Purgatory

I
Framed, at the room’s edge,
an art of transparency.
Upon its picturesque nature--
a dimensionless hedge;
    a chirpless bird, at the ledge.

II
Particles sink, tiny islands to the ocean floor,
within an empty tank, clear and blue.
Next to the forgotten memory--
a door; a door!

III
Chipped wood; faded hue--
a slumped figure, without a clue.
Degree in ignorance, protecting her interests.
Phone rings!--
    She does not answer to you.

IV
Water stained magazines--
for the tired, for the bored.
Forgotten articles of yesteryear,
    ingrained, a distinction of those who hoard.

V
Irreverent tune, mocking in omniscience--
    mass appeal, impossible to offend.
Whispering, never seen--
    Inconspicuous!
VI
A familiar chime;
  uninterrupted, perfect in clarity.
A tick of the time,
  a race to the starting line.

VII
Plastered-- each corner, every border--
  A box!-- It contains, insulates--
    On impossible not to loathe!
What ever happened of reality?
  Its presence, but a formality.

VIII
Skillful persuasion of thee,
cries of necessity.
Under false pretenses--
  Do you not see?

IX
On the brink, circumstances grating--
Two eternities to go; to sit--
  Waiting…