

The Scrutiny of Logic

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{MOUTH OF ETERNITY}

Scrape your thoughts across [the Mouth of Eternity](#)

The VAST Silence surrounding my deadened tongue speaks, screams volumes
This GREAT Tower draping out into the sun is eating, devouring
Cells divide: a flaw of the divine, an eternal consequence
The TEETH of Consequence
The THROAT of Thought

The SIN of Satan taints the beauty of bliss
With crawling contagion of Demonic hiss
The sprawling flower-talk of Heaven's breath
An effortless flutter-walk, an affair with death
Ends suddenly, surreptitiously with a lifeless kiss

Nobody wishes to glorify the ignominious
Excellence bleeds in such a friendly flavor
That church be proper, is undeprecated
Supple talents valid, satiated, yet hated

...suddenly and frantically the screaming pile of fleeting wonder wrought itself
bloodingly across the vast expanse of purchase that had so sneakily hijacked the
prime swath of awareness and **knowledge** of the tender backside of the collective
and tightly clenched eyelids!
And it's all because of [that horrible maybe](#) that may be born out of the **throat** of
some unborn thought!

Silently, crispy-sharp, like the hungry, clamping jaws of living scissors, arrows of
awareness dance their wicked prance through the **scholarly** isles of life, insisting
that I see in life so very many **reasons** for everything, and very few for nothing.

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Death looms, juxtaposed in such tidy fashion as if to quietly mock!
O! Such the cruel perch!

DEATH IS ALL AROUND.

I touched it today... I looked right into its eye — its beautiful, **knowing** eye.
I still feel its stare; its frantic, desperate stare.

No matter how bad it hurts or how black it looks,
Nobody has the time to stop and **notice**.

Fear is near
The notion, sheer
Tramples my mind
Hooves, rampant, do suffer shod hide

It's strictly clear: the sheer fear is here
Swift and near, you surely hear!

Hunt, find and Finger the clever culprit
Equip the grip to grab and jab
Search, reach with menace n' ne'er quit
Eclipse a trip; grab, jab, and stab
Gravitate and perpetuate
Annihilate, don't deviate

Emaciated — thin and wasted.
Dead fish don't swim.
Current kills! Currents carry.
Dead fish don't cry — i just got the news:
My brother is dead, he died last night.
I fear i feel the fright tonight;
I know my heart will bleed this very night.
oh hell, dead fish don't swim.
I wish i'd cry, my brother's dead, he died, and why?