

Deciphering Legend Within The Serpent's Briar

Leviathan

Crush the dried petals
of the rose
that bore light
Brandishing talons
at the sun
Yawning and empty
the petals wither
Only grayed stem remains
Revive the silence
that the stars will again shine
Weep not for chalice
And not for lurking inspiration
But for relief from grace
Finally within grasp
Constellation