new generation to sing.

I unearthed the dismantling glorification of our providers who sleep in the echelons of my actions; all warranted for the organisms in this forest who seek for the relinquishment in my own movement towards the sun's saturation.

A substance now trickles from the steep of the forest and annihilates all those below.

The raccoon who moves for autonomy — for a smell of the world's delights; the pinnacle of its guarantee, has died.

It had been the raccoon of the attempted voyage, whose plasma had declined from the peak of the leaves; announcing the silk to spread across the regions.

In this forest, there is no chastised wish for clarity, no commitment to change; only the silent turbulence of killing.

There is now a tinge of the flu that has tarnished the sun's callers and whispers. They have grown silent — they plunge into a world of apathy as if it would prefer them to be. They had been defeated by the unalterable silence.

These organisms had no grasp in drinking away the concentrated vibration that had been caused by their own mass. There is no authority in silence, and there can be no revelation.

My fellow organisms had become contaminated with belittlement – this scarlet outline of plasma had leaked from the foliage and onto the earth. This same action was not obscured in God's creation of the sun's telling.

I seek the connotation of my mother and the parched civility of nature. The impoverishment was a reality devoid of manner, perception, and sincerity.

There are those who remain in a province of deflection. They dismiss the truth of their situation — the reality of disintegrating humanity.

But are they selfish by remaining indifferent? Should they be subjected to revolution's repudiation?

We enquire ourselves to persist immobile in aspects of disarmament.

The option to monitor a simmering game of immorality and throne play — the authority of opportunity, battling to forge a new future.

But the birds continue to sing to the chagrin of the insects below, ravaging themselves entirely at their expense.

The Snatched Limbs

At the center of my speech is a dye of gimmick – an unidentified myth of crippling bliss emerges to depict the concealed torment of my tongue.

There is an impediment of a genre in the throng of onlookers; permitting a fresh foundation of women to obey in my sound.

But how long before they recognize that my own foundation has been scowled out of the fundamentals of various characters?

The set of individuals who all pertain to the stigma that permeates a false impression of sweat or rather pain — in actuality, the very prudence of my existence.

In this disembodiment compartment, the woman's vanishing features are crammed together with those who embrace her idealized attributes.

They encircle my unconscious to the degree of penetrating deception, where I have abandoned the lure of my own face in this chamber – to which I have foolishly sneered.

The devotional vacation, subsequently unveiled as fraudulent and taken, was committed to the fundamental root of who I was.

They will reject you! They will invite you to extinction!

The faces that have carried my spirit to the point of evaporation – full of adoration; there is no acquirable aspect of my character!

To surrender the snatched faces would entail condemning myself to death; to the very prostitution of my brilliance.

Who am I?

In the blaze of my being, I have surrendered on my own volition – the lost dignity of my world's perforation; the recollection of my mind's resistance.

The vacuous sound of women fleeing at the scene of worship to the impossible; towards the unquenchable thirst of chastity.

To be relished wholly – slumbering in the hymn of a church.

The discolored glass of aspirations and splendor, all ravishing the abduction.

But they accept your assertions! The century's most famous act, where everyone fell to their knees!

They couldn't see it, but my eyes were exhausted. All my savior's limbs have been abducted from the good riddance of an illusion.

The absolute infiltration of servitude – where there is a determination to die for something quite heinous.

Their own entities follow the blood corridor that seeps from the above; striving from the inner thigh to the shambles of plundered organisms floating.

For one shirt stolen, one voice raptured – the uptime objective of being unutterably sought.

There is a bargain to permit yourself to be subordinate of the dream; you must seize the virtue of others.

You merely derive the civility of their spirit and the force that seeps from their breasts – inhibit a punishment too repugnant, so they cannot reach the theater of your consciousness.

The circuits of busy callers wail for the termination of their contract; they wish to be freed from the robbery of their limbs.

But you demanded this! You pleaded for it! You must accept it.

The worn-out speakers of anguish proceed to seep through my gestures – the audience appears to relish the hue of my speech's impediment; my tongue is now clasped.

