

Dreamscape of the Lost

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Why such bleak mind-stage where battlefield reek, a wounded cry 'mommy' a
strange arora hovers upon the wounded — moon glow blue—luminous-silver
light shivering fog, waves and ebbs like a tide across life, perhaps deciding fates.

I am lost alone ... dreams in hues of gray, hill crests etched razor-black
ensnaring light-consuming void beneath.
Hazy constellations spin indifferently.

I stir through broken-trees, forest changing with each step, untouched tree now and then,
searching for I know not, fog moist at waist level...outstretched fingers ripple new
convex swirls.

I feel the presence of a soul-sucker harvesting spirits, leaving bodies drained of
life's breath and blood. No other being present to feel slain' dead nothing...
all building blocks of nightmares.

I cannot wake to drop the curtain, nor turn away from the glance—
but wonder whose face that once was, costumed in twilight mask of
laughter.