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Untitled

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“Skin Field-Day”

Carbonic branches, onyx chiseled sky-
Industrial Winter controls my thought
But I'd be torpid ice in deep July,
And still be seeking what I've never sought.
A crippled dance I took with pretty pain,
Mocking logic, I tried another turn
And found my efforts paid for with disdain,
With passion's arsonist playing while I burned.
My open scars cannot be felt or seen,
But dwell as acrid haze within my head
Substance once gentle is shattered and mean
Where once was feeling now dwells molten lead
Lavishing love on unreceptive minds,
Will turn the eyes of joy profoundly blind

-Ian Sherer-



Christopher Hield