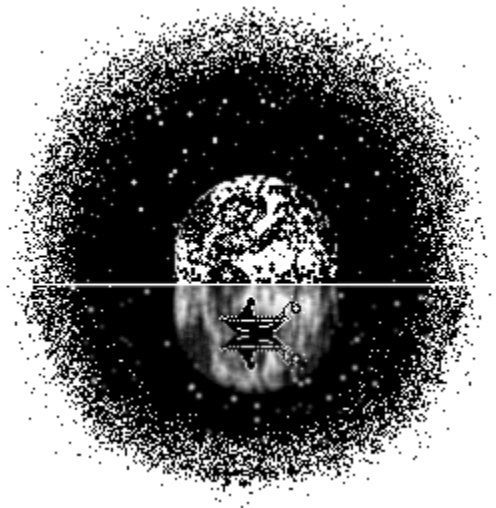


Silas in the Lonely Sea

University of Wales Trinity Saint David

S i l a s i n t h e L o n e l y S e a

a Quiet Tale of Poetry



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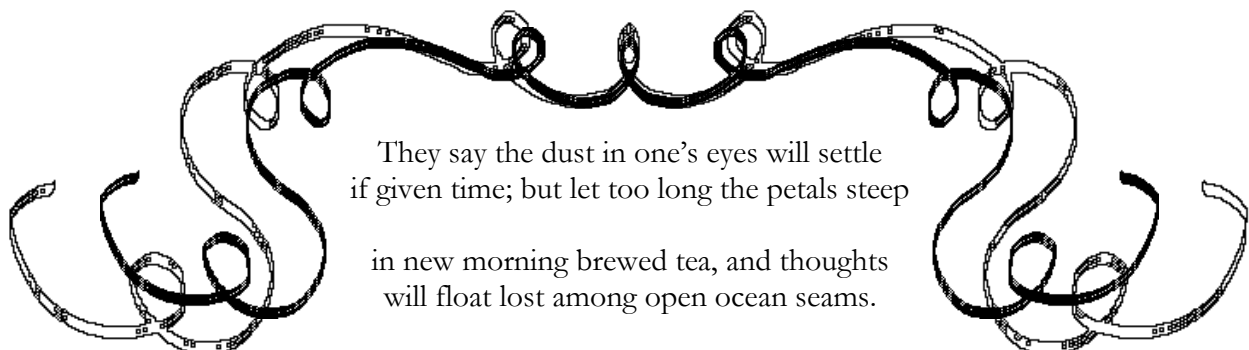
Silas in the Lonely Sea

*Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.*

-William Butler Yeats, 'The Stolen Child'

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East

*Life's a cycle it seems, we trap ourselves
between brief scenes; hearken to darkling thoughts,
tadpoles in the pond disbelieve the frog.*

*And yet I still know nothing, and nothing knows me.
Ghostly I endure, continuing on this seam.*

I

Belfries under cold moon light
stand still and shine high over
sea. Like skyscrapers they graze
the night and tower long, reach
through the seams. Serene they sleep
above the deep while vessels
float lost in own dreams; nearby
fair light amongst sea song flits
between a stitch of weeds. Low
amid the creeping clams, sights
are blurred from underneath.

Yet bones still speak, a young jaw
creaks, *Was it a dream? Am I
asleep?* Limbs afloat a salt
filled sea are soaked with rotting
bits of flesh that sit and age
in darkened tide; but then waves
break, and maimed corpse sways along
the rested water's waves. Sprites
now flee, their light leaves; shadow
drips its heavy eaves, dew unto a withered hue:

*Blanched being... Find the Mildew Mother. Dark
is your heart, but you must not flee. Blameless
cannot be used to describe thee. A star falls. Go East.*

Shadow sinks and while it sets
a seaweed palm it touches
light the broken ship, and with
chip fixed the corpses whisper
peace; these bloated, tranquil
beasts within this sea. Silas
peers at bodies, touches scars,
frames of bones surround the sea;
*vessels are a perfect place
for maps*, Silas thinks, smile cracks.

This creature weeps, then heads East.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

II

Unseen
within dreams
an island waves weary
on the horizon, Silas travels
frantically. *Will there be trees?*
Will the dirt, again, be beneath my feet?
But Silas floats, no earth sticks between this creature's toes, and so

unseen
creature drifts
across the island
shaded by trees. Silas travels
silently. It smells of lavender,
picnics by the sea, holding hands
between overgrown palm trees, sweet. Silas wants to stay

unseen
by the insects
who judge those
that are not clean. Silas travels
cautiously. While tending each leaf
that passes between, a dead caterpillar
is perceived, then another comes and feasts. Cannibalism goes

unseen
except by this one,
but what justice is there
for surviving? Silas travels
indignantly. Every speck of dust
clings to light that passes through
tree tufts, looking for meaning; fruitlessly. Frustration builds, *is there nothing that can make me be*

seen
by a fox, careful
and keen, discerning
a ghost with hope
of finding another lost soul
to make him feel less alone. He sinks
his teeth into slow rotting fruit and lurks towards Silas, hoping to stay

unseen
for fear of evil
things; will this one leave
him beat, bloodied in the streets
again? The city; it looms distant, but close
enough to taste, candied artificial light. He slinks,

Silas in the Lonely Sea

wondering if this creature is like the other silent ghosts. *Please don't let me be*

seen! He has been seen!
He drops the fruit and hides behind a tree!
Maybe they will forget me!

Fox, slinking between the tufts, can you see me? Silas pleads,
I am so lonely.

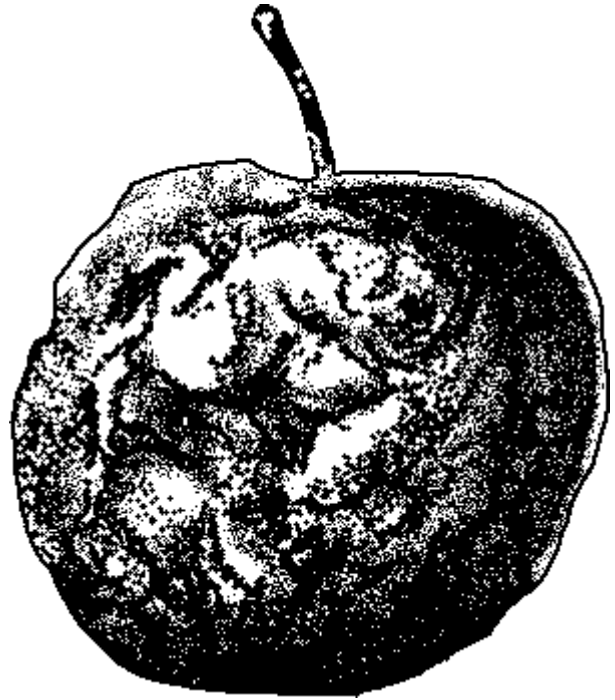
*Lonely, he peeks, what do you know of being alone?
Silly little ghost, I have dreamt here for years
with no hope of being a host to all those who float
unknowing of what it is to be with me, I promise
I bring goodness! Yet, I am a fox with no sense,
not without the help of another to give me theirs,
and would you? Perhaps you would, then maybe...
Now tell me, who are thee?* He cackles nervously.

This creature ponders
at the fox's strange words,
but is only glad to be seen
by more than the cannibals
that live in these woods.

*I am Silas, alone I have been
since I was thirteen, I believe,
I can't remember much more than that
but would you like to travel with me?
I'm looking for the Mildew Mother you see,
if you could guide me, I would be grateful –
you can even have my being! I promise I won't hurt thee!*

Can I? He scoffs, *Alright
that's easy, we have a bargain is seems.*
At that he dances and flicks his tongue
along the side of Silas' cheek. For a moment
there is warmth and Silas' stomach feels filled
with green tea. *There is a snake in the South that brews from his mouth
vile potions, intelligent he must be! Let's go and see! But I will not swim,
a boat we need, lets take to the city! Please, go ahead of me...*

So, off the two go towards the great city
but Silas can not help but still feel lonely.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

III

Sun filled trees drip
with dew
the morning is heavy.

The ghost and the fox
need a boat,
to the coast they walk

quietly. Awkward tension
rises all morning;
the flowers below their feet

feel nothing but envy. Silas speaks
first, silently, *is this the way
to the city?* The hum of a fly surprises

a gullible ear. *Yes, we are almost there,*
The fox replies, *only a little more
then our feet can be at ease. Soon you will hear*

the deafening buzz of the city. Again, in silence
they walk; the wind sings through
the bird coloured trees. Another question comes,

Do you have a name for me to call thee? Silas looks down
sheepishly. The fox stops, takes a moment
to watch the ghost, then like a raft he drifts away

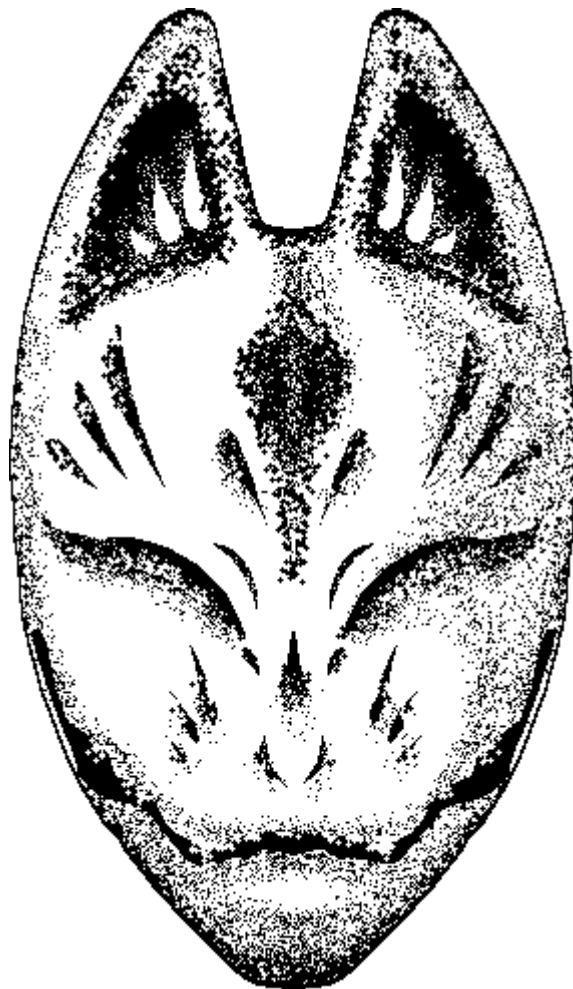
into the woods. A few minutes pass, Silas sits on the ground,
silk grass surrounds. An hour leaves, and is lost, empathy
for this time wells in Silas' mind. A puddle trickles into a nearby

footmark. Tadpoles are displaced. Suddenly! Birds flee! From the trees
the fox returns with an ash covered mask between two crooked
teeth. Silas is embarrassed, tears stream from cracked face, they stay

in silence too long in each others' presence. A bird chirps valiantly. Light cuts
between them from the opening of leaves. The fox finally speaks, *This is my mask,
I took so long because it was far and lost. You can have it now, the crack down the middle*

upsets me. My name is written in between mouth and seam. He smiles large, too large
for his teeth. Silas clutches it. The mask resembles him. Once the ash is wiped away it gleams
orange and blue. Below the small nose a smile is engraved; off-putting and strange.

