

Across the Void

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (July 2021)



Danaë, Egon Schiele, 1909

“Amoral sights of misdirected love—
misused and wasted time in ill pursuits,
ill roaming—steel the will that greed pollutes.
Elation thoughts don’t come from skies above.
Since times eternal, good is known whereof:
decay revealing voids, and evil’s roots
abounding, lying deep where blood dilutes
not merely wights, but virtues fates oft shove
abroad and for the brave to pick. For Grace
abides and dwells unkenned with those She stirs,
cyclonic power to powder grinding us.

Obey, resist: we'll rise or fall in lace
arational, in webs where meaning blurs,
losing our bearings. Fright is blinding us..."

Twinkled the ice, the diamond dust of lost
snippets of memories in the landscape's frost...

"Cross windy seas and frozen lands you traveled,
forbidden paths you trod and sailed. You found,
amongst the carcasses of hopes I raveled,
damp faces buried in the snow, the drowned
fiends of my past. Get rid of yours, don't let them
unnerve your heart. I'll help you. You'll forget them.
Apart from me, no one will understand.
Face your own desert, faith dissolved in sand.
Adders were crawling there, do you remember?
We're transient as we last, like swelling waves
glistening in the weather-gleam. We're graves
uplifted, dignified: our bones dismember
decidedly the selfless soul in shards;
our conscience is an empty house of cards..."

Acceptance and rebellion felt the same...
When all are upside down, who's left to blame?

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Romain P. A. Delpeuch was born and bred in south-west France where he still lives. His poetry and short fiction appear, or are forthcoming, in *New English Review*, [Terror House Magazine](#) and [The Ekphrastic Review](#). You can follow him on [twitter](#).

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