A Distinct Lack Of Chill

A total lack of chill
Yet the room feels
As cold and empty
As space itself:
Vast and unyielding
A black hole soul
Defining the edges
Of what it means
To be
Afraid.

That is a cute hat.
It hides your eyes and
Shields your scorn
Do the stars disappear
Just because it is
Morn?
Does steel ever crack?
Does the white bird fly?
Are the ships upon the water?
Is this a speck or a log
That is in my eye?
Do you like to write rhyme?
Is what's yours really yours?
Is what's mine safe or lost?
Do you believe in freedom -
Freedom at any cost?
Can you ever walk back
Across the bridge
Of what has been given
And has been given up?
What would your mother say
If you could see her?
Would she say that
It was worth
The cost?

And the infinity loop
Expands
Expands to envelop
The soul
And the numbers
On your pillow
Are the combination
To the hole
That is torn
The hole that is rent
In the substance
And the marrow
Of a world which
Is bent
Quite out of
Shape
As it is turning
Out of time
For any more
Learning
Out of room
Out of space
And the diamonds
That are laced
Across the
Curtains and
The veils
Are spinning
To no avail.

And all the mirrors
That are broken
And the promises
That are open
To interpretation
Are left lacking
In addition
To their cracking.

Enough.

Time is yearning
For borders
Keys are turning

In locks that have been
Fit
But we cannot get
Out of it.
Mountains are
Not made to go
Around.
The wall is
Coming up
Rising
Out of the ground.
All these petty sacrifices
Made out of noise and sound
Are too bourgeois to prevail,
Too petty petty to lift the veil
Too lacking and too dumb
To ever move even the
Thumb from which you struggle under.
You are lost, doomed,
Cast asunder.
There is no turning back
For you.
There is no way back to
What will, will be,
And who you used to be
To you, or to me
Or to any
Who have eyes
Which see.

I must say
You have
A distinct lack
Of chill
Yet are
The
Coldest
Thing
I have ever felt
This common side
Of
Hell.