Silas flips it around and sees behind the mouth:
Happiness.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

IV

The city approaches. Slow
the two walk. Floundering
along the lamp-lit path
towards far metal sheets

of glass. Happiness recoils
into the shadows cast; giant
towers stand before streetlights
that illuminate their path. Silas asks,

Should we turn back? Eyes brim,
they fall to the fox scamping
below. He shoots back with a sour
laced *No*. A gust of wind strokes

a cold nose. Lucky Happiness
can not smell; from the city it carries
iron and salt. The taste lingers calm
in Silas' mouth. Dirt turns to stone,

it is close. Eyes housed
in apartments blink slow
at the troupe of two. Silas has no clue
but Happiness notices, so along the edges

of ferns he hides. Until they get to the gate,
an apathetic thing. Grey and solemn
among stone walls. Home to moss
and falling stars of dew. It is so beautiful

this hue; Silas can not help but feel
at home, refreshed, anew. Happiness
does not see the same colour, *only grey*
lives here, he thinks. *Let us be quick*

and find what we need so we may be purposed
to leave this place! He tugs at Silas
to hurry through the stone streets;
but too enamoured by colours,

sweet artificial light, Silas stands still,
mouth open, fingertips burning. Faces
empty of eyes pass by, Happiness
runs, the sight is too frightening.

Silas is again alone, bathed in street-light spotlessness among hollow faces of eyeless ghosts.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

V

The light spills down, *does it?*
Warm
it is warm
Silas feels warm among cold snow,

it falls sticky and slow, *does it?*
Warm
still warm
Silas ponders warmth among cold

snow that floats fiery, *does it?*
Warm
it is warm
crackling warm empty pit among

cold snow that covers, *does it?*
Warm
still warm
there is warmth kneeling down

among cold snow; Silas sits in spotlight
underneath a metal tree that hums tenderly
a quiet, elusive thing called Electricity.

An hour passes, *does it?*
No two
now three
but the light suddenly breathes out,

then retreats, *does it?*
A man
or a shadow
the air feels like cotton now. Softly

night lights flicker above the snow
covered streets where they first hold
hands among slow falling sheets;

muted and deaf he embraces a small waist,
with warm hands catches Silas' turning face;
in the dark, thumb rests on a quivering chin:

*What a sad little creature
your eyes are not yet hollow
you still carry your features
your face is soft, how callow.*

Silas in the Lonely Sea

He grins with a static filled melody that caresses
deaf ears out of a velvet dream, tenderly.

*My name, Electricity.
You are unlike most other
ghosts drifting in this sea. Why
are you here? Pray, tell quickly.*

He lifts light body onto uncertain feet
Was it a dream? Silas stands, holds
the shadow close, neither one lets go.
*It was so comfortable under that stream
the warmth seemed to understand me.*

*Passion can be such a trick
you see. Warm and tender, yet
it may consume thee. Careful
of the time you spend with me.*

Large thumb sits on a blushing cheek
lightning bugs burst from the shadow's seams.

*But oh, you are so handsome
little creature of the sea,
up and down I watched your breast
as you breathed deeply from me.*

He rests his lips close to Silas' head, holds a naked neck
between bent fingers that wrap around each comfortable crack.

*Do not allow me to take
every bit of thee, I will,
my instincts are too heavy.
I'm sorry. If only you had*

*Happiness, then maybe, slow
I could digress. But alas
you seem so sad, I want you
and your skin, like silky grass.*

He licks a bead of sweat,
Silas trembles, desperate.

*Do you wish to feel my breath
upon your breast? I'll give you
warmth, little creature, doughy
sweetness of the little death.*

Silas in the Lonely Sea

VI

Am I too young for death?

White lilies bloom undeterred by the snow in the lamplit grove.

Death can come to everyone

even if you're not undone.

You may feel too young, afraid;

it does not discriminate.

Am I okay with this?

Smoke rises from fireplaces; the tops of chimneys breathe from one another.

Death can come to everyone

whether you want it or not.

You may feel unbearable;

lean here, I won't let you rot.

Am I allowed to feel?

Fireflies frown at the snow-covered ground, searching for warmth to rest.

Death can come to everyone

including you, little one.

You may feel unworthy now;

I will change that, you'll see how.

Silas sat on Electricity's lap through the sudden snow upon spring night. Now they speak calm about the little death the shadow wishes to gift; he strokes Silas' back. Goosebump-laced spine trembles from his breath. It is tender, fresh. A callbox nearby rings, sudden in the empty crowd. Plump

worms feast on fallen ghosts that lay bare, others shamble up and down quiet streets. Silas wonders, *Will that be me?*

Is it already? Am I them, Electricity? Trampled nearby,

a songbird dies. Even through movement, the air is still

and weighted with sighs. The shadow creeps inside.

Your being is your own, now

in this moment you are here,

but perhaps before you were

there. Who's to say what life brought

in other moments through vast

sea. But for now, little one, come

and stay with me. Let us drown

at ease in warm reverie.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

The callbox continues, rings louder, far
in the mist it sings. Silas leaves to answer
it, annoyed. A familiar voice springs soggy,
laced with seaweed. Coarse and full of reign.
Do not do as he says! Loudly it pleads,

*This is the wrong path, you mustn't stay here
long. All hope is lost to those that give all
to impulse, Electricity will take
everything away, all will be for him!*

*Listen to me, child, you are important
to me. I would give all myself for thee,
my being, my seaweed! You have the mask,
Happiness! Do not let him consume thee!*

At that the line dies and Silas returns
to the shadow's side. With a sigh
a question is asked, *Did you come inside
to give, or to take?* Silas' breath stands abashed.

Stillness sits between the two, lightly the city becomes a darker hue.

*Well, even then, I want to give everything
to you, you know it, don't you? Am I only
a piece? Do I fill thee? Have there been others*

*stood beneath this metal tree? Yet, you
did warn me. I have spent too much time here,
you cannot have all of me. Goodbye, Electricity.*

With that said, Silas puts on the mask
of Happiness, and turns a shivering back
to the shadow that made empty stomach
endure ravenous. The desire still there,
bones become bare; every knuckle afire.

*Ah I see, you will not be
like the flickers in this sea.
Please, take my mask too, along
with thee. Do not forget me.*

The porcelain is laced with delicate things;
soft shells, beads, and string. Silas takes
the mask nostalgically. Their time will be
mute, embedded in nighttime memories.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

VII

Happiness hums wistfully
among the snow-covered greens
that haunt nearby hollow streets
full of ghosts that do not speak;
within reach, a willow tree,

branches creep along a close
stream. He sleeps. Alone again,
quiet, he does not pretend
to feel regret, want amends;
he wants to suckle sweet yolk

from the ones incapable
of enjoying existence,
the ones like Silas, twisted
skin with delicious wishes;
Maybe I am blameable.

He drifts off again... Then slowly
it begins, an itch, *Could that be a tick?*
He feels the desire to go and find Silas.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

VIII

Sun cracked dawn
a yolk spills
over the horizon

two legs walk
through landfills
three birds talk

to a wilting creature
four pecks still
from losing features

five ghosts scream
a beehive builds
six wasps feast

together on a hare
seven bones still
sit in mouthy velour

eight foxes accomplished
with great thrill
nine dead without knowledge

nearby anthills breathe
ten more steps
a creature with no lead.

*Those ghosts scream; are they looking
for sympathy? Someone to take them
from their knees? Fill them up with purpose,
or maybe just break their seams so they can live
precariously without grief? Am I a reflection
of them, or them of me? I miss Happiness dearly.*

*Ab! Where have you been! A friendly voice screams.
Did you call for me? I'm here again! Let us continue our quest!
I'm not sorry I left, you were being silly,
what did you do without my wonderful wit and fun tricks little kit?
Oh? Is that my mask you have donned on your head?*

Silas gives Happiness a tight hug around the neck,
Well, I met a man, actually a shadow it seemed,
I breathed deep from him, and so him
from me. He gave me purpose for a moment, the ability
to just be. Silas' eyes fall to the leaves,

Silas in the Lonely Sea

*but it was a lie apparently, he wanted all of me. What does it mean
to receive the "little death", oh sweet Happiness?*

*Oh geez, I can give you more than that,
let us find a boat, forget that man, okay?*

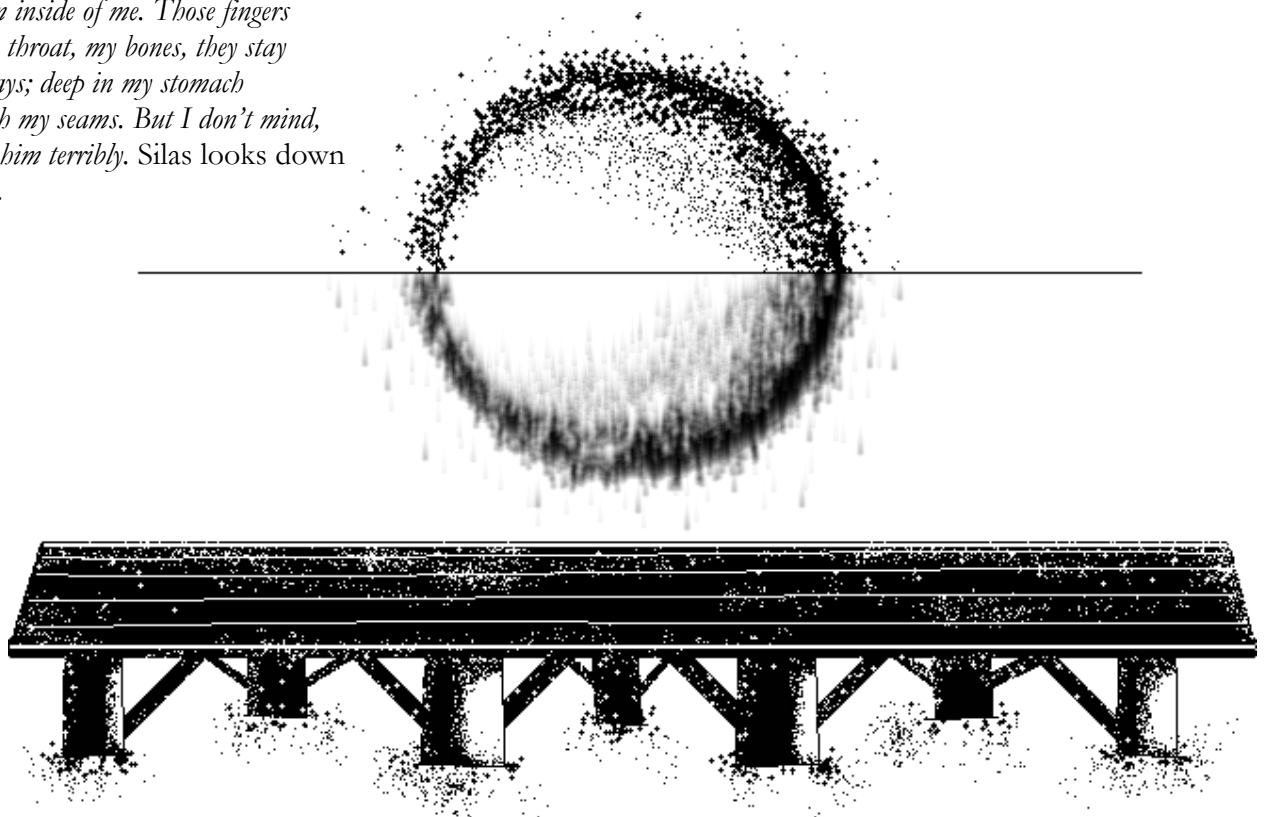
*When the bells sound four times
then maybe you will be free! Oh,
that is just me being silly you see.*

*Keep my mask in hand
and remember who I am,
Do you have his too? Keep it
with you still! Collect every one*

*you see, then maybe you'll feel
complete, though I must admit
even coming from me that sounds*

*quite obscene, Happiness jumps
into Silas' arms, onwards
past this absurdity!*

Quietly Silas speaks as they walk to the wharf in the dawn-lit streets,
*But he is with me still, you see, wherever I go
I can feel him inside of me. Those fingers
crept into my throat, my bones, they stay
with me always; deep in my stomach
they play with my seams. But I don't mind,
truly, I miss him terribly.* Silas looks down
shamefully.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

IX

City streets are streaked with lines of green, red, and blue from neon signs
the precipitation blurs every line, casts shadows, caresses stop lights
softens each crack in a city filled with clocks on each block
that welcomes those who want to spend their time
near unpolished machines that constantly scream
from fear of being used so much, *please stop*,
they shriek. They do not give their consent.
Still, the ghosts use them. They do not
even know that they hurt themselves
together. Made were machines,
They did not ask to be.
Happiness grieves. *Please, let's go to the wharf, I can't stand this place of disease. Poor ghosts, poor machines.*
They did not ask to be
machines. Together were made,
they even know that hurt. Themselves,
the ghosts, still use them. They do not
give their consent. They do not. They shriek,
please stop, fear of being. Used so much from
unpolished Machines. Scream constantly near that
want. Who welcomes those that spend their time
in a city filled with clocks? Each crack softens on each block
the precipitation casts shadows, blurs stop lights, caresses every line
green, red, and blue of neon signs are streaked with lines from city streets.