There is now speculation about my contract – to which I have again, assured.

This contract has allotted me the reward of discharging the sorrow of every individual for whom the face I have snatched.

I now speak on behalf of over a thousand women, but they have all disembarked.

These prejudices bite through my shoulders and discredit my posture's will.

My own configuration emerges to be a challenge to the audience; who have now begun to stand.

They are incapable of fathoming the desperation of my performance; where I had not been performing for adulation or devotion – but rather, for my own world's retirement.

Mother's Food

Her countenance is one of vigilance as she adorns the table with her grace; I, meanwhile, endeavor to place my heart into her keeping.

At the outset of our agreement, I had endeavored to imbue her palms with the tangible imprint of my fictitious grace, yet she persisted in fortifying her resolve; the atmosphere remained chilly, and her words measured.

It was then that I discerned the import of her wily gestures and reconsidered my stance - but the motionless quality of her movements, culminating in the edge of that very table, spoke volumes of her reluctance to finalize the abandonment of her proclaimed authority in my own reality.

Ah, how I needed it!

Nuanced disarmament lingers in her adoration - her tongue trembles quietly, cautious in what she provides to our arrangement. With my sly command to carry on a sensation of my own autonomy in our conversation, Mother devours the strange poundage I spilled on her coat, claiming it as her own.

Her cold fingertips are clutching the emancipation of her own autonomy that shrieks at my sight. She is nervous.

We are sitting and devouring each other at the parallel sight - the server was plain and docketed, as was the noise, the room, and everything else.

This was entirely her - she tarnished all else, devastating the furnished configuration I had devoted the entirety of my mouth and hands to the arrangement of this evening.

I censured her for the felicity and elegance of her deportment in my company, yet by such means, I did chastise myself for permitting her to draw near.

I found myself writhing in anguish as I attended to her discourse that neither acknowledges nor esteems my ardor. The chill, unreciprocated love that burdens me is akin to a thread consumed by the merciless rays of her light.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that we all take pleasure in the forsaken faith that I have nurtured in our engagement. I make every endeavor to inspire a transformation of her soul - so that I may regain my lost autonomy and recapture what she has taken from me, once and for all.

The professed motives for our pleasantries and amusement - she refuted. In the domains of her insincere refinement, she assumed the guise of an authoritative figure, even as she betrayed her own morality.

Her laughter was shrouded in obscurity, brimming with impenetrable decay - the avoidance of this resonance had an impact on the tenor of her speech; Mother was cognizant of this. She took pride in it.

I discerned the odor of uncooked flesh that resided in her shoulders, impeding both of us from advancing in our lives. The stitched fibers in her frame had begun to affect my own posture.

Every action she undertook had a ripple effect on my own being, impeding my progress. The rejection of her influence allowed the deteriorating ceiling to collapse - her disregard for the new strand of improvement to be incorporated into her own character only added to the regression of our shared gaze.

She persisted in declining the orchestrated union of our evening, despite my efforts to imbue significance into every scene she presented - and yet, she persisted in blemishing the raw essence of my love with sneers and derision.

But still, the occasional glint in her eyes managed to reach the depths of my core, and as she indulged in her meal, I let out a burst of unrestrained cry.

The gift of her fleeting moments - my misplaced affection held fast.

Let me savor the taste of your saliva; let me consume every trace of your presence. Let me consume you whole.

As I searched for any remnants of her sustenance, all that remained were the echoes of her footsteps and the empty hum of her surroundings.

Despite the hour, dinner was a dismal affair. The sharp edge of her domineering presence had tainted even the very essence of our meal - with every morsel, I tasted more and more of her.

"Go ahead, consume it all," she urged me. "Why not relish in these remnants? What of the scraps that bear the imprint of my devotion to you?"

With each bite she took, she let out a pained cry, imploring me to eat.

I have indulged myself to excess, succumbing to the last meager scraps she has designed to offer me. I take and take, and she lets me - weeping at the sight of my insatiable greed.

