



CONTRITION UNDELIVERED

Author's Notes

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Dewlogic

Making Reading Worth Your While
DEWLOGIC

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DEWLOGIC
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SCALE

The mind of fools essentially triggers
Sweet nonsense trivial in kind
And delivers in time, forged, derailed
Evidences of lives un-captured, unkind
A scaling range against a backward trail
The lies come undone
Against a backward trail

- Triggers may sometimes apply to the echoing within void, or the emptiness a wave may display when an unwilled source triggers its displays. And by unwilled here I mean unconscious.
- It is possible to have a medium that captures life as a testament of history. It is impossible to have a medium able to capture life as a comparative medium.
- Trails may come in different shapes. Some may be straight and some curved. But unless voided in between, trails can always be traced backward.

TALES

A bird flew up the waterfront
And a wave dragged its tail
To catch the tell tale wings
Swallowing its upsurge take
Deliver its life in short
The bird sang a lonely song
Tuning the wave apart
Rendering its slippery slope
Down to a slave's enclave

- Tales have many origins, the most ruthless of which is to cover up a crime.
- Waves can sometimes be composites of truly broken rhythm and broken rhymes and never a straight line unbroken
- And to catch a tell tale you must un-wing it and strip it naked. But you already knew that.

UNDELIVERED

Rendered, undelivered
A rhythm grows apart
A phantom in space
And as a finny
It replenishes its place
Coming up short
Life, art, incomplete
A rhyme is to follow
A rhyme is to follow

- At some untrained distance excitations seems like deliveries rather than that delivered. In neuropathy, they're weakness of kinds, usually of extremities.
- Sometimes some things are rendered undelivered although witnessed. Such, may be the rhythm and the rhyme.
- You must be wondering what I'm wondering. What follows the undelivered?

ENERGIES UNSPENT

Dreams are bent
Punch codes of errors
Flashing lights deemed exterior
By their very plight
Their origins at length
Are margins at best
Breathing fires
Triggering lights
With Energies unspent

- I believe spending indicates expenditure, something the subject invests in; unless flying ostriches freely give golden snow flakes from heaven's reserves. That sometimes happens. Does it?
- I do sometimes wonder how margins may be best defined.
- Errors are unwilled discharges, are they?

REVIVAL

A revival is sought
Drenched in fury
Against an Abysmal incline
Inside the darkness cloned
And the revelation
Reclaims its soul
An empty drain
A fabric apiece from itself
Never restrained
Dressed in deadly misery
Solitude grieves

- Inclinations especially from an emotional sense are things someone may ceaselessly want to do. And may not necessarily mean something someone is capable of doing.
- You must wonder as well; something separable aside from itself makes for what?
- Is grieve an emotional display?

WITHOUT

The world doomed the many
To the diligence of creeds
And without intelligence
Its contrition screams
From schemas to elegies
Signaling pathways
That nothing is doomed
But that which the poor
Must steal a plenty
Without

- I would think something that is ascribed or allocated is without rather than belonging. The lottery system is ascribed without intelligence as with intelligence it will be a steal.
- It's sometimes funny when people scream without any reason good or bad. If those afflicted with neuropathy were to scream, would their screams be perpetual?
- Intelligence indulges a brain stem without which its processing is lacking.

DEATH

The death of a virgin
Knows its becoming
Quiet and chaotic
As a beginner's plight
Never the revelation
For the Myelin Sheath

Its plentiful edges
Knows its deadly spring
As its own making
The transcending reduction
As product, as life
As pleasure, as pain

- If death was comparable to that of the deflowering of a virgin; what may resurrection be?
- Revelation; that which brings to view what is unknown?
- I must confess I often wonder what knowledge there is in death.

POLYCHROME DRAG

As a loose knitted chain
Life affords a longitudinal drag
And I chased it down the drain
To find a splinter in a needle stack
And a non rhythmic pace replaces space
It is the technology of space
It's anthology as shame has a name
And the self within a self
Spoke a trillion different tones
Unable to conspire
Against a self-less hack
A colony was built
Within a losing vault
Before the drag came to waste

- A splinter is from a wood, a needle is metallic. I thought you should know.
- It's amazing how many anthologies shame can produce when it's best ability is to keep on calling itself.
- I will ascribe "waste" to something that requires a conscious witness to enable rather than its being its own consciousness. To that I will ascribe a nominal value, never an extravagant one. Sometimes things like this have ionic value which is not nominal. But in terms of bytes, that is, when this is rather mechanical or machined rather than ionic the value is nominal.

DISCORD

A self, a same
A million different leaps
And the accord deflects
A noble thought
Towards the infliction of shame
An ignorant mile
Degrades a thought
Never to be walked
Dragged as a Camelback
Long drawn and drained
It relinquishes its fate
In solitude

- I stand alone. How does you?
- An ignorant mile is that which is walked without a solitary effort.
- I believe a noble thought and a degrading thought have digressing pathways.

THE SENTENCE

The epitome lingered, echoing past the silence of the brim; was it perpetual, as some black hole in the middle of spring would the re-fermentation formation of some ancient technology revive it, or be it cataclysm un-revived?; the epitome lingered, and the void remained voiceless.

- There is the presupposition that there isn't a generic hybrid for an epitome. Sunflower proceeds in spring must be monumental.
- There is the gradual perception of time as that of perpetual motion and it makes me wonder what it's all about.
- In this day and age, formation as much as production gets skewed and the renewal process becomes a mystery or an apocalypse. Both are monumental works of nature nonetheless. Cataclysm, it seems, has as much beauty in it as the world in doom as well as an uprising which may surprise the present state of the world.

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