

## December Flower

### In Flames

Towards the rich archaic heavens; towards the lack diorama  
you are the artist and the texture  
that plays with the mantle of the Earth

When the bleakest of powders  
lie rooted to the starched stones  
and roots that feed the peaking trees  
embrace the sleeping shores

Archaic pearls of sleep and death  
the voice of December losing its breath  
and the floweryard of whit and grey is haunted

White as the down of flaking snow,  
the heroic emblems of life

Green is the color of my death  
as the winter-guise I swoop towards teh ground  
Green is the landscape of my sorrowfilled passing

We are In Flames,  
towards the dead archaic heavens  
We are the mantle and the texture  
the alters the mantle of the Earth