

Chamber of White

Prone to decay.

Years' shadow burgeons.

O, time, ode to thy exquisite fragility and splendour. In the steadfast act of unfurling thy palm and relinquishing that which thou clutched so intimately, one stands solitary at the denouement - disparate existences yet entwined by an identical destiny.

In lieu of succumbing to the allure of your intrusive thoughts, delving deep into the abyss of nothingness, embrace your cherished ones.

Blood-love, companions... their true worth often remains veiled until they depart. "Slit our palms open, we leak of what they carried of us prior to the conception of time," hearts chant.

Opt for forgiveness and amnesia upon vengeance.

Unify. Abstain from provocation.

In yonder room, ivory guardians of silence stand ceiling-height, watchful, just as I am- given to me my gift of milky-orbs nestled betwixt creased skin.

A bed of white, where I lie frail and tight.

Beside me, a gentleman, with all-sunrise prattling that tick and chime of an echo of eternity.

Like tender taps of a velvet instrument of a tongue. *Tick, tick, tick.* A voice, naked and memory-smooth.

Whispers soft as unleashed ribbons of moonlight, secrets unfurl from the keeper of time; "*Once I stood firm as stone, now I lay of fissure-kissed timber elderly aged, a relic of yesteryears, a haunting sorrow like an unused baby carriage.*" I absorb his chronicles as moments drift by, narratives that stave off monotony.

Anticipating the faint groan of an opening door, yearning for a final glimpse from my own flesh and blood. I waited. I harboured sincerity to that of hope. Still as the veiled drapes.

"Abandonment, a paralyzing choked embrace, whether by design or ignorance. Perhaps they were unaware, the candlelight in our eyes extinguishes without warning."

Fragile, I turn face to face in direct confrontation with the man, realizing I can no longer linger. I can no longer endure, capabilities of a drain.

"Memory used to be carved of alabaster, now fragments of your stay will be engraved of what cherished blood remains of you."

A tale he weaves, a soothing, gentle spell.

In whispers low, he tells of days of old,

Of love and loss, of stories yet untold.

His hands, they gesture with a graceful air,

A man of poise, a being so rare. A lifeless man of timber.

Yet as the hours pass, in the corner stands a grand compartment- its ticking tongue.

Not a man of flesh. Its presence here, a sweet refresh, a dancing paradox. A gentle mere reminder of time's ceaseless march- a sound.

In this quiet room I ephemerally remain wrapped in layered whites, where peace may be found.