My Consciousness Wither...
My Consciousness Withers...

Cover Page Footnote
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My consciousness withers and grows old

black fog drains into my eyesockets

the rest of my body is no more

I squeeze shut my lids and open

trying to flush the dark clouds and think of what happened throughout the day

but I am unable to
I think in child-like words

the hands of my Mind dig into the barrels of words but finger-deep they tire

I fight with the doors to my existence

but immersed in black tar they fall

Pasieka: My Consciousness Withers...
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The rain trickles
Slowly
Down a lonely path
Not knowing where it is going
Following the contours
Of a faceless body.
In the darkness
Searching its way,
Along ridges
Finding its way,
Over the smooth,
Trembling hills,
Moistened
By the lucid rain.
A dimmed light
Refracts on the droplets
Of shattered
Mirror fragments.
A reflection of time
Upon itself.
Following the contours
To the rounded edge,
Stopping
Slowly filling
Far above nothing
Collecting everything,
The rain trickles.

David L. Muench

Mary Pasieka

DREAMS

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