

VI (Sight)

Fen

As if through a web of obsidian silk
My sight returns as from a dream
A dream empty of thoughts and sounds and visions
And I remember it being one
of the most beautiful places I had ever been
I had never before that point known such peace
A winter for the spirit, I was harvested of essence
A place of endless solace placating this soul's corroded ruins
Bereft of flesh, divorced of earth, severed of being

And now I can drift once again but soaring free
I can look down upon all I once know - all I once was
And see with the cold, crystalline clarity of the dead
Through eyes unmisted, a mind unfogged,
free of the oppressive weight
Of the cathedral's dead stone
Of this body's withered flesh
Of this mind's shattered synapses

I didn't think such a quiet was possible
That the relentless roil of rage
and despair thrumming like lava through me
Could be extinguished
And given over to a plateau of calm stillness

I embrace this season of ending
With every fiber of my departing consciousness
Frozen and eternal
A winter for the soul carried on oblivion's ghostly breath
One last final exhortation
To the violent winds that rend and rend and rend and rend
I surrender
I descend
I dissolve
I end.