

This Barren Skin

Funeral

May I wear you this night
As we marvel at our death
I would wane within your art
As you would become me

Like ashes circling the pyre
With virtues of the seraphim
While prancing indifferently
Amid the devil's fingers
The sun, the moon
Our garments of glee and distress
In their wake we are born dying
Voicing insignificance
Awake with me into glacial skies
As the earth below lies august
Should time be meek we may drink
Of oceans of ageless silence

The north is unfurling
It's presence welded on us
Latent - a monument
Amid ethereal bosoms

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We kneel in tragedy on tundra
This barren skin
Ailing slaves to the word
Within the rigid commandment of woe
Shackles corrode lesions
In the morning regions
Where the pores expose
Beneath a cynical host
Designs of irony
Raped and bereft of all
In a sigh of ephemeral room
And eternal baptism of fire

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