

Four Fragments from a Cracking Skull

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (May 2025)



Mountain Landscape with Lightning (Francisque Millet, 1875),

Nothing exists except this tunnel
that all reality does funnel.
You'd think there must be more, but no:
in truth, that's all there is to know.
From time to time, a lightning shatters
that world, and all there is, in tatters.
'Tis called enlightenment, or death.

9 Hours Westward, 8 Hours Eastward

For reasons I don't know, our matchless friend
distrusted you and thought you were confused.
In this deserted school and in this room
we watched a film before we parted ways.
A French one that I didn't choose (I would
have not). Perhaps the fault was mine: I should
not have suggested that you were a bot.
I half-believed that nonsense of my own,
not trusting my own sense or any sense.
But there we were, together one last time.

"I could have done great things," he'd say,
"if only I was given time.
I had the opportunity
but I wasn't prepared enough.
I didn't get it, you know, that
it was my only shot. 'Next time
I'll do better,' that's what I'd think.
'I'll do better.'"

A ladybug kissed
a mosquito, and he did
not push her away.

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