

Fathom the angst, disappearing grace
Illusions of ease, perceptions of scorn
Inaudibly versed, ascetic clatter
An oath plagued by thirst, a false face to flatter
The dead air below, sand stalls the house
Men count the time so novel and sour, so novel and sour
Surrender yourself and thrive, said the wind
Swell said the sea
Grow old willow tree
Lift the copper from the eyes
And lift the silver from the tongue
Shed the skin, so gracefully
Inaudible verse, ascetic clatter
An oath plagued by thirst
A false face to flatter
In my silence I'll atone
And in my absence I'll collapse
Here I sit on the pyre
With all the things left unsaid
In paintings and vestiges, vestiges
Paintings, vestiges: aesthetic clatter
And oath plagued by thirst
A false face to flatter