

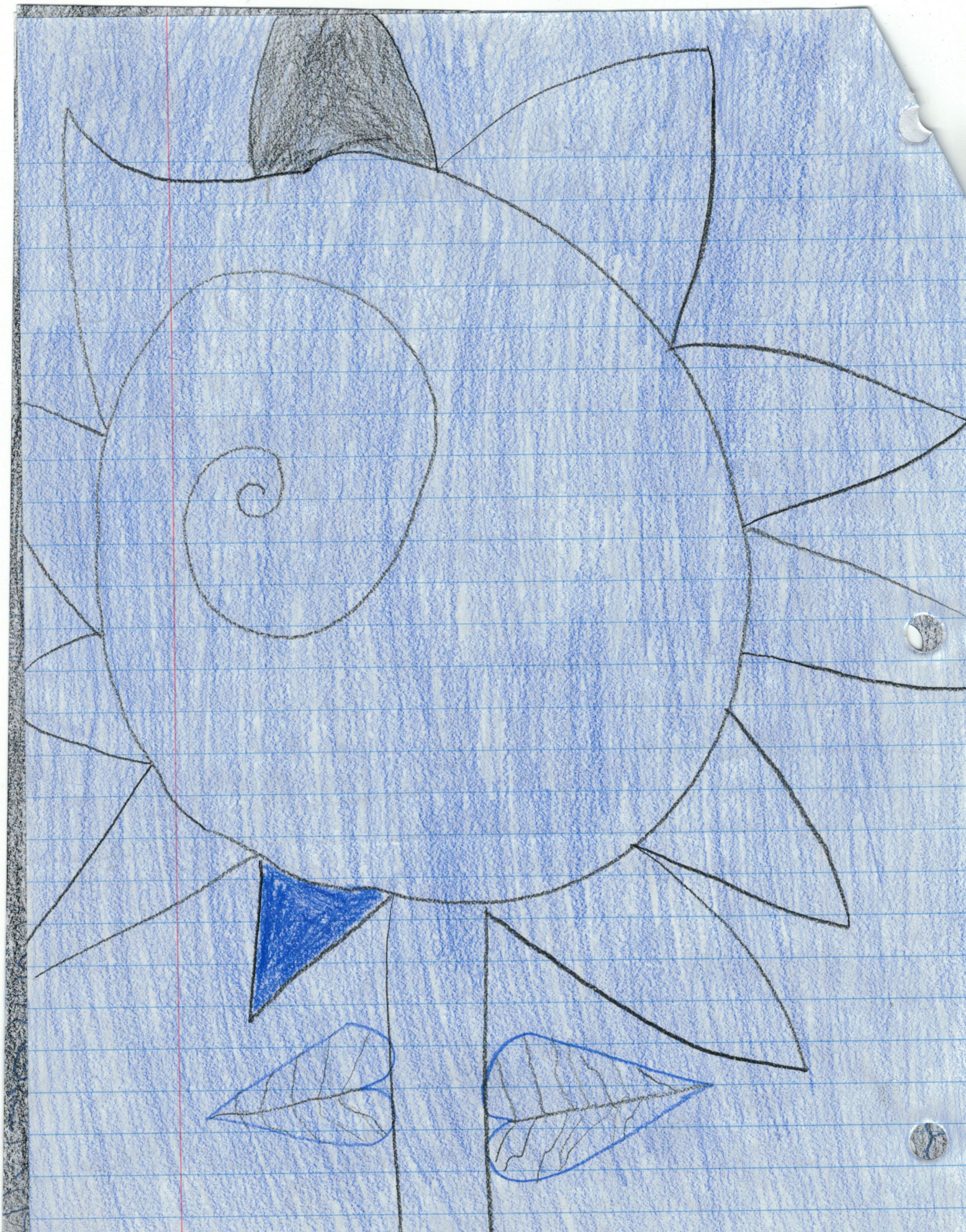
Mycelium  
of the

City of Blue



By

The Ammonite



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of the  
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The  
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Feeling slightly woozy today,  
It must be the Stars of four in the morn  
Contain a potion for drifting  
For I'm shot out of it, like I'm melting

The Slippery road, the lost sky,  
Lost somewhere beneath my eyelids in sleep  
Come out regularly in day  
Except my look cannot pin them, they float

City of the night, plain in day,  
No more bewitch with blue hopes and dreams  
I gave up long ago my thoughts  
To the changing ardors of the day world

Unhinge from my mind the palace  
Where nets are slowly cast;  
Let the torrent of my mind flow  
Over darker blue streams.

At the bottom of the Ocean,  
Like a body of coral stuck to dark,  
Changing tides, chop, Flaying Seastars,  
Engrave the order of their sea changes.

