Requiescat

Hot Cross

A blessed hand to cover the cursed mouth born of faith when tiptoeing around flights of fancy informs sonic acrobatics. An esoteric words for what never held true; a complicated rite forcing an answer through. These are prayers for a sense left for dead or an elegy on the end of a life I once led. Learning that we inhabit a bedtime story, prophets whisper to fools. Footbound and adrift and losing a game for which we've written the rules. Rip my heart to pieces. Scatter them all to the wind. And it's an ironic twist of fate, this bit of hypocritical fare, when we're taught to look passed the suitable answers, watch them dissolve and not even care.

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