

I

Lighter than the air and as sable as ether; the reflection of the gleam of their eyes, it is. Then a field, a field of presence, where the feet of the merry and blithe spent. That laughter not beneath the sun - the canopy and the leaves. Not beneath the stars - beneath their eyes.

What was watched was all things. Those there were silent... And lent their matter, for a short time. There it was led away —fate loved it too much to disturb its dream.

Those pressing mists that embalmed the mountain step and pronounced a sweet drink. Mere petals and dew, that evaporates the mind. And breathes amber into the basin of a warriors reason. And posterity knows it; it grows it, each season

II

spread out across the sky, scarce transmissions, strife and enciphered spirit comes through cool mists. wandering in solitary places when searching for sources of the next layer. sleeping with eyes open, mouth seal broken listlessly. Looking back, everything was a mirage indistinct and discoloured. a twinged feed

III

wants' rain floods me. makes my empty breath an unspoken mist in the air. follows my shadows, through vales and meadows - that transports itself thus across the whole thorny continent of my memory, to the shore before a muted maelstrom.

IV

Its warm, Worm. Not looking anymore. Its dreary out there. However, its gotten very quiet. This place is always quiet. There were others, they saw it too. and heard it. It took a long time to get here. Through fog and cold, this wasn't the way i wanted to go, however i found many things along the way, though i couldn't take them all with me. Looking back, everything was a mirage, indistinct - No, and Sick. Sick - that's how i am. One of the others, such eyes - were always wide open, awake, full. Little moth, oh little moth. Where will you go now?

V

When on a walk I'd lost the world and whispered stinging nettles

words that fastened sound to die until it lowly settles

whole skies burning transiently, so falling, moaned in sleep

Removed my eyes from sullen course to stop and slanted peek

There the shaded edge of trees had every needle blazing

my own voice too became drowned sullen. This congregation pulling

VI

bound in its core. sore loss in dry seething. dust and sand in the shallow dry lands of the city's ruin. long ago it reaved into and across the outreach. with no augur it is rusted and faded, there was the shallow waters, now, pores, vulgar burns. time is dry and lithe, its rending and quivering eye. the hands of the desert opening the structure into its night body. and

huddled in its entombed housing a young wayfarer sleeps in a plexus now un-spoken, under the disentangled celestial map beset on the walls. the voices here laugh together because they have left long ago. a vessel in the dredge.

VII

From the sepulcher drowned the call of deified blithe. Amongst the roots and cracks. showing the way that harkened benumbed falling from the throng. errant steps. Shed skin like cicadas in tumult. rapid sight unbounded, senses set this stride like a ghost. pronounced there for a banquet. Serving that nobility. Errands and passing messages for her Ladyship; a most porous trance that slips us in and out.

VIII

A being is bent over a glow it looks into the hum of the glow is warm, filling with delight; yet other times it is frightful. Phantoms appear and smoulder in the air. raging and flashing above, the phantoms faces churn with pride and disgust for very long, making the being writhe. The being blinks and tries to wait. at last the voices carry out from The Hall. Quietly, the being speaks using two voices simultaneously from its hoarse throat, one loathsome, the other, blissful, "You spirits say things very loudly and it makes it hard to think. My hands are burnt and my eyes are sore. my teeth hurt and I'm afraid to leave this place before I consider all you've said, still, there may be some mutation in shape," "I am very tired and as usual It feels peculiar that I cant remember what I've just said. I really am tired..." enshrined in somnolence, the place is judged to be accursed, consequently, very little is ever spoke of it; even if anyone were to ever wonder of it.

IX

The forces this would scry: fear, and a curious sigh. Luck's Artifact: The Mystics Right Eye. You're invited, the rest are slighted, to lose as much to this as I will to you. Bright in the harrow: The Furtive Hollow. Innocence's mirth, from us it is oft birthed. This wish fulfilling jewel speaks to those who don't listen and says, "where'd you find me?"

X

"Who's there? Oh... you've found your way down here too. This is place is rotten... It's my job to look after this place, in all its gestation... Who else? well... Would you look after this place, if something should happen to me? Here take this, a seedling, so I like to call them. Down here, once your eyes get used to it, you'll pick out that ardent light... it effuses from all that congealment in the base. I wouldn't go down there though, they're going all through some metamorphosis; growing gills and opening their eyes at long last, feeding on the sporous air. Someone has to eat their seedings. Eventually they sit inside until I need to let them back up. Then they trail back into the rest. Before I came here they weren't so abundant. With my help they've all grown so much."