I woke up today, set about  
The lists and the segments of hour to hour,  
Aware that I am still drifting  
From rock to rock like claws on the seafloor.

Ah, guess I will look up today:  
Those few swords of light are today's event;  
Now I can recollect myself  
And return to the business of scuttling.

I saw iridescent kelp once  
In a deep blue tide pool;  
It was limp and bent by the tide,  
It threw off coats of light.

Buried again under my dreams,  
Falling, they dissolve, I'm always alone;  
So black the isolation is  
I'm stuck, I'm trapped, I'll never

Hope has walked out of my eyes now  
They close on fields as empty as my mind;  
Is this what I wanted along?  
This lonely life of work and pointless toil?

Young, too young to think about death  
And yet early aware of its presence;  
Do others my age think like this?  
Or do I think alone my morbid worries?

I know that time will sweep me down  
Wail under the ocean  
I can feel the drift and cut ties  
Worsen, worsen, worsen.

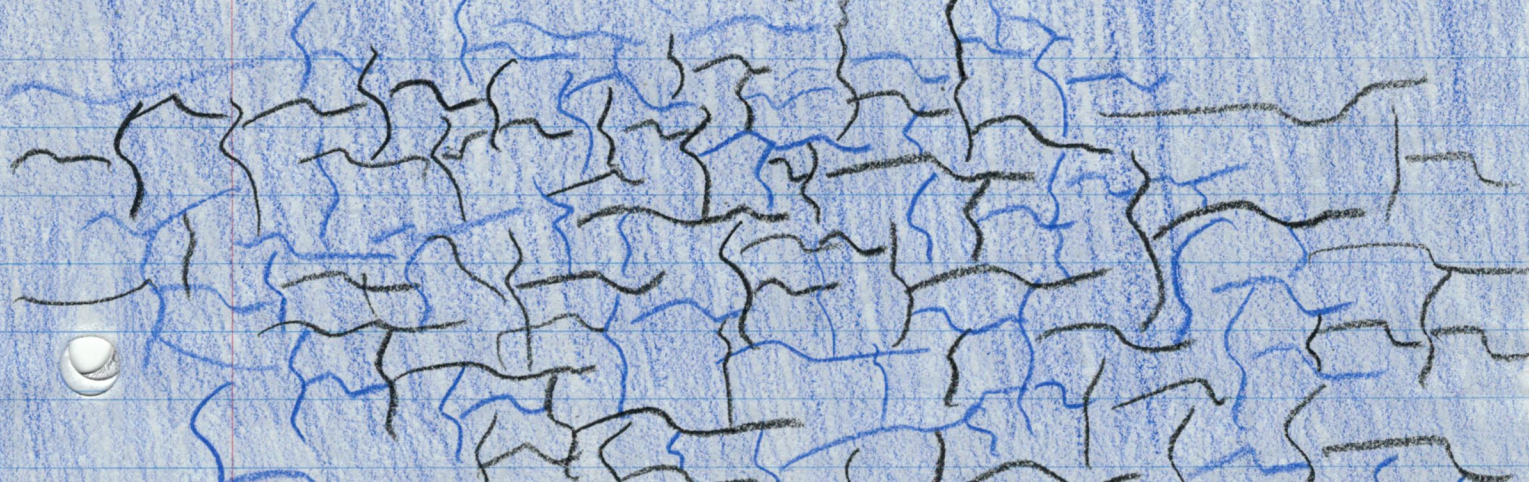


What thread of discourse links this blue?  
I think that Separation is a lie,  
That lies lie together apart  
And that truth, a music, links everything.

Is it true: one blue repeated  
Begets the entire flock of colors?  
That from one color-desire  
I can wrench the shape of the entire world?

Dark blue, black, midnight blue, answer,  
To the call and gentle tug of my heart,  
That as one of you leaves behind  
Words, the other color answers with heart.

For I know your shades will evolve  
Into deeper rich hues;  
And that the molts you leave behind  
Are left for deeper blue.



It was seen after I Fled the palace  
On a narrow empty suburban street  
Its boughs were supple, thick and striped with black  
Like the sheep-white bark of a cypress tree.

Nothing stirred in the canopy, no breeze  
Shook the boughs, but the leaves, white, green, nictitate;  
I saw in their flutter crescents a hope  
That the sludge behind me would fade away.

That peace could bloom out of my eluded nightmare  
(No pursuit from the palace ensuing)  
I stopped and woke in the core of the dream  
To gaze awhile at this godsent tree.

Now where I go it stands for me,  
Lines many avenues;  
Now I know night from dreams erode  
And so I hope for you.

