

The Abuse Of A Muse

Dare we go down miles below the surface,
Through the cracked and gaping fissures, Through the tectonic plates to the
blackened core of our souls?

The air is close down there...
Clammy, fetid and sulphurous
Where dreams become nightmares, and strangling vines twist and knot
themselves around our hearts.
The place is flooded with colour, cold logic and every human emotion.....
We sit side by side, inside to outside,
Crying, exulting, roaring, biting , laughing , screaming kissing and dying all in
one single moment.....And lifetimes
Despite the presence of exquisite music and comfortable memories and perfect
Jungian synchronicity....
I have to live here now....
You were simply all litmus paper to me, soaking up my dark emotions,
Absorbing my poisoned thoughts for me,
Like i opened my veins with a serrated blade, and you were there to staunch the
wound,
And i gave nothing in return
For that i apologise, and hope we all get a chance to atone....
But not for any god's eyes
Only each others.