

To Flames the Flesh

Alghazanth

A seed sown by the hands of the stars,
fallen into the soil raked by the moon.
Destined to rise like others before,
to reach heavenwards from this earthly womb.

With a femur from the corpse of the sun,
time strikes the harvest drum.

A tree grown by the light of the stars,
fallen onto the soil graced by the moon.
Bound to dissolve like others before,
to link with its kin through this earthly tomb.

Writ in blood and edged in stone
is the solemn song of the silent crows.

Swathe my flesh in the blackest satin
adorned with the spells we shared.
Lay me down on a bed of branches,
and let the flames strike high.

When at last I wake up to greet
the horizons of blazing red,
arms no longer extend from me
but a pair of golden wings instead.