

Elastic

I-Octane

Assembled from dead, incompatible pieces
Livid fragments regenerated
Decomposing bits of organic matter
Brought to life, revivedA fluid, limbless sickening shape
A faltering semi-floating cluster
It's sole purpose of creation
To burst the imagination, blood surgeDefying the mold of human flesh
Smashing the wall of beliefs
A sight to bring insanity
To all dimensional realityCarved from thoughts unthought into a graphic
Visible delusion of life
A twisted display of dehumanized features
By cells reflected, refractedA frantic dancing of particles
In pathetic attempt at rendering flesh
Swirling to project the illusion
Of shape dimension and massA walking translucent entity
Void, suspended
Inviolable by all rules
All standards of existenceAn electrified vapor cloud
A skein of bone and tissue
An atrocity, a liquid form
Unshaped to the organic normMind not filled with thoughts
But a random flickering static
For a creature un alive
I'm the un human elastic

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