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Poseur

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Poseur

I confess what I did in the tombs and the displays, and how I filtered the reports through an hourglass.
I admit to turning out the green light in the grapes.
I own up to emptying the squid of its ink.
All because I conceived of a rope with a noose at the end of it.
And I imagined an alchemical tide smothering the shore in gold.

I am not even the corpse at the end of this idea.
I tried to refill the night, but my eyes were open.
The two ends of the equator unraveled as I tried to cross.
The peeled apple took its skin back before I could eat.

Stars swept up their rays and the Milky Way poured itself over the rim of the planet rather than be named on my maps.
I awoke and was dead, so I decided to take my own life, and ended up alive after my self-inflicted demise.