

Oscillator Epitaph

...and Oceans

Through wolfram and ichor,
I was conjured into being
Among all this blood and bone,
I am supra liquid and stone

I place coins upon my eyes
and wait for death to arrive
Wrapped in a winding sheet,
I wait for aeons to end

Bound in plastic, will I be allowed
to follow, where all the others have gone?
Do these fibres contain all the same the others had?

The kaleidoscope is shutting down and frost dims open eyes
Momentum of the oscillator arm, slows and expires
As the stream of positrons now begins to dry,
all the vital transmissions fall silent and die

I place coins upon my eyes,
and wait for death to arrive
Wrapped in a winding sheet,
I wait for aeons to end

Here at the waning fire
At the end of gossamer thread
Haunted by the urge
to know how it all ends

Bound in plastic, will I be allowed
to follow, where all the others have gone?
Do these fibres contain all the same the others had?

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Momentum of the oscillator arm, slows and expires
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