

Converging In the Quiet

Crystal Stilts

I discern a subtle stream
Converging in the quiet
Just behind the silence
My mind has slipped inside it
I can feel a past being fed me
A second hand future's misled me
Second hand futures misled me
I feel a fate being fed me

To devour my memories
In a single sitting
Seems the only means
The only means befitting

A reunion with my beloved
A reunion with the sun
A reunion with the stars
A reunion with the sun

Though I know
Endless dawn awaits
Still I rotate at the gate
To watch my life escape
Never turning as it runs
My reunion with the sun
Never turning as it runs

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