

The Collector and His Construct

...and Oceans

Into steep stairs leading above
the pawn is moved
wearing his reverence as an adornment,
forged from manuscripts

Adorned in flowers
the apostle gives birth to the skies
For the obedient,
golden pillars as pediments will rise

Into deep waters flowing below
the venturer is thrown
Wearing his insurgency as a weight,
cast in heresy

Iconoclastic, the zealot is drowned
Orgiastic, the libertine is scorned
Adored in flowers
the apostle gives birth to the skies
For the obedient,
golden pillars as pediments will rise

There in shrines, under signs
by dogma paralyze
In between golden walls
of the collector and His construct

Minds grow stems to the sky
under the promise of eternal fire
In abundance in golden halls
of the collector and His construct

Upheave the philanthropist,
the believer dressed in gold
contributor to the greater good,
cleansed in honey and milk

Cast down the recipient,
the apostate that umbra dressed
Malefactor to the greater good,
by the ankle, weighed down

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