

Inside this nonexistence
I know very clearly
The directions, all the points
Of every potential quarter

I forge my wisdom
Into an arc surrounding all
I forge my heartbeat
To a dome all heavens wide

I know the sun and the moon
The names of stars
Their movement and purpose
I mark the place of polaris on these impossible heights

I forge my wisdom
Into an arc surrounding all
I forge my heartbeat
To a dome all heavens wide

I forge the horizons
I craft them for flowing blood
I forge the places
Precise for silver, precise for gold

In solitude, I measure out
The range of barren lands
I draw unto the nothingness
The intersecting curves
I look at all directions
I look at one clear point
I see them all come together
I see into the heart

This here is my place, it is my work
I was made the maker of the sky

I forge the horizons
I craft them for flowing blood
I forge the places
Precise for silver, precise for gold

I am the maker of the sky
I am the forger of the arc