Mundanity's Plaint

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Wriggling blue-steel falters still as I gaze,
Dripping act like water off lips pallid with laze
Of waves forbidding me the slightest bit content
As comes from watching lake pulse—slow, iterant.

Sky, as I look, now ceases the same.
Sensing my beam, crisp wind stales tame:
From streaming sweet paths through my hair, absolve.
And, there, dark-gray halts its attack on mauve.

Left, I glance toward the persons who pass,
Limbs cemented in air with sights downcast;
One holds a dog on a solid firm lead,
Whose tongue rests lifeless from panting with need.

Onto thick sand, slowly, I trudge,
Seeking any sensation; pith I begrudge.
Reaching at earth for grains and fingers to interlock
Turns clawing my nails ‘gainst newly formed bedrock.

Grimacing with pain, I elate: Down my face moves tear!
But opening my eyes morphs to ice that which felt dear.
Begging violently, I, in agony and strife:
‘Oh! Lord, give dull living some joy and some life!’