

Threshold of Transformation

Isis

I've arrived city of lucid dreams
Before me a building
Looms caked in inky grime

The act unknown
Actor in sleep
Here I enter, and here I see
The circle and bones made in haste

Winds to anoint the faithful

Amorphous specter turns
From old to new
Rests in faith beside me
We wait for the quiet fire
To be born and there it is
Embodied by a boy
His voice small and grey
Whispers smoke to the chosen

Upon our heads he places crowns
Sewn with hiss and higher tones

The boy presses whispers into her
And they bathe in valley's pale rain