

Landscape by Dali

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It persists, surprisingly:
a boneless statue, its meat
yielding only to time.

A theological sky:
eyes scattered like birds.

Near the murdered clock
a virus, its treasured codex,
blueprint for immortality,
sleeps in a bottle.

The faint-veined ruby
its throb barely detectable
hangs in the air like a heart.

Outside the cloud of paint
something is ticking.
Pray it doesn't wake up.