I seize hold of the entirety of our table, immersing myself in the very fabric of the evening and holding fast to it.

I have transformed into a desperate lover of deprivation, willingly sacrificing sustenance for a mere shred of her sympathy. I sit beneath the crushing weight of the room, tormented by her pervasive indifference.

She remains still, her gaze lovingly fixed upon her creation.

I revel in the bounty spread out upon the table, relishing every pleasure this space has to offer. But my hunger has corrupted me, and my mouth and hands have grown ravenous.

It is not what I have seized, but rather what she has to offer me.

For my sake, she has pilfered what was not hers to take. The enigma of her being has elevated the very essence of my existence. With her masterful selection of supper, she has opened a world of endless possibilities.

I have seen her bleed, and the delicate nature of the room has been barred before me.

The act of speaking and talking is no longer permissible. But now, I am awash in a crimson tide of ecstasy. For I have been granted not only the leftovers of the room but also her very self.

This night has marked the boundaries of our shared prosperity, where we have been allowed to revel in the unbridled hunger of our souls.

Ecstasy's Combative Noise

The symphony that permeates the grace of her existence and the peculiar force of self-indulgence, discharged through a grandeur of vibration – it cannot be prescribed.

And what precisely is this substance? What do these distorted arrangements of noise constitute?

The sound that suffuses, annihilates, and produces!

There is an obliterated stage of torment, obeying the distinct whispers of the evening's despair; where the provisions vibration tumbles into one – filthy hands of the taking begin to sing.

The inviting flesh of the drunken pavement dyes her ears crimson — the structure of her spirit uttered the arrangement once more.

You are taking too much; they will cut your hands!

But is it her fault? For believing she was sanctioned to flee towards that arrangement? The arrangement that offered her the resistance of life's veracity?

But do you reckon you can steer away from the truth that is life? You are simply living when there is a vacuous solitude dying!

There is now a split of sensibility; the abundance facilitating her stature scowled, as she diverged to preserve her empty composure.

The relinquishment of incredulity – founded on the phlegmatic movement of her tongue and will.

There was the world's stillness, its own apperception of her spirit; they had sanctioned her to stand still.

Where had she discovered an avenue to articulate her devotion and animosity – the world that dismayed the arrangement from being circulated elsewhere?

Could anyone else aurally perceive it? The brilliance of the vibration – the unconditional delight of all divinities in the world as they move towards such a distinction of influence.

The vacant kiss of a reality where there was directed annihilation of all noise and divergence to be disparaged; where opposition is belittled, and the vibration is embraced.

The announcement of a new deal begins to glee – soon the whispers wash over her forearms, wings, and imagination.

They are eating her alive, but she is blissfully ignorant; she has no competency to comprehend it.

It had begun with the rear of her height and transitioned to the commencement of her imagination; shortly restricted from acknowledging the spirits spilling over her instinct.

There was now the internal confrontation of being deceived; had it been what she sincerely sought in the head of her reality? What had she fully wished, if not the consistent and authentic, but the depraved and divulging?

There is no broader indignation than witnessing the scowls of one's own reality – to live a life with no unconditional connotation but manufactured liberation.

The resonance may never be absolute or real, but rather a delusory perception of dreaded daylight reaching the very last region of her core – for a real merit of lost penance.

She was confronted with a question as the ruined whispers of acceptance commenced to retaliate – begging to foreclose.

Why did you succumb to the ecstasy of the noise? Why did you permit such foolish penetration to liberate your being?

She had believed it was the only thing that had provided her with validity – the only substance present that had genuinely accepted her entire being.

She wailed to the spirits – as the noise washed away and the spirits mocked her ambition to reach the finale of her own manufactured vibration.

No Man's Land

Through the dim and dreary internalized land, I wandered, where pallid drapes hung like mournful specters, their feeble semblance offering no solace to my disintegrated core.

My disheveled locks, like strands of despair, clung to my every movement in this room, as I sought refuge in the embrace of a worn-out shirt, whose fleeting respite had granted me a momentary reprieve from the terrors of my truth.

