

Catharsis

"A Funeral Request"

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White rose perfume go with thee
on thy way unto thy shaded tomb
low music doth fall
lightly as autumn leaves
about thy solemn pall.
Faint incense rises.
O'you, you fell away from me my love,
like all earthly things vanish
into death cold mysteries.
Serpents marked with azure rings
cathedrals where rich shadows fall,
things strange curious solemn saviour.
You promised me laughter in autumn days,
now I can't awake from this lucid haze.
I can't awake to laugh with you I'm so weary.
Claws upon my flesh and statues of lost souls
dominate this house.
Angels have no pity,
their wings have turned to stone.
Come travel naked lovers
beyond all dimensions of Heaven
and lie enchanted forever
in the lucid garden of dreams.
In all animate sources and creations
of belief we travel seas of illusions
that begin at our dreams.
Ethereal architects masters of all faith.

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