

# Retina

## Despised Icon

Standing alone inside a frantic crowd with incriminating facts in hand.

An imperative vision of satisfaction.

My overwhelmed pupils contain illegible mortification.

I feel the numbness of an orgasm as I leave my entire body.

Endorphins are released, generating complete ecstasy.

Standing alone inside a frantic crowd with incriminating facts in hand.

An imperative vision of satisfaction.

My overwhelmed pupils contain illegible mortification.

I feel the numbness of an orgasm as I leave my entire body.

Inside my cerebral cortex lies an ultimate pleasure better than any sensation.

Turned into a powerless corpse, I succumb.

My brain's mechanical capacity has clearly stopped running.

Restrictions of flesh...

A magenta fluid escorts my soul to a perfect and reflexive coma

as I decline within this ideal trance.

I can no longer feel pain.

I only see my blackened blood flowing out of my veins, my carnal shroud.

I'm not furious about what you've wrecked.

In fact, I want to thank you, I want to love you.

My blood flows.

But at this instant, I'm not furious.

No need to say a word.

I leave with fervor covering my heart.

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