XI

In a tunnel, two bereft hosts dwelling

Cresseid

lo, here. points lead me

Ephraim

what is this? a ribbon?

Cresseid

very little, if it were this by its name

enter Gavel

Gavel

who's this?

Ephraim

afraid we fasten ourselves here

Gavel

cold, cold skin. Pallid angels aren't you? Drunken, holding this frame, tails in this hewn, marked passage.
It'd be colder still... chasing this spire from cross to cross
– and not a portal for my eyes, my palms, for the beam of my eye.

Cresseid

waste is peaceful. It is tribute. Journeying for worlds in our own, invoking nothing
but what's formed intentionally – Formed in temples for dry tongues

Gavel

peaceful? Yes, how still I'd felt when the sun was colourless. But your voice is not dry if it
buzzes.

Ephraim

but your voice is too quiet

Gavel

then come closer, and show me your tongues. Then ill open this skin

XII

Wailing and writhing souls, such maligned breath

and your mouths are whimpering

no. there's nothing to see that's there

nothing to eat but air

so, ill stay here to linger and linger

to trace this diagram with a forefinger

that makes sleeping verbs

an oneiric teacher

XIII

Act ??? Scene ???

[glowering, slaves ensign in the dying light]

910

the prophet (dragon) is left to the ruins and the wasteland

912

a servant... the shrine was made in pilgrimage...

[pause] sent into the world... [laugh of a weak priest]
i have in my possession emulations of Immortals...
[nervous]

822

blasphemy? No! [mosquito bites him]

912

the disguise of a lousy rat, a beggar
[laugh of a baby bird]

910

fetid... [plastic bag flies away]
elixir of death... cursed covenant of Lilith

[hard-wired]

XIV

in the fallen world, the realm of the bottomless mirror...

[two spirits, sifting and mouldering, keeping watch]

Spirit 1

list! someone i see! miraged! spectrogram inlaid!

Spirit 2

this one has been known to me for some time...

Spirit 1

tell me

Spirit 2

first, this nomad was espied from the cusp of heavens orb, the loftiest peak of the mountains. born in a clear
and chilled air, so high it was that the stars never ceased to ring their lucid chimes...

on the first day of spring the youth did come down the mountain. with all the powers to spot
the faintest glimmer of life from the fruits and creatures of the forest, and yet finer could they sew a needle

in coming to the barren land a being of long awaiting intercepted them...

slowly the form drew a forefinger along the nomad's eyesight

thus the being spoke with a voice such as if it had come from a great iron mortar and enunciated as a
pestle that drags along its bowl. benumbed was the nomad's soul, making it into a thin oil...

and the shadows crawled across the plain at the feet of the nomad

o'er the sleep of a congenial dream the nomad came to the city of undead and evil spirits, as an envoy. entrusted
by prophecy, the nomad sought the court within them and listened to their words and the horizon beyond their eyes,
waning into oblivion, the spirits were cheated from their guise...

Spirit 1

what did the nomad find? beneath their guise?

Spirit 2

the stars of oblivion! wherefore the nomad now lies...

XV

O' the devouring influxes of my heart could lull the horned moon

it were as if my glowing heart were torn from its vestal slavery, the burning furnace of cosmic solitude, and broken is its demon spell.

under this willow tree, ne'er crossroads. lo, an everlasting voice calls me thus

XVI

what unseen hand mars 's disquiet storm?

posed to pluck ether 'twere its efflux warm

everlasting voices, unfathomed, interbond

its latency, an echo, scann'st from beyond

XVII

how a nostalgic memory is shaped makes the orifice of birth for the new experiences.

the new memories laughter is as of old.

the dreaming memory, the foremost moment, is the melancholy experience, a forced laugh - an orphan of the family tree of experience - that lonely reclusive hiding place full of unrealized dreams and distorted memories

XVIII

Artifice of subterfuge

Organic knot, reaving wordlessness

slight grains breathed near dream vicissitudes; embedded

rain drowned hypercoagulable strings

Biting phases of peeling silt engorge

writhed and bent, wrapped in oscillating revascularization

The feast of gnawing displacement

XIX

O, that infected hath yet lamentably encompass'd...

doth thee spoil thy rot?

madness disunion'd scourge sights so

a sign of which is an immure knotted stomach

thou cold vassalage express'd devouring time

whilst I, Stirr'd, glazed with embassy

agianst what unembraced obsequious hunger do you tend?

XX

so i sup, sulking, hollow