

Ripples

by [Romain P. A. Delpuech](#) (April 2025)



Dead Bird and Two Roses on a Table Board (Louis Eysen, 1882)

May never found my secret be;
in hidden places may it stay
lest I be called a freak and scorned,
lest I be mocked for misplaced love.
In time, I'll get what I long for:
entropic doom, eternal rest.

Blossoms decay and turn to dung,
oblivious of their calling for

beauty and goodness, but the truth
blooms in the end in ugly grins,
yet we recoil at her bare teeth.

Beneath the lace of fancy words,
reckon there is some blunt desire,
or fantasy that shies away.
Whenever I can write some lines
notice they form in your own name.

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Romain P. A. Delpeuch is the author of *[Hypnagogia](#)* ([Terror House Press](#), 2023). His poetry and short fiction appear in *New English Review*, *[Terror House Magazine](#)*, *[Apocalypse Confidential](#)*, *[Ekstasis](#)*, *[D.F.L. Lit](#)*, *JOURN-E* (vol. 1, [no. 2](#)), *[Atop The Cliffs](#)*, *[The Decadent Review](#)* and *[Roi Fainéant](#)*.

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