

DREAMSCAPE

Time flows on simple pulsing poles
Beneath thick, rigid soles
Floors twist and ripples bind
Rollercoasters whirl about the mind
Leaving only nanobits of--- one fiercely shredded line

People Run side by side
Some awash upon the tide
Each to his own refrain.
Then the skies shall slowly drain
Into some monstrous, empty plain

Now the sun shall implode to pure black
Curved walls shall stain with red
Book Chapters end without a track
Poets will be dead