

Krystle Eilen

*navel-gazing*

i am an evening shadow;  
the day, a luxury i'm willing to refuse.

there is certainty in hoping for some valiant truth  
as though what shapes in isolation  
is a diamond force.

it is in this reckoning  
do we fashion a godhead.

though we may be small,  
a perceived summit dwarfs  
perceived illusion.

*self-estrangement*

a necessary desouling

engirds me:

the world is a cleaver

and life is a tether.

to elude these chains

is to be left crippled.

i must curtail spirit

lest i become the

fool of fools.

i must tend to my own

silent funeral.

my ashes —

a heap of my soul.

*terminal lucidity*

life is at its most restless  
just ere the knell:  
score a throat  
and you'll hear the buried shout  
denuded of its crate;  
the white sepulchre  
breached to let loose the elegy,  
chaste as a bird song mid-choke or  
a body embraced in a fist—  
a ring most intimate  
by virtue of which  
every pain is stifled and lynched,  
for life hands a plenum  
that only death can swallow.

*insatiate*

life is to be crammed down this maw;  
what difference is there between a beast  
and i —  
ourselves crucified on the body,  
inert and inflamed,  
feeling our way into any salvation  
storm-tossed, as it were, in a deep ravine,  
never mind how tenuous  
if it is enough to rend this frame  
even just for a little while,  
never mind the folly  
if credulity is to bear the flame.

*puella aeterna*

comfort has become an isolating chrysalis.

i am incubated in the womb

with a looming sense of urgency.

this warmth of the rind

envelopes me too snugly.

this kind shelter of mine has so much

for me to lose —

in its quietude

against the unceasing

passage of time.

*song of janus*

along the horizon, not dawn  
but a sun-gong struck  
at the moon's beheading.

what's more:

a sound, not a sound  
but the air  
made cryptic.

the head, not a head  
but a pulse  
gone awry.

glee, not a gaiety  
but sorrow  
worn inside out.

beauty, not sublime  
but the grotesque  
overlooked impetuously.

*blank tide*

i did not know  
what was going on  
until i saw  
the river  
drowning in the  
whorl  
of its own eddy,  
traversing the  
circumference  
of an  
unblinking eye,  
reeling against  
its own  
substance, and  
thrown into a  
pitch of  
unimagined dim.