

Scouring Ignorance

Fen

Winds of ignorance scour
The barren, blasted plain of enlightenment
Gaze deep into
The festering kernel of surrender

We never truly lived
We never really grew
With each wet and sucking breath
With each draw upon the malignant teat
The threads of meaning grow fainter
The web of thought diminishes

And lo - squatting in the void - black recesses of destiny
Bloated with countless prayers
Beseeched
Soiled by debased and desperate libations

And in the depths of this voidscape
A weight of impeding woe draws near
Crawling - begging - desperate for some release

A crushing blackened reflection of our own dismal failure
A vast eucharist steeped in the celebration of mediocrity

Flail us
Flail us all

Rip everything we held dear to shreds
And witness the collapse
Unmake the very fundament of the self
For it is of no value

A scourging howl of unrepentance
Hurls a freezing scree that blinds
Eyes flailed and senses flensed
Emaciated fingers spasm
in the final throes of nervelessness
Bereft of worth and purpose