

Tenebrous Rendition

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Try to guess what I am describing in this poem! Please comment, I am very curious to see what you think of it...

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

TENE BROUS RENDITION

Tick tic tick
Drip a thousand broken clocks
Shedding tiny golden hands
As wax paper sheds the rain.
Skittering tiny golden feet
Click across white ivory teeth,
A thousand children of but eight
Trickle and wriggle on pulsing flesh.
A slight spasm clamps cherry folds
Lightly on trapped writhing lashes,
Soon released again to flow
As frothing blood from slivered lungs-
Tumbling in confused tangles
Spurred by broken gusts of wind
Surging down the jutting hill,
Clinging to what may;
Light strings of blades.
Spots of fire burn in rhythm,
Tiny pricks of painted red
On honey combing pink and white
While feathered and branching slender glass roots
Pour across elastic hive.
Torn and shattered seeping windows
Refract the dark and glistening drops
Procured by thrashing tiny golden feet
Snap, click, rip, dripping
Counting the tics
Of bleeding and burning red pinpricks.
Laid still the twisted clusters
Of crumpled tinsel have become,
Mounds of scrap tarnished brass;
Haphazardly stacked symbols of infinity.
Lost sisters forgotten, 'chance never known,
Buried deep in fervid tomb,
The brethren, brood, surviving majority
Spreads thickly, mocking honey,
Producing an eloquent mask
Of shivering, chittering writhing mass.
Ticking clicking grandfather guise-
Unsteadily hung above the detached
Irregularly swaying pendulum,

Mapping it's owners anxiety
With shuddering jumps and plunges
That mock an acorn bouncing in a stream,
Bashing and crashing into jagged rocks,
Borne along by sun warmed, snow colored water.
Golden lashes separate slowly
In a jiving and striving façade of the living.
Heavy curtains are lifted silently,
A spotlight hits center stage;
Squirming and burning blurred red lines
Etch blinding blue numbers into the air,
Perdurance allows them to evanesce-
A crumbling monument to contrasting obscurity.