

Ceremony Ek Stasis

Minsk

Whispered words these walls breathe the inanity of accusation
And a moment of gifting passes through what once was identity
In a movement beyond truth and falsity I can sense them in the
mountains
On either side of every side
Basking in the seething sun this flesh conjures the infinite mi
nd
While well worn pillars of objectivity collapse as if blown asu
nder
By the blameless pawns of poets ecstatically exhuming treasures
of forgotten grace
The in-betweens surpassing their localities this grey disease r
eproducing
The weapons forever unleashed stockpiled with lies of every kin
d
There is a season a time to die
And the word games end as the clock thunders by and the rain se
ars this pain
As my streams keep running dry