

The Pagan Winter

Sear Bliss

Awesome power
Emptiness
Loneliness
Spiritual journey
On the edge of the horizon.
The moon projects dream images.

Frozen mourning calls
On the eve of the pagan winter

On a November night
Dreamworld, in the frozen
Reflection of the sea.
Internal powers draw me in
Inside my own self.
Paralysed voices
In a virtual reality.

Frozen mourning calls
On the eve of the pagan winter