

Ana Kefr "Monody"

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Let us commence as moths drawn to their blackenings,
Thanatos in our
Origins, closing in; spiraling across the void, all hope
smothered by
Nothingness.

With no Hell above nor Heaven below, all are destined
to burn. Petrified,
The burden of mortality reminds us all that we are
alive.

"They've fixed their eyes towards the sun,
mesmerized, drawn in closer.

I've seen so many satellites orbiting about their deaths,
not their lives.

We're drawing closer... closer... closer..."

All that we've loved, all that we've valued and aspired
to will wither and

Die and, whether we've lived it or not, we will forfeit our
lives. Existence is

A downward flowing river in which we are fated to
drown. Take my hand, and

These words; understand that we will always be alone.

Cold in the grave there is my lifeless body from which
life may grow. I am

In them and they are in me. I become eternity...

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