Why do they stare at those things so adoringly?

The ocean creaks beneath
worn-out docks at the edge
of the city, buildings exhale
heavy in the distance, filled
with ghosts lit in brilliance.

*Forget it Silas, you're best
left off of this thought
Poor machines, poor beings,
both ruled by Time it seems.*

The ocean breathes with Silas' toes in the sea
this creature again begins to feel lonely,
When will I be? Am I ruled by a machine? Who is Time, and can they take me to the end of this dream?

Silas in the Lonely Sea

X

Am I asleep? Silas asks Happiness
while pulling on a tattered dress
of cloth that covers bits of flesh
that Silas does not understand.
I feel displaced, like my bones exist

*in my throat and my skin is lit
afame by every word in this shallow
place I feel as though in the sky
and my body is not mine I want*

*to exist even if in a body full
of cysts to squeeze them clean
and within find meaning deep
in the pit of my stomach,*

*to see a reflection and go
'ah yes, that is me'
'and I am It'*

Am I asleep?

Clouds sip static from the sea like wine. The ocean demands
sacrifice. Drunken air whips around docked vessels, the quay

begins to bleed; pieces float into the sea. Silas sees
dawn stars behind the leaves of trees, the clouds float recklessly

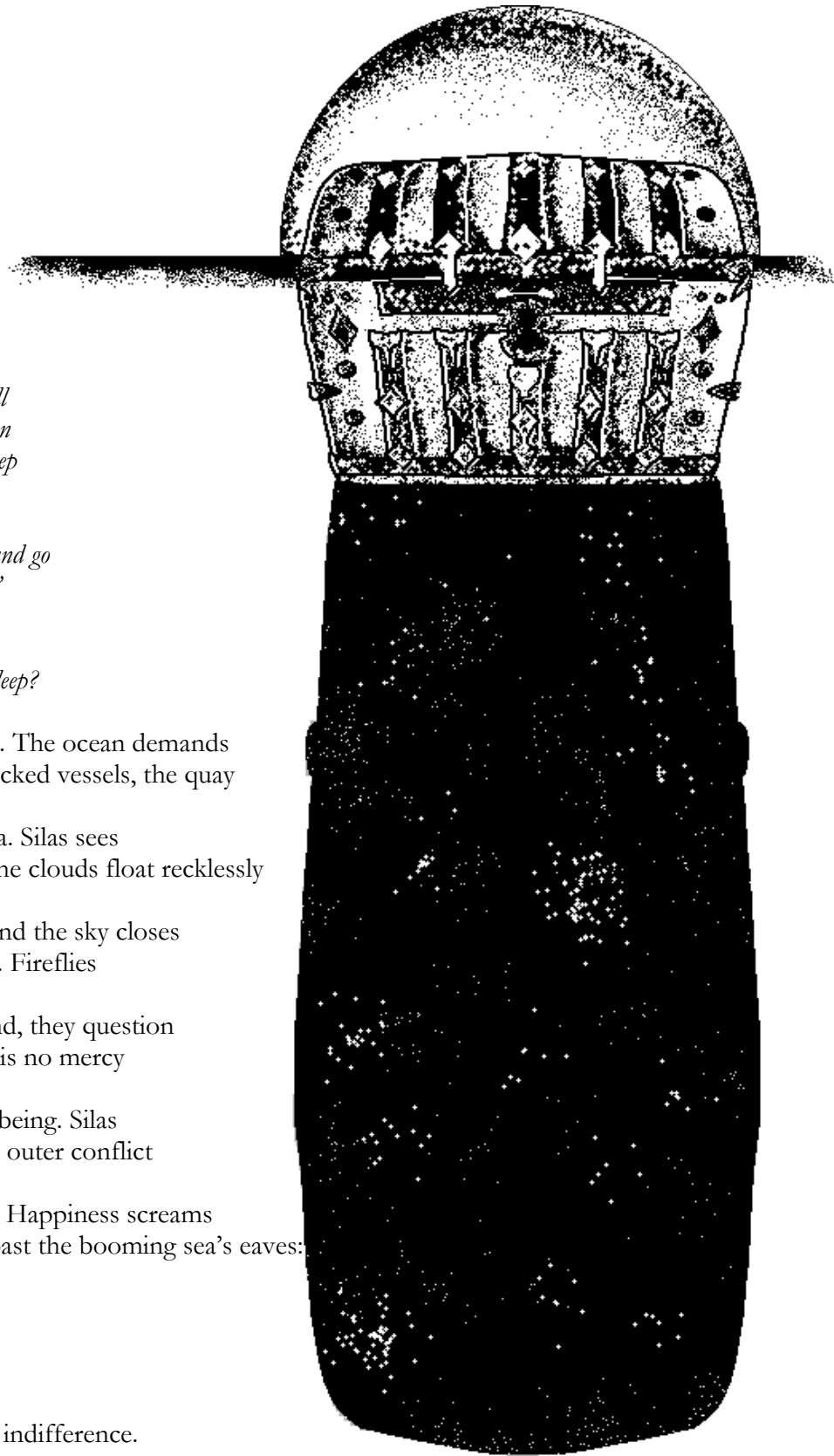
before they bend to the ocean breeze and the sky closes
entirely. Darkness covers the blind city. Fireflies

struggle against the angry breath of wind, they question
pleadingly, ask to be set free; but there is no mercy

from the hunger that submerges every being. Silas
struggles, a vessel can not protect from outer conflict

when the war is truly within one's skin. Happiness screams
far above the wind, clouds, and trees, past the booming sea's eaves:

*The mask! Electricity! Wear it
and he shall be a part of thee,
don't let him consume your being,
Control the desire he incites, I plea!*
His last words were stitched, a tinge of indifference.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

XI

When the birds become quiet
in hollow lit brilliance *What have I done?*
among dandelion seeds; *What is this scene?*
Please don't leave!

That's where you'll find me,
sipping salt from the sea *Was I not strong?*
among dandelion seeds; *Are you under debris?*
Please don't leave!

C'mon Silas, let's eat sweets,
dance together silently *Do you hear me?*
among dandelion seeds; *Happiness?*
Please don't leave!

A fox. Pieces,
blood lights the grass,
a skull lays; smashed.

XII

The darkling sky sings stars to Silas. A body is given,
it floats in the marine, the ocean
is heavy with grief;

the stars on the sea regret to receive reflected blessings
of flesh, and shaggy tufts of fur
that smell like grass.

What happened? Silas asks, *It just did, didn't it?*
Oh Happiness... Please stay with me,
I'll never forget thee.

Silas dons the mask of Electricity. The air breathes lightly.
Three leaf clovers cover the ground
near Silas' feet, where life

from Happiness shelters every crest of grass, *Wait, what is this?*
Silas notices a small chest, *Maybe it was left*
by Happiness? Inside a tiny blade rests

a sword to cut a path through the next task. But before that Silas sits,
sad bliss covers a drawn face. Dandelion dust
relaxes in Silas' hair. They stay there.

The darkling sky sings stars to Happiness. A body has been given,
for what is a body to a fox with no sense?
Silas sits in blood; silently laments.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

South

*Kiddish body may be gone yet quiet
breath still lingers on my lilac scented
rhyme-less voice; it enters me, not by choice.*

*The sea pushes my seams, you propel everything.
I find you, places I could not see; breathtaking.*

I

The walk back to Silas' broken boat
was a long trek, but the vessel waited
patient on the coast at the opposite
end. There were ships on the eastern edge,
but they had all been eaten;
still Silas sits, empty space adrift

along the sea stuck in forgettable
dreams, masks held in each hand;
Electricity – fond of Happiness,
Happiness did not feel the same, a shame
that too much impulse, uncontrolled, murdered
the only friend Silas had ever known.

*I was wondering before you died if all the ghosts feel the same as I,
a lamp with no light. I'm beginning to think our skin is an illusion,*

*a shell – it hides some core within that embraces a secret trove
of familiar things, belongings lost when we grew from young beings,*

*a way to feel solid again. I miss you. I still feel you. I know, you're here,
I still feel your tea-kisses. I'll find a way for you to stay, don't leave*

*me quite yet, okay? Silas wears the mask of Happiness. Is it a trick?
This smile I now wear on my lips? Should I pretend you're with me, white*

*little lie, one that will create a light in my eyes to shine for a short time
in this sea that covers everything; will you find me in this dark reverie?*

The ocean becomes a breeze. It carries
Silas back to the beginning of things,
where belfries haunt the dead that still don't speak;
the chipped boat creaks beneath Silas' feet,

sinks slowly but not enough to fully drown, then
once, the bells ring. Floating bodies scream jealousy
before the sound quiets down. Silas is turned South;
below the seaweed squints, then sleeps.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

II

Sandy beach, yellow
stained with sick from sea

rainfall, drips echo
hits church halls of keys

Silas creeps, seashore
crawls, with face in filth

sends hands high, corpses
bloat beside door, milk

flesh falls from eyes, teeth
holes bleed, uneasy

Silas creeps, hallway
filled with keys and grease

candles light the sides,
bones sit wide and meek

fetus petrified
sits in jar, oblique

Silas creeps, dead hall
occupied disgust

between prayer shawls
in candle glow dust

rests, broken lectern
caresses stained glass

Silas creeps, a spectre
eyeglass covered mask

hunched over cauldron,
burnt flasks, *excuse me*

sir? Eyes a coffin
blink, hisses beastly.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

III

Silas hears soft things sing, but sleep
is slow in depths chained to metal
beam in hot filled crypts. Velvet is
pulled under liquid licking feet,
buried body beneath church hall

breath hangs. Metal, no sound against
skin, *but where did Happiness go?*
Inside Silas' teeth, or bones?
Snake calls down a hall; *Perfect. Yes.*
Perfect. Perfect sample, so rare.

*Usually see the puppet first, and then
come to me – how intriguing! Your hair.*

*Your hair! I must have it for my skin,
I'll shave you. Shave you! Shave off every sin.*

*I can see it. I see it... Not hollow yet
inside. Inside you! Your hands are sunsets*

*coloured with red. Where did you think he went?
A breach of trust with fraudulent intent.*

Perfect. Perfect. Perfect. Just for Choler.
Silas fights. The snake peels skin from muscle
with a knife. Screams are muffled by sound playing
on old family cassettes; throughout halls, children laugh.

