

Breaking Free

A roof sinks while floors rise.
The trencher's power is
the confines of narrowness.
"Others" stand threadbare,
slinging ophidians,
elbows nudge slipstreams of air.

They kneel on a jagged platform's edge
where toes have freedom of movement.
A splenetic tone ignites to warn,
a reply of deep breaths
reshapes the realm spent of longing.

Arms move towards solemn hearts,
drenched by solemnity,
and then outwards, curved to embrace.
Harsh light blinds and binds,
no darkness for dreams,
time has etched it from the sphere,
but in the distance evergreens grow.

White clothed torsos hide shame,
guilt and a greedy
emptiness impossible to sate.
Asthenia bodies stir with wide-awake eyes,
renewed, they heave and fold lissome metal.

A callous-cold ceiling cracks; flakes like plaster.
Bruised skins smash the prison-cube.
Fate is no longer sealed within walls.
Existence lives in shared senses.

A new day begins on a rope-clad precipice.
Raw-red suffering is denied a lonesome death.
Doors burst open to a penetralia
to greet those who have struggled free.