

Geometry In Static

Septic Flesh

Behold that a path is created from these traces of ink,
Letters join numbers
Sounds come forth manifesting the plasticity.
This is the direct outcome of the continuous war
The collision of the worlds of change and stability

One would sense the mind behind them
If only he could withdraw from the relentless alterations of its forms

I have swum against rivers of fallacy
Chaotic symmetry,
And have returned
From the point of weakness
To the root of triumph.

Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns
I travelled with the company of a triangle
To the dark corners of cosmos

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In frozen wells I left my seal for the future travellers
Sunken trilithons bear my signature
In wombs of yellow on the phosphoric remnants
Of organisms with consciousness long eroded

One would sense the mind behind them
If only he could withdraw from the relentless alterations of its forms

Between the circular entrances of spinning dark suns
I travelled with the company of a triangle to the dark corners
of cosmos

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