

Circle Of Grief

"A Crater To Cough In"

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This path that we walk upon is the collection of points
that the rain has drawn.
The rhythm section of the storm.
By the moonlight to the gateposts of the forest,
In the snow light, we are bound for the portal of the
pines.
Grey as famine, on this path against our will by our
main sails we're bound to the tempest until the sea is
still.
Which compulsion with this miniature death tribute?
From behind the walls of my broken coughing tent, a
formal vision,
But I allude to my helpless passion for the obtuse
When will this night end?
When the lightning finally tears through the mast of
our sinking ship.
All the hopes of the slaves are betrayed by the grates.
On this coffin of a vessel every note's another breaking
wave.
Revel in this vision, a formal visitation, on the night with
the light from above.
Famished dogs follow slowly as my own paws drag me
to a dock,
To the last plank where I struggle to deny myself the
path that every Pisces craves,
Just above the water in the middle of that man-made
lake.
On that pier I turn my eyes from the water like a mirror
of myself in the moonlight,
And I cough for every crater that I could see,
On the surface of that coffin we've come to call the
moon.
Now I wonder if all those judgments that you made
were true.
And the trapdoor of the solstice is thrown wide, wide
open.
Let them all sink, let them all sink through.
The talking, the spinning of a web- it's all just formal
ritual.
The burning.
The burning question "what do you deserve?"

The gazing at a candle to find calm, but we all know it's
at the center of the storm.

Oh moon, though pluckest me out, oh moon-

I who have sat by Thebes below the wall and walked
among the lowest of the dead

(to Carthage then I came).

Only the most sacred crater will suit my burial,

Only the most sacred choir performs this ritual dirge.

Perfectly imperfect, like a storm.

By our mane dragged and bound to our grave by our
mane,

To the grave dragged and bound to the tomb by the
scavenger's tooth.

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