

unwound

there's a certain kind of poetry that soul-exists and sings—a lyric of the soul that scars as its lines lacerate you from within—rather, it screams in muted agony; duct-tape deliberation. i chose silence rather than suffer the probability of the song taking flight into the otherwise silent night.

an artist has to do what is necessary to keep their new masterpiece a mystery, you know?

or

the stops one either .end the in not matters it but ,understand really don't you maybe intrusion of voices echoing a cacophony of moral hedging, or they realize that they will plummet into the black mold abyss of madness, the cerebral choking on spectral spores in

a solitary

spectator's

sport. i chose silence, yet i can hear it. can you? that awful

,almost trill a ,thin-paper sounds it .clicking not...no...clicking ?sound

what feels like a skitterer's wings. i think i see something as the

light flickers—

darkness is all that is left of the once embered horizon. The crisp-dry fluttering

continues

they because silence chose i .anymore it stand cannot really i—!oh...there...there over

would never

shut the hell up.

even now that shrill trill, that hellish, fluttering—a pulse almost—buzz-humming in my ear like an angry

yellow jacket...but they're over...there

beneath

the

field

,dreams of

now

night-

mares generated by that hideous sound of beetles burrowing in their brains

and

.mummy ancient an of bandages decrepit the like sanity my unraveling

i cannot resist and so i run over there, and frantically claw to find where i hid

,face their

feel them makes that pressure a creating nails my under soil the

they

might just pop, until they tear flesh. i look down and behold, within the hollow of their eyes, the Deathwatches ticked and clicked my loathsome name.

POET'S NOTE:

Written in response to Sparkle City Magic's "Mystical Adventure ~ Edition #31 🌟", incorporating five prompts: poetry, madness, lantern, horizon, and pulse.

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