

*Rhythms 2008*

Whimsy Dump  
by Josh Krause

My heart bleeds,  
As would open wounds.  
As does a planetary nebula,  
at the end of it's cosmic life.  
My heart weeps,  
Like the residual mist of a falls.  
Like a story whose end cannot be written,  
and whose endtrails poison the mind.  
My heart remembers,  
as if in cahoots with mine mind,  
like a fury whose embers continually singe,  
my souls blind eye.  
A wretched flaw digs deep the skin of this spirits coherent  
being,  
whilst this blood frays the depth of it's dream,  
continuous, this dismay.  
continuous, this dismay.  
continuous.  
A grenade that smears idyllic ideals on the perimeter of it's  
dream,  
whilst lifes absolutes dance in the tears' rain,  
repeating the dread,  
repeating the dread,  
repeating.