

The Seventh Gate

"Consolation in Silence"

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goddess of weather - spins her wool in my ear
gossip and woes of angels - i do hear
unknown vile i keep inside
dwindles and disappears - when she is by my side
she sings her song
her praise of life
that i know not of
my journal lay unopened in my lap
it has not opened since the day i began to rot
cannot someone smell my rot in the air?
cannot someone smell my decomposition?
cannot someone free me?
free me as i live
as i live but am dead
i am dead

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