

## Heads Bowed

### Mournful Congregation

Heads Bowed...

A moment of bitterness overcomes me  
The object is there but I am not ready  
The spirits are whispering waiting to engulf me  
Mesmerising chimes distant and abstracted

... The Descent...

I enhance the object of stone, a statue  
Concentrating my mind on this point  
Rising towards the spirits, the chimes intensify  
I am following the quabalistic tree

... Oblivion...

The endless images of forthcoming tranquility  
Prosperity is mine as I inhabit the skies  
Day is night and time is nonexistent  
I am not in my own forever...