

Absit Omen

Be'lakor

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