



pulp

Iron, pigment.

The trees stand like sentinels and watch over us as we sleep.

Ink and pulp and fears weave deep throughout the dream-world where the irrational blooms in bittersweet revival.

Unchained and exposed.

Stones descend and thoughts leech like honey and blood.

The seconds lie, to one, and then the other.

Belief turns to rust and the spine falters.

First one, and then the other.

Incubus stones persist with the rhythm of the tremors buried under bone.

And so we rest. And so we sleep.

The dream-world calling with stars and roots.

Testing untruths on the unwilling.

A war engraved on stones and pulp.















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