

Fit Fate Ague

Folly you should attempt to find me

after I've ever tasted goodness.

Goodness knows as goodness does,

if only a language spoken universally.

More specifically, by you.

I thought you'd only find dust, dust settling tirelessly on your forehead.

While I waited patiently for the call, if at all it were ever going to come.

I stand, lightning rod erect. Terrible. Fictitious.

Unanimously, we agree, although there be but two in this party, on everything.

Everything being made of wax and ether.

Doesn't matter as long as we're together,

sipping patiently from the sanguine sun.

Several options later, he'll throw arms up in disbelief, "Now? or ever?"

"Let's wait together," I plea.

But luminescence loses in time, as I run out of rhyme,

instilling paper thin, but sublime corrosion.

Who thought destruction could look so beautiful?

Like anything that's slowed down to ten frames a second.

Not within itself, but clothed in time.

Train wrecks, self-wrecks,

someone will deal with the aftermath.