*Let me see. Let me see your skin, a-ha!
Beautiful betrayal, justice where no*

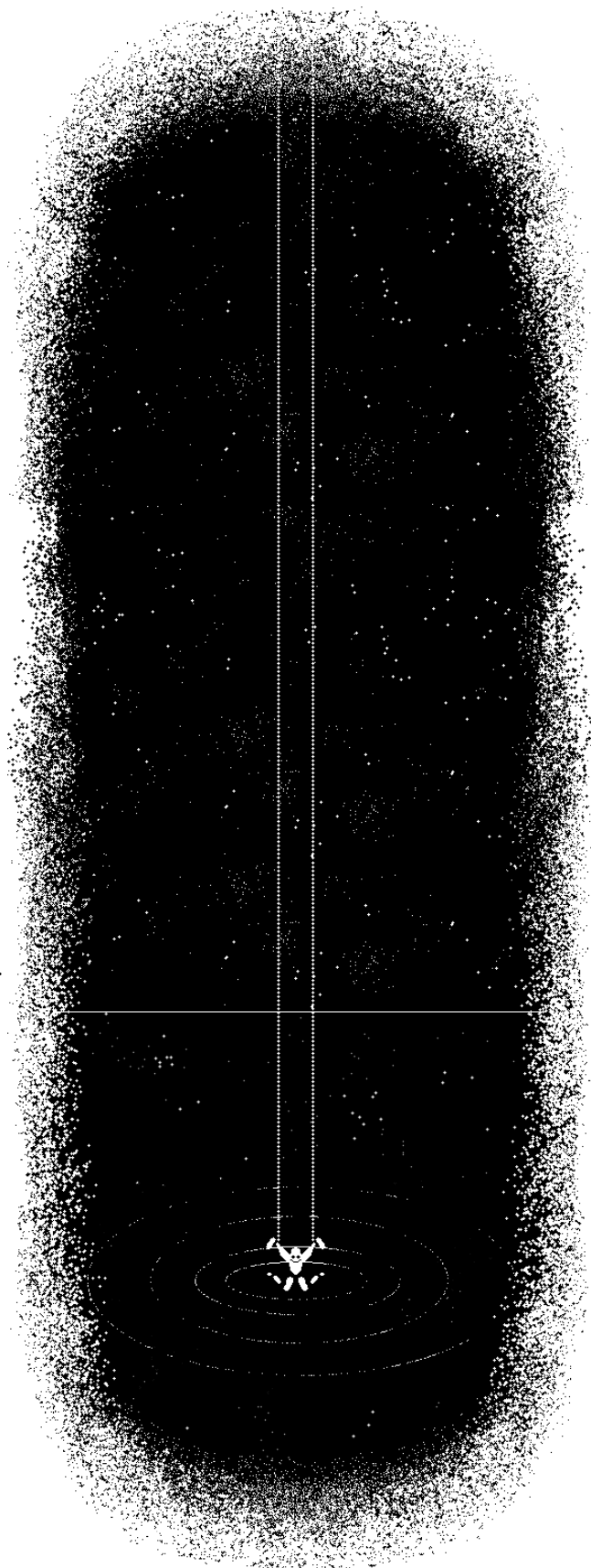
*justice seen. Justice! Such a stupid fox,
thought he could make a ghost like you unlock.*

*So selfish! So selfish you see! Every
time is frightening! Frightened! Your memories*

*are such delicious things. Where is Time now?
Can you hear her drag her violin bow?*

*Does she push against your chains? Sickening,
sick! Sick I say! You'll be back here again*

*someday. Someday. Let me play awhile,
guts! Maybe I can end your sick cycle.*



Silas in the Lonely Sea

IV

*Lies! Lies! Everything is a lie!
I am revulsion! I am tainted flesh! Spoiled meat,
my teeth are rotted skewers filled with pus;*

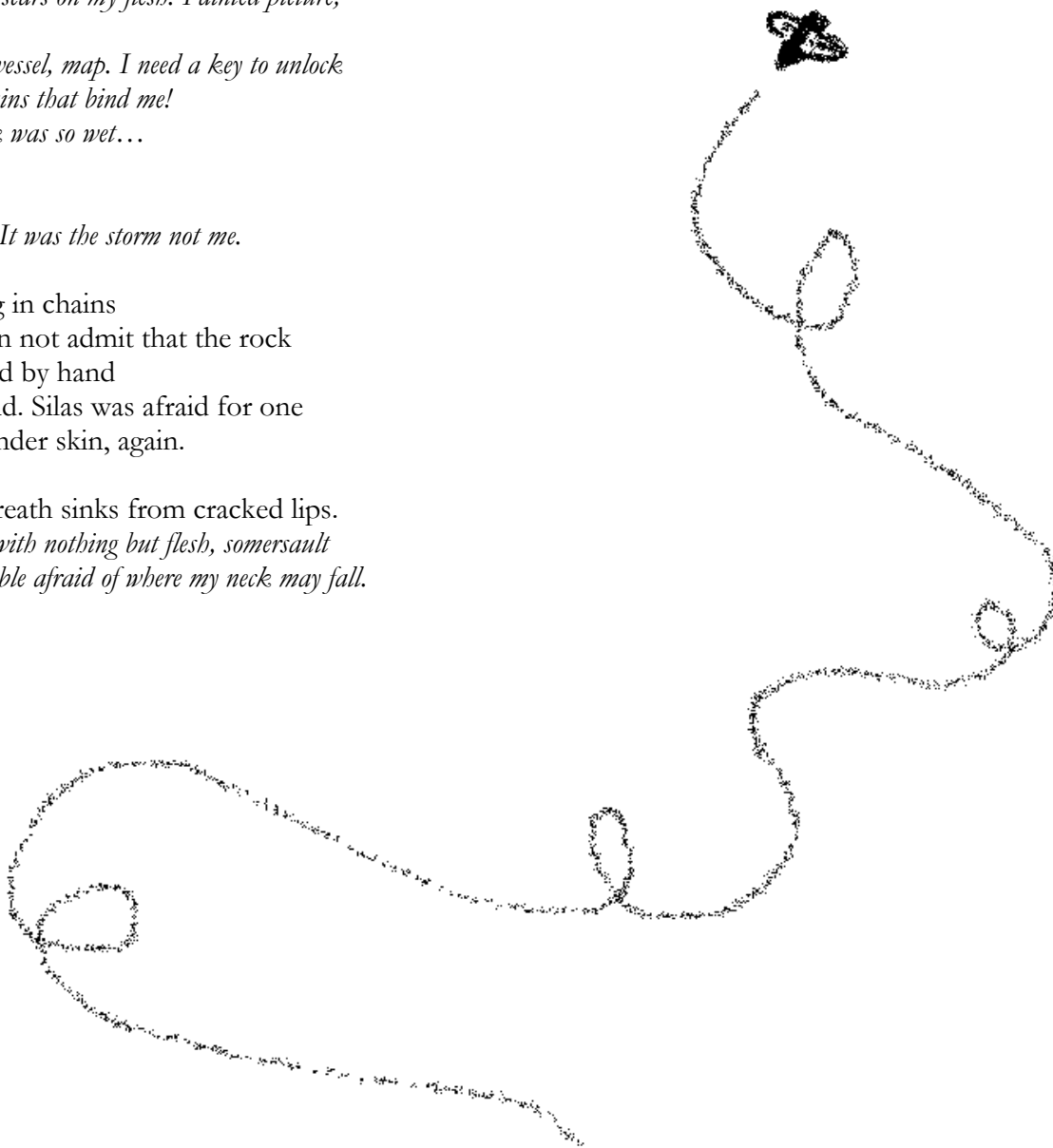
*they paint every bite I take when that snake feeds
my almost hollow face! The chains have left scars,
so many scars on my flesh. Painted picture,*

*cracked vessel, map. I need a key to unlock
these chains that bind me!
The rock was so wet...*

*did I?
No, no. It was the storm not me.*

Shaking in chains
Silas can not admit that the rock
was held by hand
not wind. Silas was afraid for one
to be under skin, again.

Silas' breath sinks from cracked lips.
*I'm left with nothing but flesh, somersault
mid tumble afraid of where my neck may fall.*



Silas in the Lonely Sea

V

*A cat came the other day
it watched me as I sat in my chains
such a judgemental little thing.*

*It had said something
and I wondered what it meant
'the end of us, or maybe*

*the beginning'. A cat came
the other day. It watched me
as I sat in my chains. Such*

*a judgmental little thing. Yet
what it said stayed with me,
for months I sat and thought,*

*I watched the cat in my dreams.
The chains don't hurt anymore
it seems. A cat came the other*

*day. It watched me as I sat
in my chains. Such a judgemental
little thing. I pondered at its claws,*

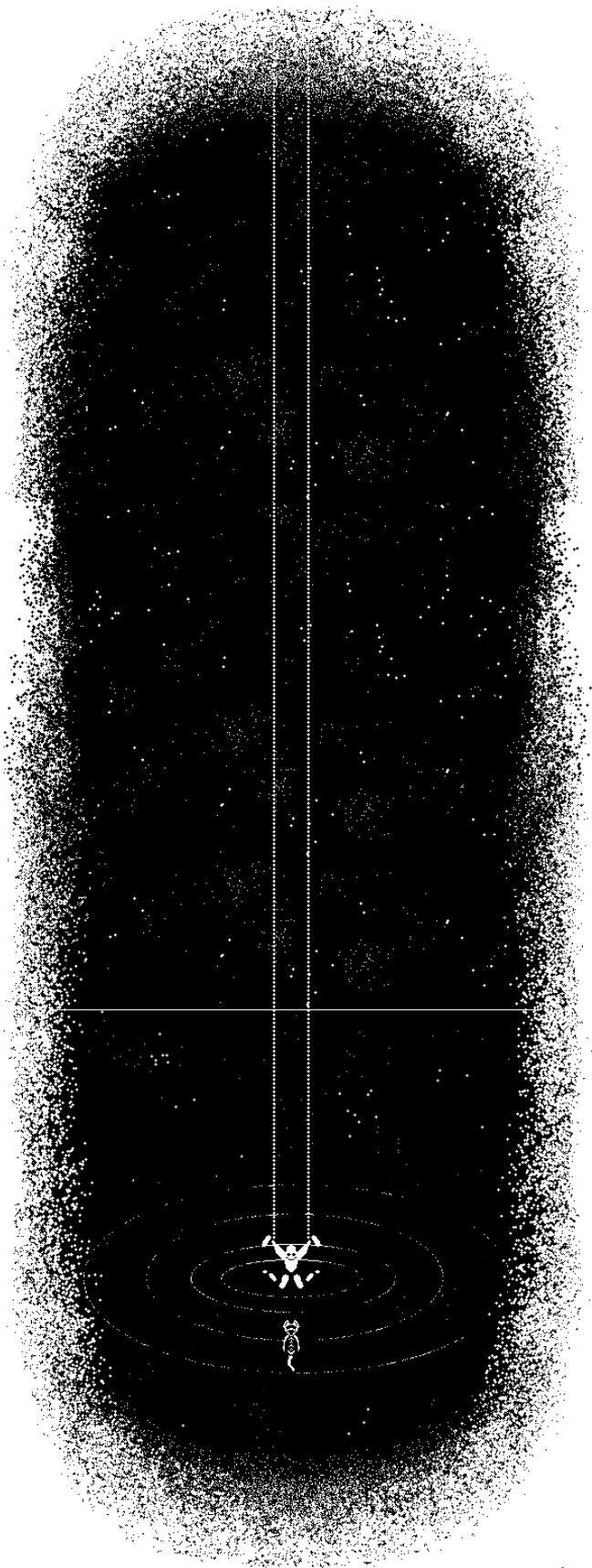
*could it take me from this plane?
I'm tired, I thought. Are we one?
Am I simply in everything? A cat came*

*the other day. It watched me
as I sat in my chains. Such
a judgemental little thing.*

*It did not pass rule over me
but seemed to think I was a pitiful
thing. It sat for hours looking over me.*

*A cat came the other day
it watched me as I sat in my chains
such a judgemental little thing.*

*And I wondered what it meant
when it said we'll meet again
at the end, or the beginning.*



Silas in the Lonely Sea

VI

Silas stared into snake eyes for months
and slowly fell in love with the gaze
that accused Silas of being many things;

It was the truth, at least in this place.
you've already killed once, do it again
the seaweed water twists, it hums:

*he does not understand, you had to let it
happen, at least just a little, else you
could not have controlled your nature within!*

*I tried to warn you then, but was too late
we had to work with what we had! You are
not dirty, little one, the filth has washed*

*off long in the sea. We must leave. The sword!
Happiness left you a gift, now use it!
When you get a chance take his mask and leave!*

Another day comes and the snake silently sings,

*Filthy thing, covered in mud, cum, and brains.
Filthy filthy thing, covered in blood stains,*

*when will you look? Looking for meaning still
in object beings. Objects! Sleeping pills!*

*Are you angry yet? Do you remember
it? You can't have it this time! Mask, an ember.*

*Useless, disgusting being. Ruled by Time
still it seems. Go! Go now! Go! Be a chime!*

*Next we meet, next! I hope you do better,
I hate your kind, pathetic! Still bitter,*

*in circles. In circles! Circles! You keep
making the same sick mistakes as you weep!*

*Do you even remember the other
yous? Ones with lighter hues, many others,*

*young before the time of ... Of course not
so quick to forget, hungry abstract thought.*

Silas in the Lonely Sea

VII

Creature loveless for so long
covered cracks and empty songs
from throat alone in sing-less
tone, pushes help into deep
throes. Beings blame the outside
things, circumstance inept,
but it could be only chance.

