

retour.

none of it came.
not the sweaty palms, not the dizziness nor stomach wrench.
it was more of a silence—expectant.
idle, adrift, formless.
a single thread attached to the front,
just above the curve of the right eyebrow,
gently pulling on.
a caressing magnetism one would fear the slightest twitch might disrupt.
but no.

a curious feeling, both knowing and not where one goes.
and long, deep breaths feel shallow and short—
not much room for something other than...
than what?
fleeting subtleness.

stuck between absolute darkness and a blatant white one feels blinded,
dumb to mundane sight not really focusing on anything
but that spot above the right eyebrow.
sensory white noise.
as if lowering the volume to hear an odd murmur or sound;
shushing out all input to concentrate on that one...
not-feeling, not-sense.
what is it?

αστέρια

If the Greek stars' silent contemplation
was to be taken as premonition,
not even the brightest blast could've turned
this stare set beyond their realm

Untitled

These hideous masks that watch me out of pitch-black eyes
Cry murky streams of craven lies
Although some mistake themselves as well-meaning, pure of heart
All I see are smirks and all I hear are jives

But among the sad remains of former foolish dreams
Matters only a façade once believed to be dear
Its turning profile flees my wounded gaze
For I'm now of no use—a heap of tattered remains

It's this hellish chase that wears me most
While a muted drone the tempest blows
Perhaps if scorn she holds for my face, my heart
I'd do best to rid myself of this load, to leave this marsh