

The Clockhand's Groaning Circles

The Ruins of Beverast

Clutching a giant lance of brass
Within a storm
That rushes silently
Through a hallway of mirrors
Drafts and visions beform me
Poisoned air burns into wounds:
The missing entrails -
Left behind
When my waste
Was creeping to life -
Hurt and bleed
Festering from wounds
That time has torn
That brass feasts upon
... in a rhythm, in a melody ...
Destructive and discordant
And finally mute -
When the eyes awake
Behind the senile web ...
These trembling hands
Won't save my ears
From deafness
These crippled thoughts
Won't save my soul
From death.