

Circle Of Grief

"We're Sustained By The Corpse Of A Fallen Constellation"

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Fallow fields have fallen, fallow, fallow
Victim to encryption, disclosing an unspoken plea.
And the stars sang of the scorpion sun. to impale
impaling impaled who for mercy begged for drought
and blight.
To impale impaling impaled.
Planted in the shadow of a new found impermanence
Our new pyramids fashioned in cloth and the stars
sang of the
Scorpion sun.
To inspire, ventilate, increase volume, expiration
Ventilated deceased.
Threatened by the slightest breeze
To impale impaling impaled
Threatened by the slightest breeze, the winds are
stirring buried under miles of a fabric fallen
Hollow constellation prediction shallow flat forget-me-
not
(dissertation) no goodbyes, just carbon released in wind

Resting fiercely on an early afternoon facade, ash
released the
Stars have risen, elevated in our loss.
And the winds have risen wearing fiercely on our cloth
facade
Horizons grown a sickly, sickly pale
To impale impaling impaled
Threatened by the slightest breeze and grown a sickly
pale(insert a single method) parse a tense a perfect
past(insert a single method)
And is this choking proof that clutching hasn't let me
go?
We're sustained by the corpse of a fallen constellation.

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