

Dynahead

"Ylem"

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From nothing into a universe
Infinitesimal patterns coalesce on shapes
The infant moan can be heard no more
And the primordial shine is ultimately far away-

A star bleeds the raw wealth
In paternal chant

Can't tell apart myself from the light
And the light from the shade
The chasm hums a rough melody
In tones I deafly chase

A brooding wreath rocks outside the door
Welcoming chaos to convert on plain

The feast sees no end
And no beginning is at sight
Just the flow, just a drift
Gliding from day into night

Planets like seeds, clouds in bloom
Where the prodigal matter engulfs it's own guts
A spiral of everything
A song that no one can sing
Coming from nowhere
Overshadowing sphere

Before all what is all?
The summer is not the fall?
The feast sees no end
And no beginning, no day and no night

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