

ISLAND OF SATURATION

James RandallFly

My impudent brain holds my body hostage
Unwilling to negotiate, the cage is chain'd
Angry, tossed, disturbed, these tender thoughts are left charred, inflamed
Hanging in the depths I can only hope for something as pleasant as despair.

Would not the tide like to glide (in the lofty ship of air)
Glide wide and divide my fractured pride? (slice the life of the beasts' despair)
I hate the blank! I blank the hate! (an intrinsic parade of native nobility)
Face drowning deep inside the burning place (primal hostility)
I hate my face, I want to kill it, It wants not to live inside disgrace

If i had in my palette a sensual blade
I'd paint blood art across my blind façade
Until a gentle streak of laughter took pause
To speak of the elusive, tailored tirade

Life is but a mere mote —
A mote of the almost
Would it were that i had a brush!
Brilliant color would feed my lust!
Quick is the wilt from the island of saturation

The sweetest breath lures sleeping panic
Canvas leaps from my reach, manic (and into your warm lips)

Sloshy horrors drown sorrow filled hours
And again entreat cemetery flowers

Palpable terror, o invading sex pillows!
Delicious horror, cascading wet willows!
Will I stop when I die, or die when I stop?
Brine, the bane, in this deep dark well!

Dispel the notion of placated unrest
While oceans of motion roil to a crest
Orthogonal moments in torrents cry out
She sees in the seas the artist's buoyed doubt