

Black Ruminaton

Code

Sparse beneath the crest in savage, graceful throws subjugates
of the gallery parade.

Burnished by the lunar scope
secrets steps of quiet art
churn about a poison isle
whose patron waits and watches
from a cruel claw of basalt,
a ponderous funeral stone

And in the blackened breach before
it thunders around the the throne

Cast his presence, His essence a Winter repose
Fronds extending, a whisper in the folds
Of eyes in the dark
Shoals vast and brooding
They study his thoughts
They mimic his motion
Dread forms from echoes in blood
Shapes call the night to align them
In one, a stranger to light
Black ruminaton
Dark mouths in perishing prayer
Surround a spire of dissension
Arcane - the withering throne
Black ruminaton
Tides to his coronet
A surf that teems with sly creation
Apparitions lithe and pacing
The brow is furrowed deep
A nature searing in the hum ours
Honing furies from the edges
Dead minds feed this aberration
Swathed in tears
In ocean tinctures
Never sated for horror, for decay
His sculptures adoring
The channel of their rage

Dread forms - His thoughts are cold and still
A solemn vision in the water
A soured confidence and
They work about the throne
In fervent circles, stern and ceaseless
A wilderness dilating