

Triangular Tattvic Fire

Melechesh

I see the Sylphs in my stunned mind
The right-side triangle turns upside down.
A circle of stellar blue sterilizes my system,
As images have Paralda come and go.

The animal of the ether, the oval of the Sphynx's eye
Has reflected light outside of the triangular axis.
I hear the renewal of a vacuumed, swallowed void:
Time spirals downward, projective, redemptive.

The thought of a triangular, Tattvic fire
Is scarlet like smoke from the Djinn's lamp garnet.
Perhaps stars and desert plains are equally desolate,
And like the fire, solar and forsaken.

So I lionize your names,
So I listen to your words,
So I arraign to your nerves

So I lionize your names,
So I listen to your words,
So I redirect your seal,
Back to the Intelligence.

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