

Noctes "The Lost Garden"

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Tragedy, Blood-wpt patters of Eden within my dreams.
Mors iauna vitae!
Requiem-aeternam dona eis, Domine. Whispering
chois within the dark.

I lay as dead, my graven dreams as memories, of the
enchanted garden
As the dark is creeping through my coffin sleep, with a
sour perfume
The putrid stench of withering flesh-wheeping

Once bewildering bright, in Elysian bloom, the garden
stood vast, as an Arcadian dream
But chaos arose with malicious intent, to smother the
orchads with grim eerie veils
Petrified angels, dead featherless black, fell as
overripped fruits from their haven
To drown as sinners, in sulphur steam drenched
In the damp bloodless vein of Phlegethon-Bath!
Sculptured to be...

Marble angels of melancholy, statues of stone by my
grave, as sentinels sobbing
With wings draped in frost, for heavenly life they crave.

The midwinter storms to scatter the leaves, thin and
brittle as ice
As stars upon my grave, diaphanous pale, a bouquet of
frostbitten flowers
Transparent, melting as the anthems of death, the
poems I've written are fading
Like my funeral wreath, the weave of dreams,
forgotten and frozen to ice

Pelaline jewelry, as stars in the snow, to embelish the
wintery embrace
Embedded in darkness, tenebrous haze. I sleep
beneath their glimmering gaze

Over my grave as a spring serenade, flowers fortorn
within darkness
The garden of galaxies frozen to frost. The orchards of

Eden by roses and thorns
Overgrown, as the memories-of a landscape forgotten
to sprout.
Withering beauty to vanish in patterns of withering dust-
in oblivion lost

Warm I lay in the sheets of the earth, in the dust of the
withering garden.
Behind the shield of snowfall I hide-delivered-as God of
the grievous Eden

Leviathan coils from the shadows of sleep to fetter my
soul to the deep
Ophidian beast from the darkness to rise, my dreams
to nourish and reap
Quadricornutus sperpens, luminous black, breathing an
apical hiss,
Yearning to bless me with venomous hiss, with a
flickering, tongue upon my lips

Above the surface, lifeless and plain, the midwinter
winds to ravage
To scatter the remnants of memories lost, the garden
withered to dust
I sleep with the dark, silence I breathe, still waiting for
life to return
A time will come, when my death I defy, from the
ashes, as a phoenix to rise
7. Darkside Whispers

[The voice of a feminine divine power]
"For I am the first and the last. I am the honoured one
and the scorned one.
I am the whore and the holy one. I am the wife and the
virgin."

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