

## **Gardar Thor Cortes**

### **"Dissolution Of The Forms"**

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The venerable one's  
Doctrine was crowned upon us  
Humanity's noontide gain...  
But the king was a phantasm  
The crown but a porous withered wreath  
Upon a tattered grimace  
Our myopic gaze  
Of a diaphanous tenet  
Occluded all thought  
Of solidity  
Encircled by the frail cannon  
Beset by the strength of support  
The confines of validity  
Are entrenched in rough soil  
Traces of the forms  
Dance on the wall...  
Unrelenting iron  
Sleek cold steel  
Clings to our wrists  
As a vulnerable child  
(To the stoic guardian)  
The dead weight of  
This permeable helmet  
Anchors us to the motionless rocks of chaos  
Reflections of fidelity  
Distillations of veracity  
Specters of substantiality  
(Cavort upon the wall)  
Must this burden  
Be bourne unto our backs  
As the world  
On Atlas' shoulders?  
If we were to lose  
Our grip on the globe  
Could we laugh  
As we witnessed it  
Crash into the stars?  
The explosion will shower us  
In the elements of experience  
Encumber us with the weight  
Of reality...

Yet free us by serving as the lustrous key  
To our rusted manacles  
Traces of the forms  
Dance on the wall  
In time with flames  
That provide false warmth

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