

Ironical Communion (amber)

Ephel Duath

Sweet Irony,
hits my tangled troubles, and frees this
blade
from the stranding line
Cynically slides,
Through dusty gemstone,
To offer a soft respite to my ethereal
plagues.

Let me cover with silence,
The figures around me:
A velvety sigh on the noisy stammering.

Grow to a physical essence,
And heavily walk on this living mosaic
Called pain...
I can hear the breath of every dowel:
My demons are waiting...

Conceal this fool architecture
From my (singing) conviction.
Blind my cyclopian, trifling dreads
And dethrone the useless days
From my infested eyes.
Irony, my care.