

## Obits

### "Autochthon"

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Hands and knees grasping earth  
The shining rust  
Eggshell eyes  
Brimming madness  
Drink deep

The tumult fades,  
The silence dreams of nothing

The tree is as old as age,  
Branches grow, arcane fractals  
Whispering to you of gentle vacuum and release

Rest your weary brow in laughing, sighing boughs,  
Soothe your fevers in the pulsing bark and rot,  
And dream of nothing.

Drown your sorrows in murmurings,  
That fissure from gnarled growths and red earth,  
"The taker-away of pain...  
... and the giver-back of beauty!"

Cast your eyes into your eyes,  
As veins and roots become one,  
As worlds spill from inchoate thoughts,  
As you fade.

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