

Incubus

D.J.M.

And I am, wandering aimlessly down
cobblestone streets of collected thoughts.

An oxymoron, and my desires are filled with
abstract shadows that dance upon empty vodka bottles.

Yet, nothing of this moment seems to stand
clear, for the liquor of ineffability leaves me
floating in total inebriation.

The intoxicated tongue of man, muffled by
the refusal of mute lips:

And the voice of a sober mans soul remains
simply, insidious ...

The One Less Broken;
2011

Page #7