

Maudlin Of The Well

"Catharsis Of Sea-Sleep And Dreaming Shrines"

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In my dreams I see no nearer god.
The waves that move,
They pierce my drifting soul.
With want I reach in vain to grasp the sun
As off it falls beneath the dancing fields
And paints fore'er this spout-girt majesty!
O, slimy things!
I yearn to hear you sing from depths as deep as stars
doth shine
From realms of light above.
I wish to hear thee sing!
O, ammonite with aeon-closed eye!
Speak to me in water-tongues
And grant to me the eyesight you once saw
The Sea-gods with!
My voyage as above, so below
Upon a dreaming ship I sail
Upon my life I conjure they whom no dry eyes have
seen
Since sleep hath stolen over forms and sunken temples
built
By gods themselves!
Alone I embark for cities immersed
In depths of thought and caverns full of dreams!
What corals dress this city fallen?
What the magick language lost one-thousand leagues?
Nightmare! Come, and speak to me
From beneath the waves that rock young ships
To slumber sweet
Gods, caress me with thy chthonic hands
Steep my mind with the beauty of a vision-world
And bury me in temples where my soul
Can e'er explore these realms of madness submerged!

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