

Ordo Draconis

"Vesper X"

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Quomodo cecidisti, fili aurorae?
Lamentemur.

Are we but shades
Cathartically she'd on
A camera obscura of sorts
Capsized, washed out,
Indistinct and begrimed
Here we must grovel
With dignity under a
Still peephole.
Are we mere statues
Clustered in our glasshouses
- a box with no confession -
To kneel under a bronze law?

But the bronze law melts down here
As the smoking gun inhales.
There's only ourselves
And the deaf walls moving in on us;

Only ourselves and our questions snapped at
Only ourselves, sÃ©creted once they're secrÃ©ted.

We are our own time-bomb flowers
As we're cluttering
A hothouse in a blind spot,
A mass grave
That's manured with scandal
In no sun.

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