Kiss Me in the Dark

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Night's lusting embrace ensnares my wandering spirit,
trapping it between evanescent destructions—
denoting quasi-delusional dimensional progression—
conscious of everything and focused on the void,
i plummet into an unfathomable realm
of psycho-spiritual euphoria.
Throngs of strangers crowd my aura,
supplementing visions with parodies and digressions
from the collective unconscious.
Alacrity grips my indecisive heart
while i tumble between two
equally disturbed hemispheres.
   Stretched prone like the Vitruvian man, i bask
in the whispers and looming shadows of ancestry.
   They nip my soul,
tugging, cajoling,
   probing the succulent nectar of jaded Eucharist
caught in a hackneyed blink of cognition,
   but they retreat into safety...
   the unknown.
Questions and answers pirouette in moonless, nocturnal
chess battles until earth's molten heart bursts
upon an infinite canvas of uncertainty.
   My corpus callosum eloped with the moon,
   leaving me hanging in equilibrium;
incongruous images divide my attention and collide
where two eyes typically become one.
   But this is hardly a typical life,
   and seeing eye to eye is overrated.