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Macabre Couch

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Macabre Couch

Lo Lei

I am sinking in a soft leather couch, drowning in cold currents
Under a white dry wall ceiling, a dim omnicolored sea
Illuminated by a placid sol, the collected animation from a screen of a
million pixels.

Its surface evermore distant and trivial as the couch carries me further
into the abyss

One arm has my cranium and another, the soles of my feet in a soft grip
I'm taken as an offering, on a valiant journey to nowhere in its unyield
ing grasp

As I plummet like an anchor I wonder

How much blood afforded this?

How much sweat poured from human brows?

This luxury to ignore my surroundings, completely.

And be jerked around by a farce...

As I lay with bloodshot eyes watching a dog kiss a girl in a pink beanie,
I speculate how many hours I have lain wasting in malcontent.