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Matt Harrison

Kiss Me in the Dark

Night's lusting embrace ensnares my wandering spirit, trapping it between evanescent destructions

denoting quasi-delusional dimensional progression—
conscious of everything and focused on the void,
i plummet into an unfathomable realm

of psycho-spiritual euphoria.

Throngs of strangers crowd my aura,

supplementing visions with parodies and digressions from the collective unconscious.

Alacrity grips my indecisive heart while i tumble between two equally disturbed hemispheres.

Stretched prone like the Vitruvian man, i bask in the whispers and looming shadows of ancestry.

They nip my soul, tugging, cajoling,

probing the succulent nectar of jaded Eucharist caught in a hackneyed blink of cognition, but they retreat into safety...

the unknown.

Questions and answers pirouette in moonless, nocturnal chess battles until earth's molten heart bursts upon an infinite canvas of uncertainty.

My corpus callosum eloped with the moon, leaving me hanging in equilibrium; incongruous images divide my attention and collide where two eyes typically become one.

> But this is hardly a typical life, and seeing eye to eye is overrated.