

IV (Interment)

Fen

I descend
I descend again
I closed my eyes and still these vistas rend

The waning sun... it's light so thing
Sickly, these pale shafts press
At a gruesome fog, an entangling torpor
Stripping the fenland air of pellucidity
Writhing chains of spiritual desolation reach
And beckons a shattered soul back into darkness

As the soils part in welcome
A riven aperture to embrace a sundered spirit
Closing like a withered fist
Around a frond of pale tissue

Weak - so very weak
Cold - frozen to the marrow
Encased by the frost of loathing
I have nothing left to give

Even my flesh presents naught
A cross-stitched tapestry of past failings
Pallid vessel of spiritual exsanguination
Home to the dread-stare of these listless eyes

Each sordid limb a tendril of pain
A beacon of suffering, a spite of torment
Aflame with gangrenous agony
This hemisphere of decrepitude demands extinction

Extinguish me

Yearning for ending

I beg for the embrace of the fens
A final resting place - marked only by a henge of dead trees

The cathedral stands, omniscient
A memorial to all those who walked within these shadows

Unmoved by the toil of the lost
Who sink without markings into the fathomless murk