

## Released

Aphotic

Caustic fluids dripping from the gills underneath  
Give rise to the pilar and the shroud deep beneath  
Moist from the dew caught in a web glistening  
The reverberating grating filaments bristling  
If better trained was I  
No flower would die  
With the fatehr's sigh  
You are all destined to lie  
Glossy unbroken and sleek, smooth space  
Obscured naked spored fungals, sporidesmium