

I lie between layers of perception
I'm neither here or there
Twice but still nothing
My image multiplies while my sight plays dead and regress

I've lost any mass
Mutant consistence
My shadow is no more
Tied to dimensions
I don't belong to
My center is now a black prism
Reflecting nothing but
Pale
Blue
Floating cemetery flames

Look through me as I dissolve
Try to catch a glimpse or something
And give it back
Feed the circle

There's an old root
I spotted
Big hole like that cancerous lung
I'll hide in there I think
Playing as the mist
Slowing raising from the soil
While I keep dissolving into thin cold air

My arms as dried branches
My heart as an old burl
Let's get a fire on
At least
Smoke I inhale
Smoke I may become
I'm neither here or there
Neither here or there

Solitude is what I keep being called to stand for
A ghost trail
I keep find directions for
Keep walking one way
Keep leaving no trace
Keep being blind
Keep looking up to the sky.