

Horror Vacui

Landin Swift Chesne

You in mind, I want nothing more
than ocean turmoil
deep enough, wide enough, staunch
which might suffice

this God

-Forsaken
pit of malice in my chest

(hostile arid no
extremophile crawls out.)

This taunting colorless flame:
laps marrow from bone,
or would,
but incinerates
every gift—contrivances, now I call them—

Blush of warm cheek.

Fresh berries.

Sunlit silhouette—

eyes

you give me—contrivance, that's it,

and distraction:

valueless, meaningless obstacles
delaying before the ever-sought, mythicized
effervescent, unrealistic quench!

You in mind, you in mind.