The windowless rooms reshaping the air's circulation; where I had constructed the stench of belonging here.

I recline over the dispersed patches of tranquility, hoping to locate the uncertainty that envelopes this hallowed ground.

My flesh pines to be admitted by this ground, and it wants to dissolve into the framework's base.

I envisioned a narrative of ambiguity, for I had discovered foreclosure in that. The beams of daylight spilling through this window - transcribed an expiring harmony of revelation that I had postponed.

I dispersed my choices to approach each opening - where these brief bursts of light can be regulated; headed for the barrier and pondered the transformed expedition I would shortly embark on.

Yet my rejection of the sun's rays anchored me to this very spot, severed from any connection to the world beyond.

Here, there was no progress to be made - only the hollow shape of my circumstance.

The objects in this chamber may hint at growth, akin to photosynthesis, yet I sleep their lucidity. I cling to this aversion to bask in illumination.

There was no burden to bear in this isolated realm - the shallow ground had absorbed the tales of my lost years.

I elect to flee - to imbibe the very atmosphere of the chamber and take wing.

As I departed this chamber, the blinding light engulfed me, and I continued with a reluctance to meet the sky's gaze.

I had traversed boundless paths that led nowhere, but still I persevered, driven to find my own No Man's Land.

The scorched path that has been followed with fire - in the creation of subverting, I shrieked with excitement.

I resolved to refrain from lamenting - for no external force had shackled me to this trajectory, it was I who did so willingly.

The broken veins that litter this road cry out, urging my body to decelerate.

As I gaze upon the unyielding sky - its radiance granting me no direction, I acknowledge the truth; and once more, I forge ahead.

As I embarked on this leg of my journey, I was solely responsible for navigating the path towards closure. The absence of a trailing presence provided a sense of solace, for soon I shall encounter the requisite element that will usher my body into a state of repose.

My travels were not without moments of profound disorientation, where I relinquished control and surrendered to the nurturing embrace of the earth.

As I lay there, my naivety enveloped me, but I had already allowed it. All I craved was respite, for I had expended every ounce of my being in pursuit of a slumber that was rightfully mine. The earth beneath me, this soil, brought with it no affliction; it was an oasis of solace.

I had ventured into a realm devoid of significance or acknowledgement, where insubstantial sovereignty reigned. It was a moment in which my physicality was reduced to that of a mere organism, one that was inherently natural and accepted without reservation.

I beckoned for the sanctified hues of the enclosing substance, but to no avail. Instead, it was my own chromatic tones and substance that had conjured forth this land - a rotting veracity of my placid expedition to actuality. The scorn associated with duty or toil was translated into a tranquil verity in the atmosphere. In this realm, there existed no obligation to uphold order.

The obligation to manifest a world devoid of oppression was non-existent - yet it prevailed here. There existed no absoluteness in anything. There were no summoners to bid farewell to the passing of the day.

I had passed the night enclosed in decomposing remnants that conceded to the victories of my intellect - in this place, I am unburdened and require no additional surrender.

Oh, how I long for the embrace of your atmosphere! Envelop me in the tales of your abode! With eager hands, I did grasp at the earth and imbibe its essence. Yet, I am compelled to halt in absolute submission, for there is no dominion over this terrain. I immerse my hands and lend my flesh to sense the unadulterated texture of this soil.

As I lay in my corner of the world, my mind teems with inquiries. And yet, it is not I who seeks to answer, but rather the very air that surrounds me. The strings that once declared my sense of home now seem to fray and unravel, leaving me adrift in a sea of uncertainty.

In this place where truth and reality are but distant mirages, I find myself lulled into a deep and dreamless sleep. It is as if my body itself has become a conduit for the ethereal whispers of the sky, each patch of light a fragment of some greater, unknowable truth.

And so, I glide through this long sleep, held aloft by the soothing rhythm of the air. I know that soon enough, this fragile vessel of mine will begin to decompose, dissolving into the very fabric of the universe itself. But for now, in this moment of stillness and repose, I am content to let myself be carried along by the gentle currents of the world around me.