

Shimmer, Faltering Shimmer

These days I fall into shimmer, faltering shimmer  
Of a flu-ache, like ghosts crying out for form  
To toxically arouse my creaking house of bones

Ghouls scream in my every vessel  
And also from miles away. Striking  
At them with painkillers and heat  
Would be like shooting bullets  
Through specters or clasping moist air.

Held by pain that flees from x-rays  
And feints between lines on a doctor's chart  
I could sooner knead yeast from dough  
Than massage away these phantasmic pangs

These days I am hardly here  
For I would rather traffic on Elysian fields  
And comb the smoother shores within  
Where for brief moments tides of peace  
Might blend my crumbling castles back  
Into that polished lushness of their birth