

Glystroach

Remington Brown

Pray ask,
The scrawlingblack glystroach;
As she scuttles to and from that which you've forgotten and dis-
dained,

"Was it worth the toilspent and the throttle?
The push and pull to gain what must again be lost for sake of
crawling onward?"

And no those lost years minutes pas't in the blink of an eye but none
too short to visit;
For inside eyes of deepest woe shut blinds block out with shadowed
stripes
Those sneering pitchforked mobs of paranoias
Although beyond the leering soulless windows there was thought to
be a mirror;
With one and only loneliness to peer:

Dripping tears and what a waste,
To face to face your now distaste,
So yank the drawers of scattered thoughts,
And scour out a blindly lustrous new one
Eyelids slammed shut the heft of learned sameness;
Choose unsure and so live again in tessellation

(For which is new that you've already known to have discovered?)

Now crawl below beneath the glittering isles of what you hoped it
might become
And dance embasked in showers of shimmering woes of wish you
could or didn't;
Prevail despite the aching longing for a true respite yet lack thereof
For though it gazed into your eyes it wasn't meant to be, my love

And never since should have the gates been creaked apart to grind
Their patchwork rusted iron faces an open welcome to embrace

Instead be spines and bristled hairs and tooth and claw and what-
not;
A simpler task than letting concealed truths alive to breathe