

Krallice

"Telluric Rings"

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The eye seeks a desert
The anchorite sits, pensive

Thought encumbered
Pillars of cracked rock and
The catarrhs of coarse winds

The bleached bone offerings
Of before
And the deeply rumbled promises
Of gyre and firmament

The eye drowns and
Time is nothing

No more than the lines etched
In the sand of ancient sea beds

Where lie old dreams of caverned
Maws and light in gulping void

No more than the enervating
Waters which hold the murmured

Whisper of desolation
Of a great eye that has never blinked

No more than cities
In the dust of time
Thresholds carved in cliffs
And somber faces etched in stone

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