

## 4 Moons Till Rising

Satariel

The soil dissolve, the sky is bleeding  
Words remain, but frozen unspeakable  
Lying unable to move  
Even my tears fail to come  
Not am I wake  
Nor sleeping, but nearly dead  
Though I sense light before me  
I can not see it with my eyes  
As if through darkened glass I saw  
Staring at a scene of never changing meaning  
Four moons till rising again  
An eternity it seems  
Tomorrow - Will it ever be?  
Back and forth I dream as here lie as buried  
The eight-angled star - shine for me  
Light my path and make me feel again  
Drag me throughout the Absu  
And place me if I still must here again  
Lying unable to move  
Even my tears fail to come  
Not am I wake  
Nor sleeping, but nearly dead  
The black shade in the mirror before me  
it makes me wonder in a vortex of thoughts  
So void it appears as I touch my soul  
it's darker now, still as in bloom in a spring of dying