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Bugs

Tyler Brown

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BUGS

Tyler Brown

There are a million little things fluttering through my mind,
Skittering across my conscience like terrified insects.
Each of them is without name,
Without shape.
A cacophony of noise rattles out of their desperate wings and hurried feet.

A light flashed into the eyes of a criminal,
Illuminates their erratic paths.
Look what you've done. Don't you see?
Surely you wish you didn't.
They don't fly away
They panic
And they pool together into pupils.
See how they shimmer.
It's the lucid black that ensnares the stars.

A dialogue between hopeless characters, held up in a flimsy charade
A saucer made of wet paper holds the portrait
And even so
It only echoes a conversation,
Chattering. Groaning. Laughing. Crying.
If only we could see what we carry.
The terrible little beasts.
Still.
Hold onto them all or you are nothing.
Rest is for the lost.