

Impending Embolism

Tourniquet

With fervid vocility we have perused
Through centuries of countless bethumbed volumes
 Finding little solace for our plight
 With absolute bodily quiescence
We have ponderedWhile earthenware pots are shattered and scattered
 And hanging plants mournfully wilt and waste away
Encrusted ghouls once loved and cherishedFortress and shield razed in absolute defeat
 Pining away in curious conflagration
 But this I call to mind and therefore
 I have hope...

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