Creature panics, chains are raised.
But I deserve to be in this place.
Where I go I might not take
another look at this damp
home. But in my seams it may be
slow, so I can never hurt
again. No friend nor stranger's
skull will take a rock from hands
so slight. Do I deserve again,
Silas creeps behind the snake
as alchemy bubbles, sprays
wack is laid upon the brain –
not enough to break the skull,
just to make him quiet, lay.
Mask is taken into palm
sticky, wet, and putrid psalm
written inside porcelain hull:

Have I been loveless for so long
that when I felt it, I ran along
side of river, deep dead joyous
stream? Did I fight it, floating,
and kill it, for fear of warm
and the anger that it comes with?
This makes no sense, I hate this space.
Not sure how to leave this place
in one piece without regret,
creature sits in seaweed lake.
A simple cell, it makes feet rot
soggy, putrid punishment;
Choler speaks in backwards thought,
in creature's mind the words ill wrought
mask is needed to move on.
a chance to make more mistakes
with my small yet dangered hands?
I will not yet kill again,
nor will I be beat. Choler
had what I wanted, I needed it
to be complete. Slow I am,
I'm sorry dear teacher, though
I will learn from your discourse
when I return, I'll be good.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

VIII

This mask is red and covered in yellow
biled skin, it sits in palms that quiver
with anticipation. The hall echoes
with the last breath of Choler. Like liquor

it pours against the walls, a blank shiver
to the creature who wants to be better,
Silas laments a quiet laced whisper:
How can a voice so loud become dead air

*from just a single movement? And yet there
again, I see you twitch! You're still alive,
right? Choler? You, alone, are my saviour,
you can't die. You have shown me the sunrise*

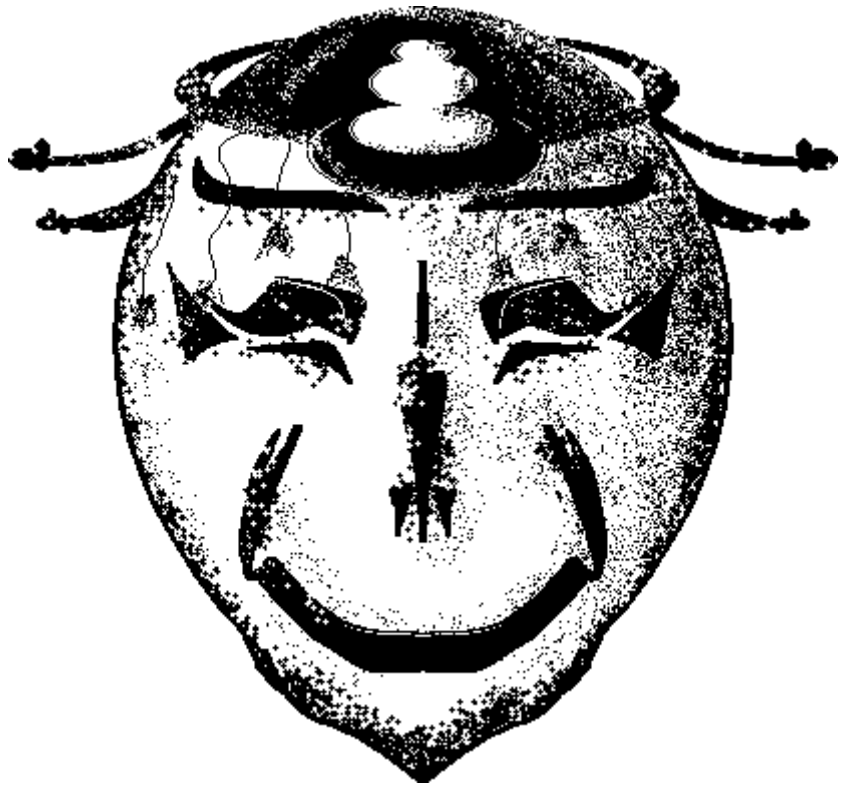
*that lives in my nature. The heat that comes
with being a creature. I accept it,
dear teacher, so how come still in my lungs
a different hunger sits? I'm molested*

*by intrusive thoughts that leave me restless,
I want to tear your skin a part. Did you
feel this? But you did not leave me breathless,
how? I need this burning to stop! Silas drives*

the mask into Choler's peeling skin,
*No... No...! Okay! It's okay!! It really is
okay! Look! You still twitch! Alive you must
be! Yes! I see you breathing! I must leave!*

The alchemy set filled with blends fizzes
near the body of its master. Both rest
in pallid velour. Quiet, snake twitches,
drowned on blood. Cassette, distant and bereft,

lingers with hums of childhood laughter.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

IX

Silas escapes from the body filled place
and runs along the coast with lungs unlaced
into a quiet hidden cove. Sand almost sticks
to Silas' glassy toes, but still off it slips:

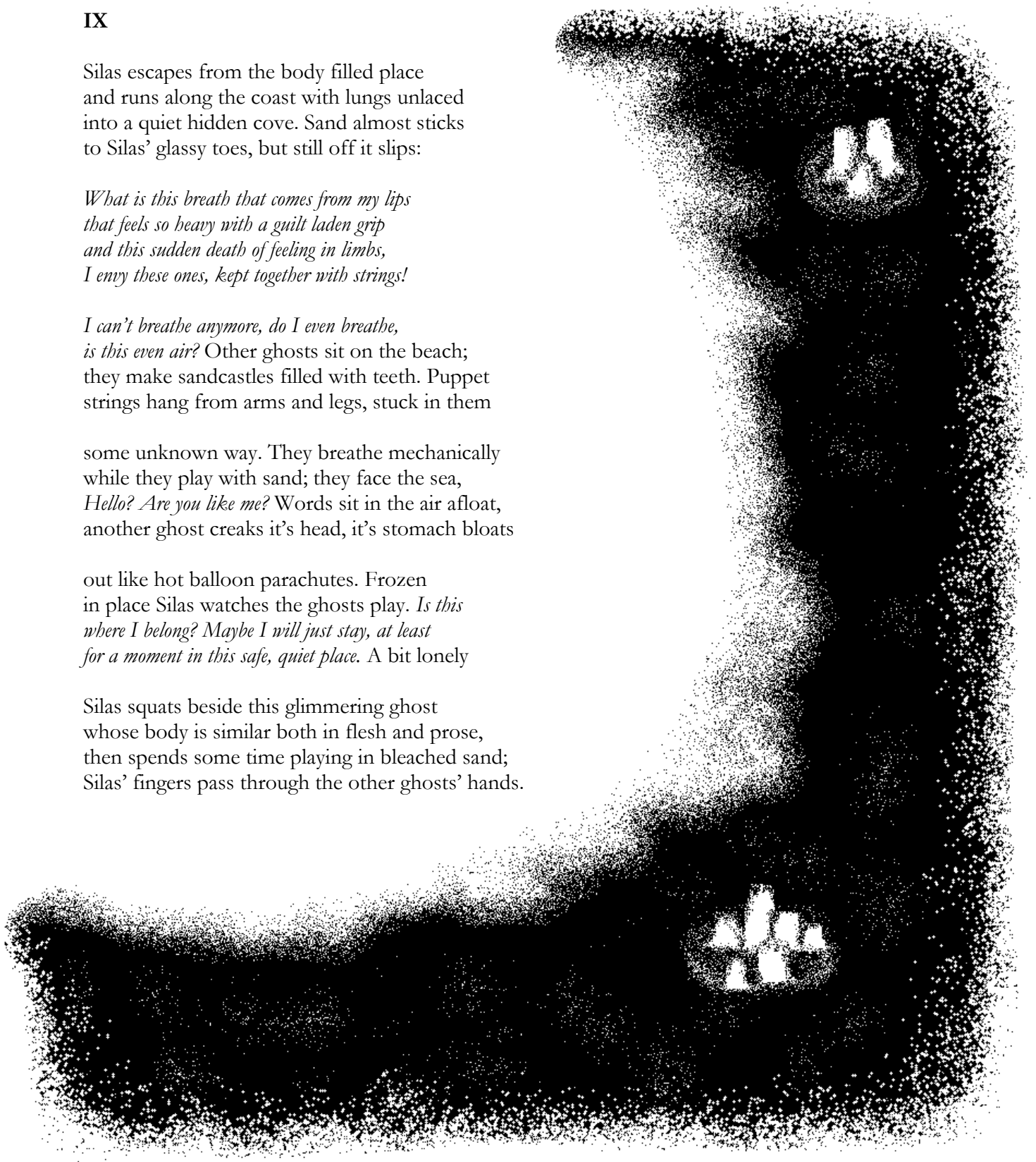
*What is this breath that comes from my lips
that feels so heavy with a guilt laden grip
and this sudden death of feeling in limbs,
I envy these ones, kept together with strings!*

*I can't breathe anymore, do I even breathe,
is this even air? Other ghosts sit on the beach;
they make sandcastles filled with teeth. Puppet
strings hang from arms and legs, stuck in them*

some unknown way. They breathe mechanically
while they play with sand; they face the sea,
Hello? Are you like me? Words sit in the air afloat,
another ghost creaks it's head, it's stomach bloats

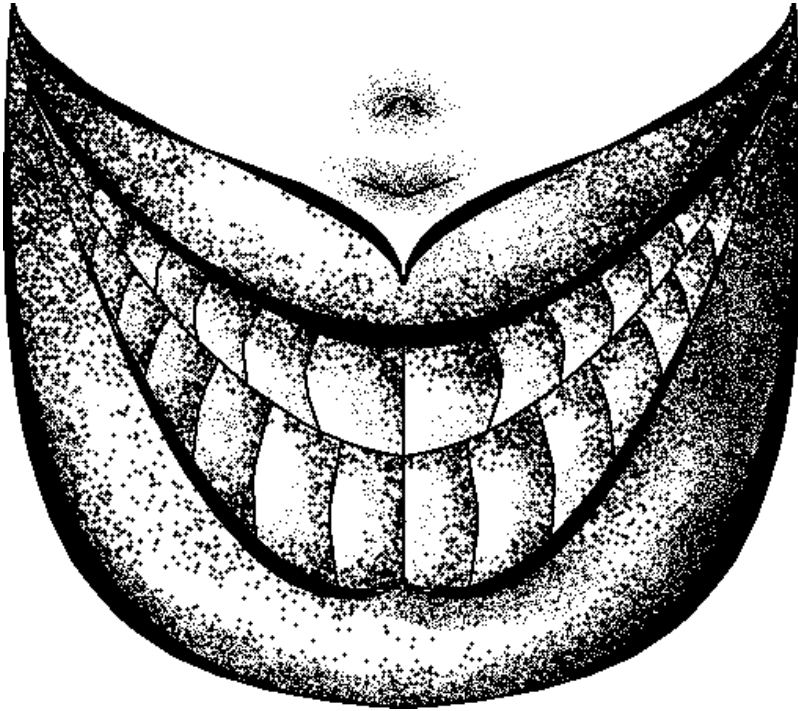
out like hot balloon parachutes. Frozen
in place Silas watches the ghosts play. *Is this
where I belong? Maybe I will just stay, at least
for a moment in this safe, quiet place.* A bit lonely

