

Flex Flux

I once heard of a man
with eyes of heralding
geysers. Blue
but their tone a fervent serenading
pearl pew. Welcoming you
into a heaven
you never knew.

I heard
his breaths were gifted
from the dumbfounded,
the speechless,
the flabbergasted.
All in hope he live
longer. Vicariously
peeking at god
through his view.

I heard
he touched Midas.
Cradled his heart and grasped
his neck. When a scene arose.
Midas' heart was a ruby carved
with ventricles encrusted
with shimmering refractions
from the diamonds
put there
by the pressure
applied by his reflection.
Their neck a small echoing
cavern of sapphire
pleas and thanks.
It's sea of glistening blue
mimicked the dew
at his feet.
His feats
put the sun to bed
and beckoned the rain
to come again.
With a please and a thanks.

I've never met this man.
But I have.
Volleying clouds with his sighs,
revitalizing dying

torched forests' with his tears,
and carving the mountains
with his hands as a mean
to give the sky a frame.
No I've met the man.
There's no beauty in such bizarre
facades of boasts and flexes.
But when pondering
as to why he wears
this absurd
mask made of figments.
You can identify the fragments
of pride
lost in delusion,
diluted by fear.
Is he more human
for his fears
than I am
for laughing at his?