

Time of The Tremolo



Morgan Lowe

Morgan is a 21-year old student originally from New Jersey who uses writing as their main form of artistic expression. Through prose, poetry, and lyrics, they enjoy the outlet of wordsmithing, especially when it relates to horror.

Abstract

Using rhymes to make sense of my mind.

Time of the Tremolo
It ebbs and it flows
I wonder
Where did you go?
My heart no longer exists
Instead, a clenched fist
Is it a coincidence
There's a nub at the end of my wrist?
Time of the Tremolo
My heart is faster, disaster
It beats onwards, backwards
Its molding, exploding, overloading
A sowing sense of rapture I am showing
Something in knowing what is growing
But there's no knowing where I'm going
Bear the load of the unknown
Because I can't take it on my own
The time of the Tremolo
A pulse replaced with electric shocks
My chest a lockbox of which I'm lost
Its unorthodox which I exhaust
To stop and ponder of the sonder
A thumping out of time, out of rhyme
The Tremolo starts and there it goes
I heard it some time ago on the radio
Static stirs panic as I'm erratic



Frantic in my antics to quit this anthem
It was fine before, have I lost score?
Am I sore from what I ignored?
The rip roar of the repertoire
For the horror to be no more
To find all my guts on the floor?
A material view of the collateral few
Pragmatic antagonists of the genesis
A thesis of existence and persistence
A sentient ever alive in its insistence
To the time of the Tremolo
Marches me to a well
The music swells
I scream and I yell
Sell my soul from this hell
The hell of the Tremolo
Timing, conspiring
Its agonizing
The way I weave the rhyming
To show how it's all transpiring
Along my writing
Until I'm dying
The centerpiece of the counterfeit masterpiece
Fast asleep during the precipice
Of the cacophony of atrophying indignity
Apathy and tragedy bear such calamity
Of which there's no remedy, that's what they said to me
It's obvious, oblivious, opposite of inconspicuous
The source is ridiculous and symptoms incredulous
All indicative of the hell I'm in
Can't you hear it? Can't you tell?
Can't you hear the echo?
To the time of the Tremolo?