

Nebula

Fen

Unfurl thyself
Uncoil amongst the sterile breath
Of myriad star-births
As fauna hewn from singularity

A shimmering pellucid bloom of myopic radiation
Paints a voidscape of febrile beauty
Upon the weakeneing fabric of accepted reality
The bedrock of faith naught but dust

What secrets thus dwell within this sanguine shroud?
What lies hidden within burning alcoves thus aflame?
The fires rage - a silent maelstrom
The shadows thicken - where there is light, there is darkness

Illumination underscored by the umbra of the unknown

Starlight - iridescent, violent and vivid
Pour raditation unto the vortex of ignorance

A hopeless, pitiful yearning grows
TO rend the skein of etherial emptiness
I reach towards a patina of death-born promises
Clutching at rotting gossamer threads

I call again - a wordless scream for knowledge
I call again - a desperate howl for revelation

Granted the limitless sight of the ascended
I turn away now blasted by unravelled thoughts

I call again - silent greets a throat-shredding plea
I call again - feeble cries echo in a vacuum of nothingness