

Trans,
in the deepest circles of existence,

iron rings,
entrapping leftover icons,

no redemption,
for the being of solitude,

no coherence,
in the light of desire.

Corrosion,
undreamed of,
a crack in your smile,

lying eternal,
a sniper of hope.

Startling indifference,
of an ego confused,

wired to terror,
illusive, intact.

An echo in ruins,
of black&white screens,

revolves on the mirror,
of my dead beliefs.