

Drowning The Light

"I"

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In this region the winds whisper a rumour of a being
A hermit banal, with a mind frail as his frame.
When he speaks it is in violent bursts
And insects recoil from his voice.
He speaks to the trees
for they are the only truly living creatures on this
earth.
They share his misanthropic view and converse on wild
topics
They are both arrogant, the tree digs it's roots deeper
as the soil rejects it's clasp
And the hermit deeper animates the notions of the
world,
as the world casts him into the abyss.

"I respect you because whether in drought or flood
You always seem to grow, and expand the length of
your
skeletal branches
They claw at the sky and reach out to strangle
The exiting order, the prevailing lie.
I draw influence from your stubborn attempt
To steal the watery lifeforce of fellow nature for your
own purpose"

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