

Still alive
all knowing eye
beneath your stream of words
your rapid stream of words
Though none will
ever live to share
the radiant stream
the promised eyes
from which your picture fell

Re-seal the components from atom
hearts
Revert, non-owner of worlds

As uncommunication becomes the manifest
our alien, architectural skeletons
in unison collapse

Death rode these silent caravans
and steered tem to the rim of the
world.

Their diaries and withered letters
all devoted to the art of dying

The enterprise, academy
the crafts held in our hands
all devoted to the art of dying

No room to arrange
the final row of masks
drenched in chameleon-ink
for the grand charade
The tongues that burn in you
the slowly altered language
that colonised your heartland
advanced through broken doors
And they still believe in you

They seem to see
so many things
hooked in your pestilent eye
Your stale lids, your iris punctured
by tongues licking a lie

The enterprise, wolvenlore
the cursed seeds of man
plunged through the tunnels of
uncreation
We reach out to move the landmark,
hands seeping down from the chronicles
of time
The quill now blunt
the scribe devoured