

Circle Takes The Square

"Prefaced By The Signal Fires"

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Hanging in the balance
Between the pauses of the second hand
So long awake...

IN WAIT

(Four colours cloud the sky)

IN WAIT

(Red rivers dripping dry)

Our bottomless well of wishes, drained

Igniting in the vacuum
Between the friction and the everlasting flame
Lifetimes amass, dormant...

I WAIT

(Backlit volcanic shore)

I WAIT

(Five pointed star is born)

As it is in the Void, so it is under my skin

Posing in prayer on the South Rim
Shrouding the ridgeline in Softness
Finding peace where Endings begin

Premonitions
Of a quickening pace,
At the rock face
Brushing with broader streaks

Treat the symptom
Of a paradigm shifting,
No lantern burns long
In this cavity
Flickering
In and out of Becoming
TOTEM EMERGING

Tied
In the mind's eye
Pendulum is pacing
Blind
In the psyche
Sliding scale of belief

Is tipping
Transmutations
Prefaced by the signal fires

Intuition
Scrivened pigment and clay,
Past lives play out at each stage
In this gallery
Wavering
Archetypes intervening
On the walls of a hand painted cave

I confess,
You are a stunning mess-
Unbetrothed to a single spectrum.
I digress,
No vow of permanence
Has a deep-rooted hold
On its host-
Mycelial
Massacre
Gnawing away
(They're gnawing away)
These tracks I laid.

And the praise it was fraudulent
Nothing sacred in my fingerprints
Shed my skin as a parting gift
SLASH AND BURN, and start again
Through the lens of predation
Monochrome interpretations
Only fit for the color-starved
Strip-mine my flesh, I WILL ASCEND

At a cut throat crawl
Traverse the grounds of decay
At a cut throat crawl
To erode at a glacial pace

Trance-formations
Sawtooth waves of transition

I regress,
Hypnotic dissonance-
Every lie that I told
Is a ghost-
Residual
Apertures
Haunting the frame
(They're haunting the frame)
Sequential fates

Massacred
Gnawing away
(They're gnawing away)
Legacies waste.

SIGNALING FIRE
SIGNALING FLAME
Illuminate the Way

In this world of wounds
Transcend with hands in the earth
In this world of wounds
To amend with hands in the dirt

Off course in the crooked rain
Always chasing a distant flame
(At a glacial pace)
Untwine yet another braid
Clutch this tangled cord

In this world of wounds
We can heal with hands in the earth
In this world of wounds
Climb forevermore
EVERandeverandEVERandeverandevER

(balance can never be restored...)
"Sorrowing, Sighing, Bleeding and Dying"
New hymnals sound from the mouth of a cave
(...will never be restored)
The chosen betrayed us, worshipful conquest
Healers in ash at the foot of a stake
Wild waters forgotten
In violent eruption
OUR TOTEM EMERGES
Field and fountain
Moor and mountain
WAITING...

For the Sign

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