

Monographia

How many nights she spent, howling and desperation at the Dead ivory.
How many days spent, in desolation, crying out to the unhearing eggshells.
How often she's so soon abandoned all life-giving dreams.

An ignorant defiance, the leaves yellowed to her innards, spewing out.
Through times gentle embrace, the pale companion disintegrates,
Reflecting confused, frustrated, tangles of words,
Moldy and fragile.

Why then, she wonders, did she neglect them so?
Why was the tome so forgotten, whilst enjoying far more enthralling endeavors?
Like an arrow, shooting through reeds, such indulgences
Never marked the albino companion.

Though the ghostly wings surely knew what a dangerous past time such things were.

Perhaps then, it's story would seem reasonable, normal even, if included on the pearls.
This pitch, scarring bone, depletes the woeful touch of hysteria.

Perhaps, therefore, she'll continue to feed each gnashing tooth
A churning concoction,

Containing morbidity, melancholy, hopelessness, loathing,
Love, and Life.

—*Amy Plough*