Blur

Thrice

The shutter opens but never closes,
I am waylaid, in light trails.
Endless moments, overlaid and burned across
A melee of scattered braille.
This image is a night-terror transforming
Without the hope of morning.
My nemesis, I feel it coming for me, and it means to destroy me.
Why does this keep happening?
I try to close my eyes but I can't blink
And the world keeps moving on, black and white blur into one.
Hieroglyphic, indecipherable, opaque; the meaning escapes me.

Dry and lidless, are my eyes.
Asleep, awake - reading the slurred debris.
This image is a night-terror transforming
Without the hope of morning.
My nemesis, I feel it coming for me, and it means to destroy me.
Why does this keep happening?
I try to close my eyes but I can't blink
And the world keeps moving on, black and white blur into.
Why does this keep happening?
I try to close my eyes but I can't blink
And the world keeps moving on, black and white blur into one.

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