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**THE FIVE MASKS**

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An imbecile pound of hyde meshed by the uno sac  
As i struggled to concord with my ethereal membrane...

Curdling in the transluscent cider trance  
An idyllic cocoon in contour of feign..

The syllabic deuce discoursed my sensetrons  
Dallying in the tropic of parried light and sounds...  
The lexical chest glistened with the vocal diadems,,  
Scaffolded by a palatal drown.

The trois spectacle tear - guided my genre..  
To colonise the prodigal blinks and gazes.,  
Together; they pulsated a metaphoric obituary  
For the reefs and corals bred in cages...

The fourth sermon peeled the plucked chase  
As a siphoned pause to bloating chorus...  
Bequeathed chained miles of Thy silence  
And a crucified hymn on twilight shores.

The quinate gallery to the ores of quick silver  
Concord the embers with the frost in soporific clots  
Muse the boneyard lullaby in a shallow reverie  
To heal the ripened sunrise warts.



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