

Void has no resistance  
As the giant stretches out  
A tipping point's expansion  
Sets astray a solar doubt

Warmth and glare on every crest  
For cells compelled to crave  
A pulsing sphere forgets its past  
To bask in every wave

Dusk comes later with each day,  
And morning sooner turns  
As shallow waters search the air,  
The driest flower burns

Brighter skies are bathing  
Ever crowded slopes in light  
In all directions creatures dance  
Before their final flight

Blinded at the zenith  
To fray the dangling thread  
Hum the ocean's fever pitch  
To see the flames ahead

Distance loses meaning  
As the breath becomes the fire  
Gone are fibres; gone are thoughts  
...But vapours in the pyre