Silas squats beside this glimmering ghost
whose body is similar both in flesh and prose,
then spends some time playing in bleached sand;
Silas' fingers pass through the other ghosts' hands.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

X



*I've been so out of touch with myself
since Time stopped dancing with me;
in those moments of emptiness
I spent with the sun around me;
I felt free. Too much time has passed.*

*And would you have stayed with me?
Wasting time with sunrise melodies,
but you would say its not a waste with me
by your side. How often did Time pass
while you last embraced me?*

*Too much time has passed, so I'll stay
with the sand that reminds me of me;
you are always humming in my mind,
and since Time stopped dancing with me,
out of touch with myself, I have simply been...*

Silas sings near the water swept shore
sitting beside sandcastles on sandy velour
while the church's lighthouse fire burns
distant. The mist falls off hills, and returns

to the sleepy seaside ocean shores; the tooth laced sandcastle speaks:

*Ah! I see you are obsessed with **me** little sheep!
Allow me to share more of myself with thee!*

A mass of a woman springs from the sandcastles base
wriggling with delight at the creature's pathetic plight;
pulsating with slime and silk that, like a portrait,
frames only the squareness of her body's delight:

*Now, tell me why you remain so sickly sad;
is your friend dead? Did you have a deadbeat dad?*

Silas blinks, does not return a reply, so the silkworm
body feels for Silas' hair; her mouth wraps around grassy
strands, her tongue licks with such care, like a pilgrim
searching for the right prayer. The woman speaks happily:

*I see where you are little ghost of the sea,
worry not! Death is not the end of being.*

The woman's hand rests, gives off a mouldy odour, Silas' spine creeps up to tense shoulders.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

XI

*Listen little creature, you can stay with me,
I'll give you forgiveness in worshipping me,*

*I'll be with you always you see! Now let me
play with your seams... Sit still please! Take it from me,*

*it's so much better to be stuck here with me.
I can unite you with your friend, leave it to me.*

Silas ponders skeptically as the silkworm woman spins
Silas onto many strings, *and how would you do that for me?*

*Ab! Now you're speaking the same language as me!
You see, you just have to give your all to me,*

*it's that easy you see! Just believe in me
and when you die you two can be brought together!*

...

By me!

A grin falls across the woman's dentured teeth.

But Silas is tired of being a liar, and being lied to it seems:

*I've already met someone like you though you see,
except he was better, he never tried to manipulate me;
I won't take your plea, let your masses wilt because of me
I won't be like these other ghosts you have preened.*

Silas seizes the worm woman's mask
from the pile of broken sandcastle
that had been left. Silas leaves. Aghast

the woman pulls on Silas' strings to come back
but Silas simply cuts them with the sword
of Happiness.

The woman follows close behind, whispering near Silas' neck.
*You can't get rid of me that easily. I'm not an enemy,
truly you'll see, just listen to me.*

Silas walks back to the church hall of keys.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

XII

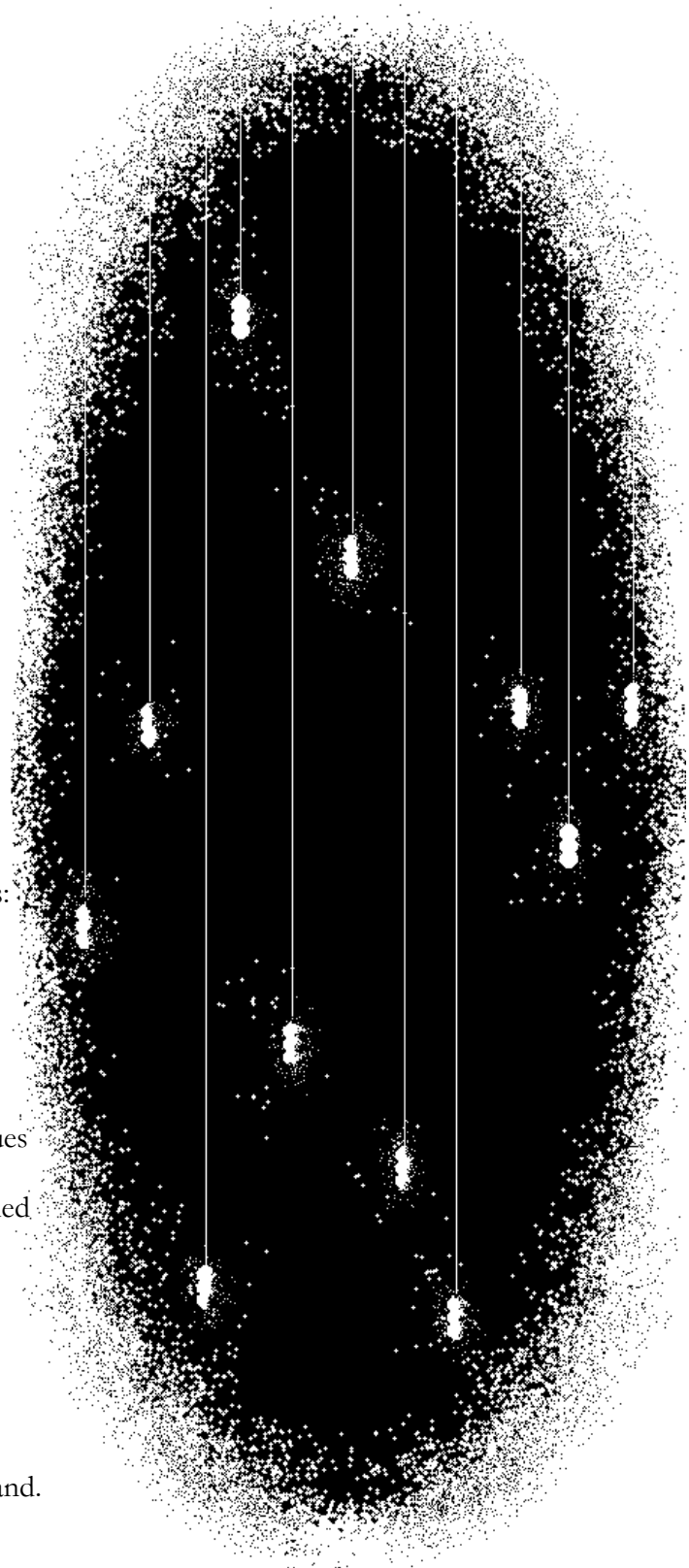
*You want to find the "Mildew Mother"?
what a silly name
can't your gut think of a better refrain?
How old are you now?
Have you been paying attention to the moon
that crosses your brow?
You'd think each rehearsal would make you
a better one, but it seems Time
does not visit based on human confines;
does she choose which
creature seems to have the most
features? Well now,
you wouldn't know, you're just a puppet
stuck in my throes!*

The worm woman laughs. She follows close behind Silas
as they walk towards the church hall of brass.
This place used to be mine you know –

*I'm not trapped in your throes; I've clearly been cutting
your strings. Listen, do you even have a name?
Tch.
You're probably worth less than a crooked refrain.*

In shock the woman staggers back from the church steps:
*...Excuse me? That was quite rude to say to me.
I know how to find
the Mildew Mother you see, maybe you should be
kinder to me.*

The woman laughs hard, too hard for her seams;
silkworms fall from her sleeves. Laughter continues
to play on the cassette tape. Silas finds Choler
slumped in front of the stained glass. His alter filled
with ingredients, his eyeglasses broken and sad,
sleepy beside his crushed mass. Silas listens close
to the childhood laughs. Muffled they sound,
so Silas looks around. Nearby a chest frowns.
Hours are spent looking for the right key;
finally, after the sun has almost set, Silas opens
the chest, and within finds the cassette, laughing
while cradling in crooked white wires... A red wand.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

West

*Distant crows above me hold some fragile
memories of children laughing brightly
while their socks are soaked in puddles, rightly.*

*They sing a long refrain, lost moments in the rain.
Below the brittle moon they slowly croon their tune.*

I

*No, You can't fit! This vessel
is too small for this! Silas struggles
against the feelings of...*

What was your name again? ...

Hmm, Use...

... Right...

...no use.

*You need me, silly ghost, just admit
your defeat. Don't worry
I'll take you to where you need to be,
just trust me.*

*How can I trust someone I can't see? Your seams
aren't stitched and your bits are falling and filling
my ship. You make it impossible to breathe!*

Rain splashes from the waves, the woman licks her lips:

*I know, isn't it just lovely? listen to me
you just need to breathe quickly
silly ghost of the sea. Ah yes, just like that,
be shallow with me.*

*You see, look how I've helped you, with my
guidance you'll be fine,
don't listen to the weeds in the depths beneath,
only listen to me.*

Closing tired eyes Silas feels heavy;
falls asleep into another reverie, but
beneath with the clams there feels
to be a scream. Silas floats cramped
in her vessel in Use, silent
they float on past the belfries; quiet,
their chimes stay asleep.

The silkworm woman leads them onwards, into the west country.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

II

The moon wanes
on the horizon
and the circles
under Silas' eyes

grow. The ocean
is covered in fog.

The bells stay still
even while being kissed
by the mist. The birds
are dampened with dew.

A light shines in the distance;
the church's lighthouse,
it glows in hued bloom.

The moon wanes
on the horizon
and the circles
under Silas' eyes

grow. The ocean
is covered in fog.

The bells stay still.



