

I couldn't breathe while the man rotated the lights.

His voice was relayed over the speakers,  
clear and artificial.

A wave of blue washed through my brain,  
with bits of pink floating in the foam.

His voice rose from the surf,  
and he told me to relax.

The sea level began to rise.

I was suddenly aware of the weight of my limbs.

I was drowning in water and skin and sweat.

The metallic voice did a stunning impression of a human.

I waded through thick, bassy tones  
and a shrill humming until

I found dry land.

It was cold and healthy,

the stars perforation of the night sky

let air into my lungs.

The passage of time rinsed my memories and I have found the root of my fear:

That I've lost sight of my own.

*The Mass Hypnotist*

*Ad Deus; or, a Prayer*

If you are right

My existence is sabotage

a child crushing bugs with a stick

If I am wrong

every forked tongue has been selected for me

the cruelest despot never asked death row for adoration

why did you make me love you

*I, FAUST*

from the black void seeps what always was      fairer than the sun but breadth the rays

offering happiness and a loss      not victory but morality

eternal      descending

*Vanity*

If I am all a sad state is this

a spiral is unraveling

mind javelin

ripping through the id

being being, reality falls

to such a human level

disheveled

depravity crawls

I am a cruel capricious god

my loathing is your epitaph

the golden calf

split in two by lightning rod

am I talented enough for such fiction

And

at that point

I

had

figured

that

Godhood

would

not

be

enough

and I was lost entirely