

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 pondered While earthenware pots are shattered and scattered
And hanging plants mournfully wilt and waste away
Encrusted ghouls once loved and cherished Fortress 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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