

## 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...