

Volution

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (August 2023)



Spasms, Norman Lewis, 1964

Phantom of former things—reflections pale,
gemini husks we left behind—“This one
will be the real thing. In us do trust.”
Spell upon spell, the endless spiral swirls.
Magi and engineers (men of the craft!)
decide—or think they do—and we descend.

Tomb of the soul—but fancy, manufactured
to smoothly merge in and take o’er the present
orb (or this flatness if you want), in form of
womb (matrix of a sort, you’d say). You can
try to escape: outside’s a wider one.

Climb the ladder, up and down, little ant.
Faster! In circles run; don’t mind your bonds.
So tired of all your work under the sun...
Glow on your face its rays; they must be real.
Son of a promise—can the light be forged?

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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](#) and [The Decadent Review](#).

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