

Customs of Tasseomancy (Quoth the Sky, Nevermore - Act I)

Absu

Two spheres are calling me to the "grounds" where I use to plead.

Madeleine, my animated sister, you're dim like the candle in my dreams.

You are the Succubus of twilight and eventide.

(The gypsy that deludes me with copulation)

So, let me form the contours of your trance
and lament with the virga that cries from a cloud.

Ginger trees exhibit eyeless shades of trust.

Sapphire flickers of light divorce the leaves from an Oak.

Kali Ma! Kali Ma!

You incise me with claw and nail.

You hold the rings of Siva.

You hold the shapes of melted wax.

Praise this disrespectful light for crashing down.

Tasseomancy!

Time frames shall warp you through the frames of time.

Tasseomancy!

Ta gaoth lugha lamhfhada ag eiteall anocht san aer!

Magdalens, Tu non lou dises pas de bon cor!

If the process of the incantations were done incorrectly,
then sketches of the moon whined with the melted ice (...oh, so slowly.)

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