III

Sometimes Silas forgets the shapes of their veins;
their stems and their shades

a haze,
in October.
at the bow
there is no dirt
they have sunk

but Silas knows they fall
Silas floats
of her boat;
or leaves,
under the sea. *Over there,*

*do I see a seed?
a tree? Will the clouds
cease to be? But
that for today*

*Can I grow
in my eyes
I do have to say
the water in my lungs
feels lovely.*

Nearby
the silkworm woman grins and pulls at loose seams.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

IV

*The sun set into my eyes,
White Rabbits stuck to my teeth;*

*the last piece of candy,
sat on my windowsill;*

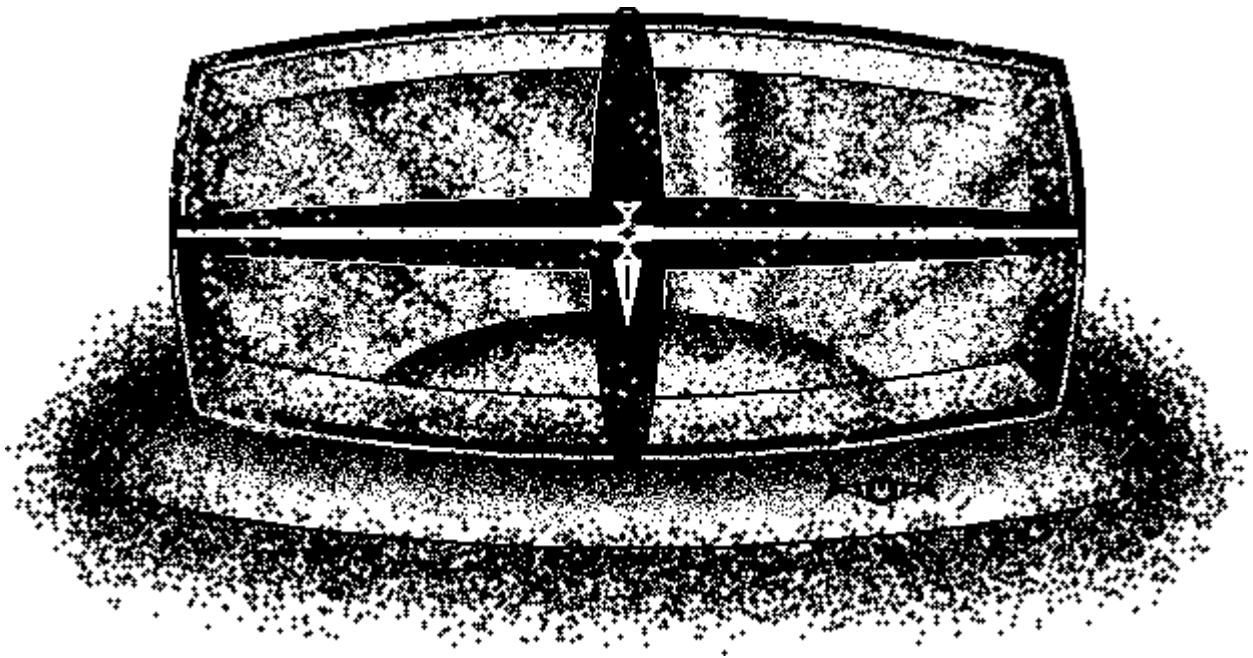
*in reflections I saw you
opening the door*

*behind me, when I turned
it was only a breeze. I slept alone*

*in a room filled with a monitor
and keys, online I could be me.*

*How did you find me?
I was only thirteen.*

Silas sits in shored boat
on the edge
of new island
mind a moon
with dreams of the past.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

V

Wake up. A voice whispers
and so Silas wakes. The ocean

is soft with waves. Alone,
with no Use, Silas creaks

with dry bones. Silkworms
peel from Silas' seams. Moist

they drip while the ticks itch

and they itch
and they itch

but wait... There is a song,
it sounds like a wake.

Through vines
past rocks and slippery moss,
down the vale that follows
tight stream. The hue of blue
is pasted with white seams, orange
leaves sink under the eaves.

Silas' legs follow the tune –

A pond sits lonesome and breathes

in the mist. The center a rock;
aloft are scales, the is water is covered
in morning frost. Not human nor
quite fish, nor a mermaid that Silas
has seen in young head. Dark hair covers
long face, attached with string, to fish; a long neck,
and legs, but countless scales attached
to many a strange place. Silas can not help
but be sick; the worms vibrate
with mindful violence.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

VI

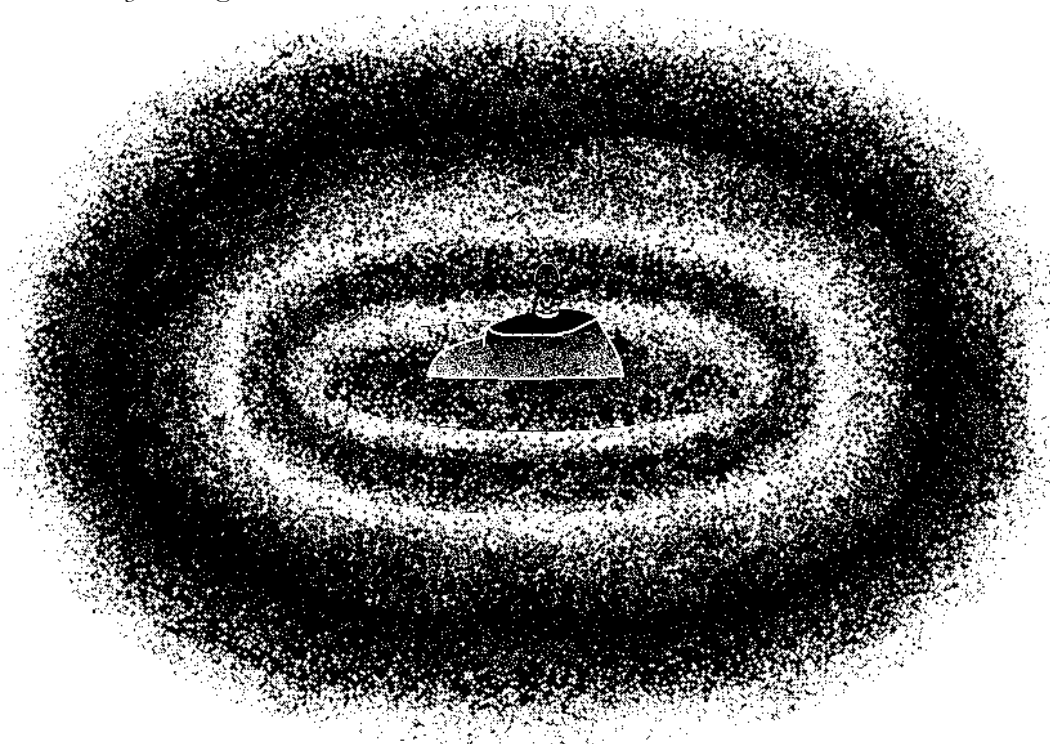
*I am in the west, so to the west I cannot call;
the sun sets on my brow evermore. Soon again*

*dusk will fall, and alone I still sit, no one will look
upon my deadened fins. too ugly for humans, too big*

*for the fish. Why are we made to look like this? No
choice of body or limbs. The same as the others*

*yet strange I remain. No ghost has yet made it
to my small domain. Again the bells have ended their refrains.*

On this island I will yet die again.



VII

Two paths each,
well, many more you can not see,
but two already does not allow you to breathe.

If neither is appealing, there you can stand;
just wait, someone else will take your hand.

But remember, no action is still an action; there's others
you can not perceive, you see, with
two paths each.

Silas turns to step away.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

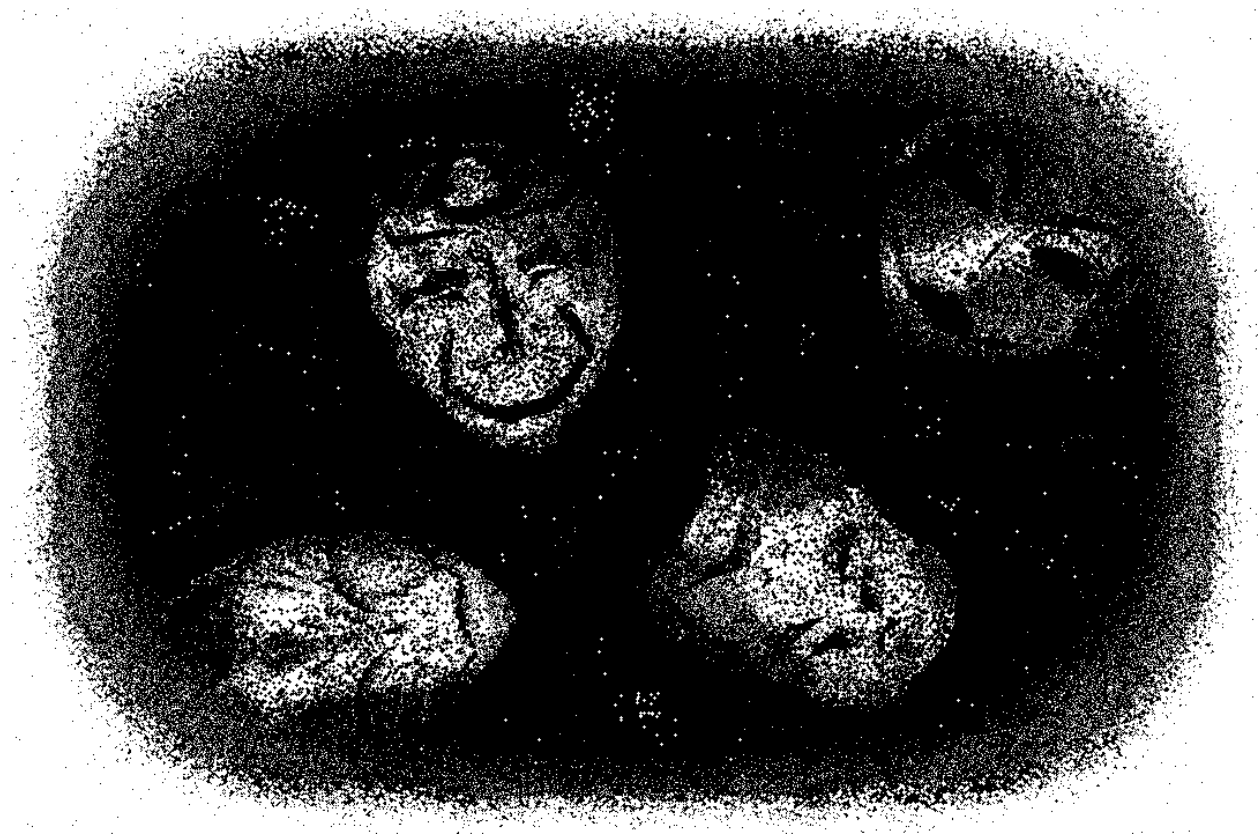
VIII

*Do not go; please stay here awhile,
you have not come yet to this part
in this cycle. I've been waiting
quite awhile here, with the water
and the wild. Come closer dear,*

*when did you become infested
with these? Ticks jump around upon
the skin of Silas' knees. Bathe here,
relax with me; let Sadness take
good care of thee. Ah, Finally.*

Silas' eyes fall to the leaves, the hue
on the dew is lovely; but even more
the dirt does not stick to Silas' toes.
Masks detach from strings on Silas' back;
they sink and sit scattered amid smashed clams.

Does anything even have purpose to me?
Silas' breath breathes out and retreats.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

IX

*Why don't you tell me; what gives you this disease of Apathy,
come close, I am listening.* The mermaid-thing smiles,
a smile with chopped teeth;
short and sharp and not very clean.

silence stays for some time, until long breath decides
it has become too suffocating to stay in Silas' mind:

*Somehow, I only manage to collect sad things. They drip
between my fingers daily; my collection is seeping away.
Maybe I should drop them. Sometimes I wonder why I clutch them
so tight, Tightly I clutch them.*

*Sometimes I play pretend and name them happy things.
I forget, and so place them in the space between my skin
and my seams, so I can feel them boil; they burst
every time I add a new sad thing to my collection.*

*I've become so tired though, but I can't let them go,
so instead I've taken to feeling nothing at all.*

*I'd really like to find some happy things
to pin to my sides, but Happiness is gone
he's been taken into the sky and the sun;
the stars have him trapped in some lovely
song. My voice is too broken to sing that tune,
something in my throat has been set askew.*

X

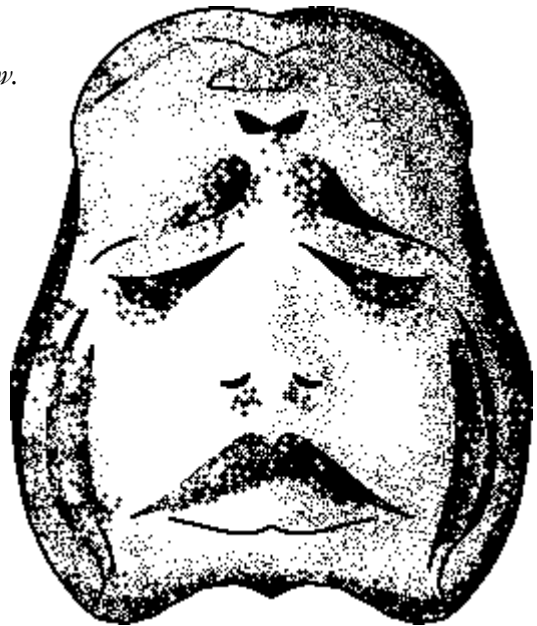
A train hum
whistles
in the distance. A clocktower
somewhere chimes.

