



DEWLOGIC

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IGNORANCE

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DECADENT

Dare

Dare to dream
The passageways are clean
Pristine membranes in mini frames
Squalor in Darwin's haven
Megalithic ends on egalithic dreams
Bursts of un-sanitized pieces
Breaking away the lines of time
Returning it unfulfilled.

- Lines are over-personified, egocentric and overly narcissist. In fact, it is in their natures to never self-direct or return.
- Regardless of state, dreams always come un-sanitized, unnaturally perplexing.
- Are echoes refined or do they have shakable return policies?

Future Bids

Against its bounds the future bids
The present against its guts
And the ashes of the filtered past
Never get to fall, to fall apart
When the gentle explosions rock
Against the dark tokens of gamma
These barren walls will have me not
Nor their futures retain life.

- It is unimaginable that anyone has ever played golf while blind. There will be an absolute lack of direction or directional intent. And the only way to know you made a score will be to dip your hand into some hole in the ground you may or may have not dropped a ball.

Descent

The Stubborn Plane
Drags on a chain
A changeling in time
Ever wild, forever child
Its gifted ruins
Recurrent in banes
'Till the fetal descent
Claims its fate
Diagonal on a stake

- If every riddle runs on a whim, there will be no tales left to bear and only recurrent surrender may accompany nightmares.
- Dreams of eternal youth accompany the galleries of beasts. They must I tell you! They must!

Immortal Pun

A quadrant full of hope
Cut too short by a thought
Resurrects an elegy hung
Bested, rises foxes stereopticon
Returning, mystic immortal pun
To string a quartet delirious song

- There is transference of decay whenever misplacement occurs in nature. This is worse than an omission as omissions have no real biological reference.
- Whatever returns to be in place of an omission?

The Ascent

The lunacy striking the ascent
Swallows the decency of the extinction class
To proclaim the foreshadowing
The exponential coming to the foreshadowing
The exponential
The shadow

- There is the nature aligned to natural selection that must call the natural mind into its own. Must there not be such?
- Would it be naturally selective and appropriately scientific to think of the shadowing of the foreshadowing or vice versa?
- If it is not onto humanity, onto what is the burden of natural selection to which time is a benefactor?

Daffodils

Terminal
The derivative western
When the sun in her mindful suspense
Shall ask with incessant quests,
“What daffodils thou breed
In the perilous sea of pain?”
“What eternity be when time,
Beneath my feet speak not of life
But of the surrender of fractions
To conquer delight?”

- There is something to be spoken well of fractions; they have no natural capacity to commit to a unit.
- There is something to be spoken well of pain; it has no artificial capacity to conquer delight.

The Genius

The genius is newer born
Never resurrected from a stem
And the origins of particulars
Thrown apart, never to meet
As the sentiments of the times
The future shall not abide

- I hear of no one who hears not of wisdom.
- I hear of no one whose money accounts for his mind.
- Unspoken is he whose mind cannot account for his ears.

Pendulum Teardrops

Twice upon a showers' creep
Pensive and strung the apocalypse
Bounded on Clover's Pedigree
Without a dignity to his paws
Perched upon nature's listless arcs
Made a bed of pendulums
Tear drops strong

- What pedigree persists within all primordial ends? Is it that of beauty or that of strength? Would it reckon life or a subordinate clause? If time cannot account for itself, can it account for time? Are these arcs questions; these questions arcs?

Unlikely

An unlikely beginning
Scurries along the perimeters of a skull
The refined obscura, sung and jaded
As some unrefined progenitor
Thrown and faded
Beclouds the reins of death
Never to become of the likely end

- It will be very improper for the mind not to be able to feel the pain of some phantom limbs. Just awful!

Geo

Geo, the unwanted, cradled the thirteenth
infidel like a child waiting to be unraveled
before its conception.

Life is never surreal! Life is never surreal!

“What may it be then my darling?” Lena asked.

“A torch tossed into the solemn seas?”

*If it peaks like a heart never to be conquered I
shall die I know it.*

“No my little silly,” Lena replied. “Like a twig in
the sunlight without its roots, in the twilight
without its vigor, you shall simply be. And then
you shall die.”

- Has anyone ever met Geo?