

Tell Me What To Do

Ten

Wet from the womb,
Beltane in bloom,
Such a cacophony
Of ideology,
For new born eyes it's stunning,
Quickly consumed
Into the brood,
Spectral astrology,
Same genealogy,
So hit the high ground running...

Tell me what to do,
Shadows disentomb this torment,
Born to life in the flood,
Candlewood and runes,
Day and night infused
Augment this skyline,
Elements of doom,
Voices from the gloom
Whisper and call me back to the woods,
Dazed, beyond confused,
Ushered through a moon-washed
Mandrake twilight.

With sweet perfumes
And nom de plumes,
We write our sonnets
For true neurotics,
Dispensed with guile and cunning,
Beaten, abused,
Broken and bruised,
It's so ironic,
I'm catatonic,
Yet sense the storm clouds coming...

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