



03

THE OBELUS

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I stir my chronic querencia with my obsequious lilt in the hysterical day's sepulchre..

A blanched caesura..I resuscitate with a stibnite dream.....

Its rankling belch blushes through the simoom over my parched blinks..

I bind like the fylfot in the curtains of my gushing fear...

I am a marsh seed.

I gather the augend and addend of the hissing glares of several synchronicities ...

And fertilize the premature ripening of pareidolia buds...

Growing on the acnestis of a perpetual octothorpe....

I am a minus meta.

My lungs heave like a Kalian...

Baptising the meldrops of a perched famine...

Recklessly curling into an entymologist's creed..

Fastened at an aliferous blood swing...

I am the serendipitous solace.

I exhume my archaic obelus

For a selcouth lagom of intensities

Well buried beneath the parted charades of metanoia

I am an orphic raconteur



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