

We are the travelers of the deep. The voyagers who don't sleep The nomads of this circulating night, the sight which covers an array of sights. We blanket the deep like masks, when reality needs sleep, we vanish the sight of the hidden for we're reclusive, un-hindering and solemn. Detectable only when a shadow dawns, mourning comes and a new death appreciates itself. A cathartic element really, we are the softness when the lost soul avenges and repels the sickening reality, we are the ones are summoned to explain as plain as we can , you have perished from the world above, lost like a white dove in snow, like a mistral show.

We too are loner's once suffered, continued wonderers and cataract spreading messengers. Yes we are the ones who tell thy dead to swim a new risk. We are the ones who blemish the sight of the old and reprimand any attempt at its remembrance. We are a memorial really, the first these Jettisoned souls confer. We don't ride in hearses for we are them. A black blanket, mobile and erectile (un-dysfunction), for we penetrate the nerving realism which needs intake.

Some say we are the dark here. The fact that others can't see, but we are just an element of truth, for we have all always been dark. We just allow the assurance that darkness is not blackness, that one neglects sight while the other induces it.

We stretch far like literal blankets spread over the sleeping question. When we get ready to invite we excite the wonderful space that dreams and fantasies inhabit, then we syringe our minute tentacles, piercing centimeter by centimeter the epidermis of the now deceased. Though they come down as dead births, they still posses their old skins, their lipid flesh of darkened mesh. Their once visible trope made hyper by another's invisible cloak. We must do the job for here is an ever changing sight and we are the messengers of first realisms. You're dead. No longer will you need that layer which once cause you so much pain, not to say though that such pains have stopped, for the way we needle you, you will soon realize you are in a different type of slain, for we create a new stain.

Nightly Blankets