

Tyranny

"Passing Through Agues"

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I transcend all mundane exceeding contemplation
weaving apathy to my need
Its aspects concealed in vague reptilian shapes
adepts in oblique passing without meaning
we are saturated of cold intent
and the air feels dead
so no-one breathes.
I sense light blending
in broken mirrors
I sense world bending around me
In this bleary mind I trail my reason
like a withered limb a burden to consume
Even in this delirium still binding me
Frail is the illusion of world bound by flesh
Indeed.

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