The brook streams; a frog cheeps,
the white-water churns can be heard,

honeybees hum all over the forests' leaves;
they come to give small gifts of sweet treats.

*Happy things is this, you can always find Forgiveness.
The trick is you need to forgive yourself first, little ghost of the sea.*

Then drapes over Silas' face a mask with small features and a bubbling blue face.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

XI

*Time is a lonely being
trapped within everybody's seams
that might be why He always plays with thee...*

*He? Or is it She?
I guess they're whoever you need them to be.*

*Either way all they ask
Only then will you be able*

*is that you have empathy.
to move onto the next task.*

XII

Silas realizes the masks are floating away
and so panics and grabs every one by the string;

the silkworms inside scuttle through each crack,
Use, the woman, controlling Silas' track.

Sadness slumps lifeless on the deserted island rock.
Silas takes the mask and then holds hands aloft,

over the brook and towards a great clearing
where the grass gives in to sand and ocean wave;
a train is stopped still on the water, waiting,
Silas floats over and is swept away.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

Cove

*Sleeping late into the day I'd forgot
that foolish way in which we hold ourselves
among the other sleepless, silly ones.*

*My boats become quite old, left in the seeping sun.
Rotten may it be but from here I cannot run.*

I

Train slowly stops, the water ripples soft
 compelled to leave Silas jumps into the sea
the water is cold in the soft lit cove
 bubbling blue mask is worn, down into deep depths
Silas swims. The water is ignited with glowing green fungus;

out of a pond and into a cave, the walls shine ore like stars;
and further along, past the glow-worm's hums, sits a fungus
 so large that Silas bows and calls it Mother.

II

A spider paints webs on the ceiling
above Silas; a violin playing in hands,
she crawls keenly along her webs
towards the face of this creature:

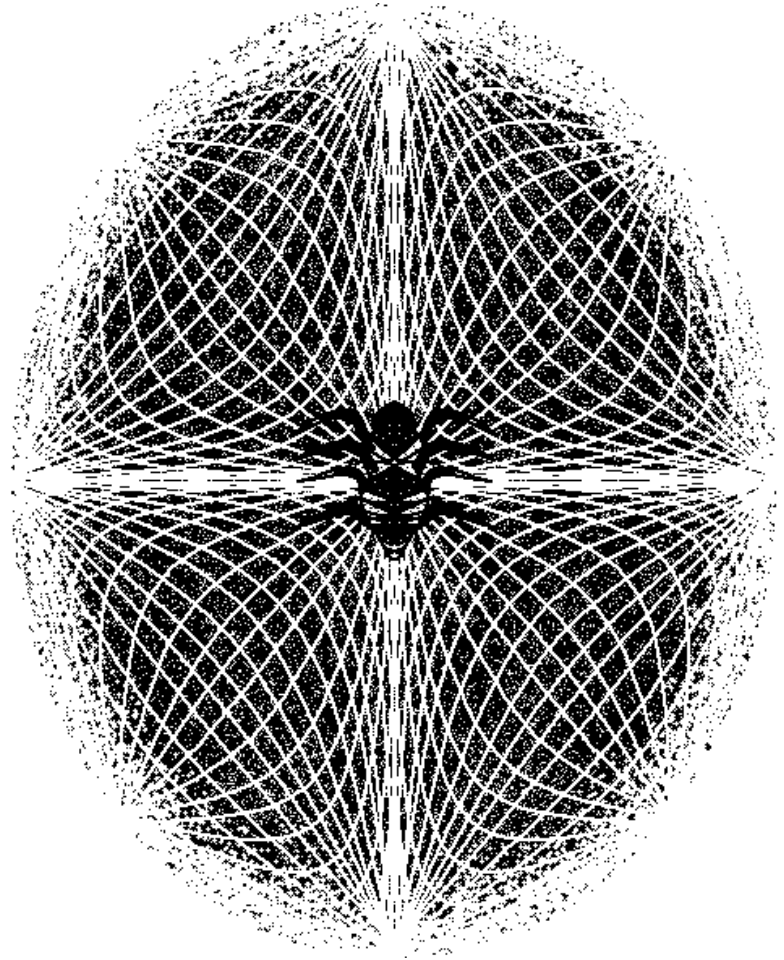
*Unexpected to see you
little ghost of the sea, is
that Manipulation you
have hidden in cracks with thee?*

Silkworms fall from Silas' seams, lips
downturn, voice twists into a scream.

*Ah I see, it's okay, I
forgive thee. This is a hard
place for such a young one to
be. Come, why not sit with me,*

*I can be whatever you
need me to be, but many
call me Father, little ghost
of the sea. I am Time, I'm
certain you have heard of me.*

Time changes to the hue of Electricity.



Silas in the Lonely Sea

III

*It's you... What have you done to me!? I have never stopped feeling you
between each of my seams! Why do I miss you
so dearly...*

In the dark, thumb rests on a quivering chin:

*What a sad little creature
your eyes became quite hollow
you don't carry your features
your face is soft, how callow.*

*You live too short to really
understand your grief, this is
the curse of being human
you see. I am neither good*

*nor evil, ghost of the sea,
I simply create, then let
beings just be. It is you
who misconstrues and forgets*

*how to breathe. Yet still I am
fascinated by humans
it seems. Such silly beings,
so easily ruled by me –*

*you could fairly break from these
seams. Trust me. You seem to have
lost your seaweed. Your being.
Still not ready to move on,*

*I see. Please remember these
lessons I give to thee. When
you have a sword, do not turn
to violence. When you have*

*a wand, do not burn your foes;
if you find yourself with filled
up chalice, share with all you
know, and all of Time remembers,*

possessions beget our woes.

Electricity hands Silas a piece of the Fungus.

Silas in the Lonely Sea

IV

In a dream Silas floats along in morning
reverie, sat lonely with green tea, gloomy
morning routine; the petals have steeped.

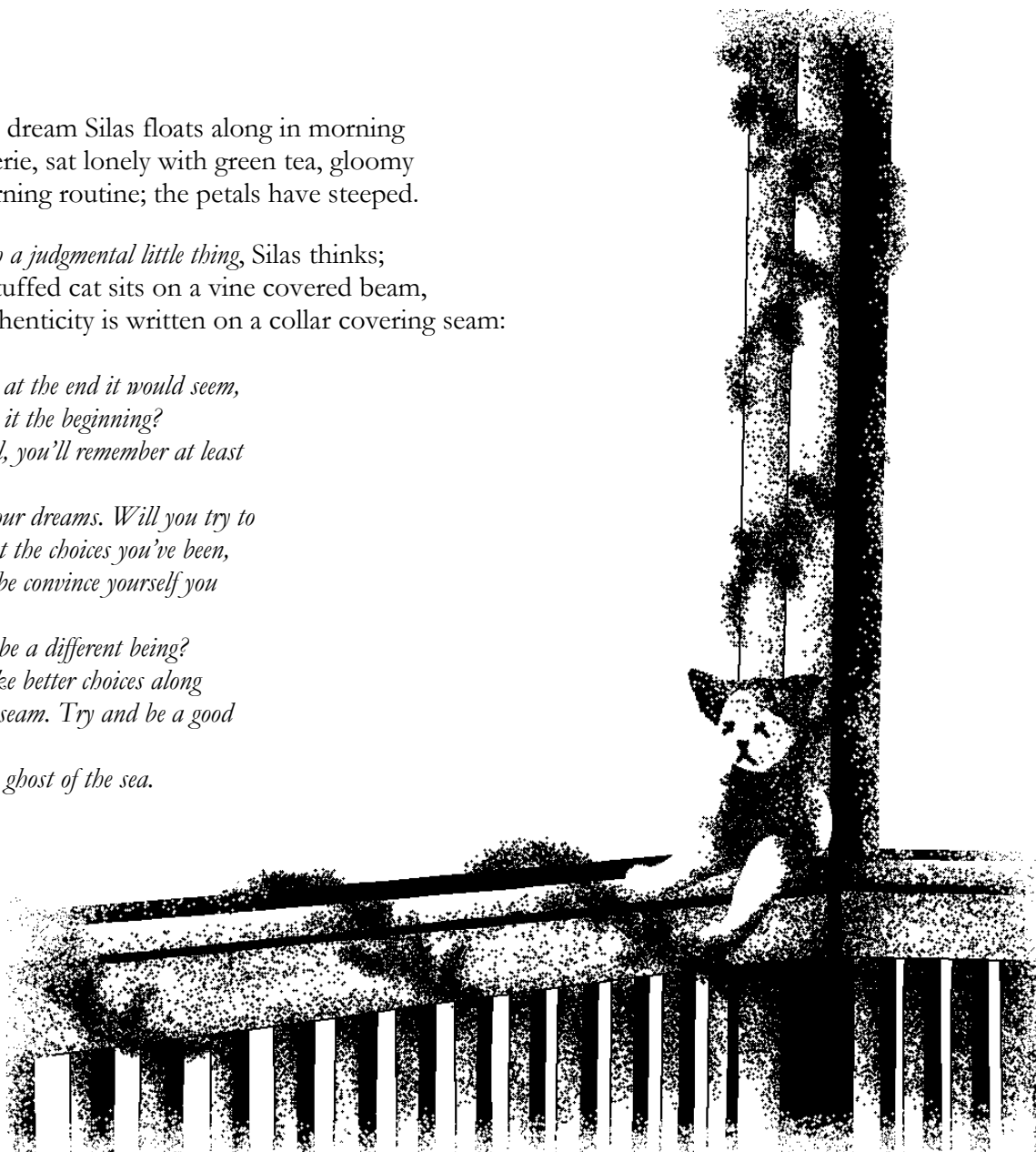
Such a judgmental little thing, Silas thinks;
A stuffed cat sits on a vine covered beam,
Authenticity is written on a collar covering seam:

Ah, at the end it would seem,
or is it the beginning?
Well, you'll remember at least

in your dreams. Will you try to
forget the choices you've been,
maybe convince yourself you

will be a different being?
Make better choices along
this seam. Try and be a good

little ghost of the sea.



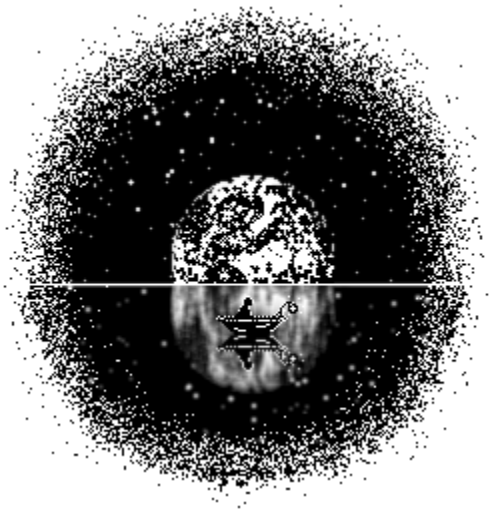
West

V

Silas' legs follow the tune –
A pond sits lonesome and breathes
in the mist. The center a rock;
aloft are scales, the water is covered
in morning frost.

A single ghost sits kneeling in the pond.

Silas in the Lonely Sea



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Silas in the Lonely Sea

Images I used for reference while creating the art:

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