

Ebb Tide

Morgion

Laying upon the ocean floor. broken, torn or compromised. The irony of the nether gift; now an eternity of dark despair. Fathoms

Abound me everywhere. No need to breathe or eat, no need to sleep or see. In this lightless deep, below... Upon that vessel, upon

That tide. A library of thought kept in it's belly. I would sacrifice my very soul just to read one page, one word. The nether Bound with me, transgressing the passage of time. Sitting, pondering...knowing that I'm doomed. Hundreds of volumes of text. Pictures, words, learning. My love, my art, my knowledge...covered by the arms of the sea.