

“WHERE DOES ONE BEGIN TO CLARIFY THE END?”

To count the days of life spent chasing these grand illusions,
Or the moments of death with its cold and sweet absolutions.

Time? It's quite irrelevant within Universe so immense. Our very
existence, nothing more than a horrendous calamity.

Cosmic storms gather upon celestial seas, tossing and turning in chaotic
distortion; a dark storm, so violently intense, that in its aftermath arises this
painful blight, a dreadful blight that we dare call humanity.

Parasites that hold no compassion for their host while their every thought
and breathe breeds self-destruction,

Harboring in their dark hearts an unquenchable lust for violence; True
paradigms of their chaotic construction.

Quite insidious in their dark insolence.

Being a seed of this dark league of humanity I have no regrets, thus I
empty my soul in this brief but true account, my book of contradictions.

In light of my own bloody convictions, I must boldly face and deal with
my own violations----without any restrictions.

In the end facing my own contumacy; I gave in to life's dark lunacy. I
look not for some blissful salvation, nor some graceful forgiveness from
some spooky god on a shelf----don't really need anyone to save me from
myself.

While choking on my own repulsions-----Now I lay me down as my
mind cries out in endless convulsions.

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aka: SIX-- (PERDURABO II)