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Poem: Shantih shantih shantiHURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

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These brown-tinged bubbles with their smoldering decay. Frozen flames caught licking the clock, with its golden hands held abashed and estranged at half past midnight. Deep-set indigo of night settling in tongues of frigidity, brimming with impassivity to her corpse. The body is no more naked in death. The heart no less a despairing architect, building trends into the fabric of the persona. The mind, an accumulation of elementals crashing and colliding above and below barren wastelands of being. These brown-tinged bubbles, masked in blue-green grays. Blue falling out of green, falling into gray. Falling out of gray into smoldering decay. A decade I awaited what she unwittingly awaited at the edge of *savoir faire*. (Me, Ma'am? I'm just passing through.) What awaits you in the entrails of the sky. Soft-gutted rosy intestines CASCADING torrents of fragranced needles CASCADING more than falling CASCADING with florid anguish flourishing amid frozen flames. Lurid, now ashamed. Azrail all in the right, and yet ashamed. Encapsulated. UN ASTRONAUTA EN CIELO, solamente mortal, encapsulated in the act of death.