

Mist

I taste it through the follicles of the wool
atop my head I can feel it coalescing
Next it's coating fallacies over
my neural arteries and suddenly

movement ahead. An obsidian hellhound
atop a tar drenched earth
Lingering on the corner of an overpass
and as the moments pass everything dims

My headlights are hollow cones
encrusted in bone marrow phlegm
Their pin-point circumference glow
crawls across the hounds frame

And I'm felled a lame duck
as the mist seeps in every orifice
open or closed as I shake the ache
of a suppressed howl away

I'm lost for words and I've lost the reins
after an attempt to rationalize the day
that was devoured by this night
where the streetlights pale in the thickets

of this– this. This listless lingering limerick
of a crematorium a la cantankerous crevices
and portentous of an existence where eyes bleed
with the parables of the perpetual niflheim.