

Convergence

Shylmagoghnar

There's no parallel, nor expression
That could convey the absolute barrage of raw emotion
Surging into my very core as I stand on the precipice
Of minor worlds entrenched within
The sprawling dark expanse of the unnamed

And the transfiguration
In which even quotidia achieve apotheosis
Disintegrates, then reignites, blooming in pleasing intervals
An elegy to all within its flame

A spark in the aether lit up without warning
Shifting every outcome, completely unnoticed
It shattered the stagnating silence of epochs
Breaking the vows of the slumbering celestiarhcy

For it dared ask the question
Which would set ablaze with perpetual motion
This cosmic machine, calculating and cold
Its cogwheels forever enslaved

Doomed to ponder frozen skies
Without ever knowing why

Am I but an echo of origination?
A speck on a ripple of water, once cast
By uncaring wind from an unknown horizon
Forever anathematized

Such monstrous betrayal to compel into form
The endless potential fixed in this concord
If it was meant to be that each branch turned to three
Why remain confluent to the one?

The pawn has been moved, so a skirmish ensued
What once was serene has been split and diluted
And limbs of the formless and vast multitude
Now convulse and conuict into infinite rain - and squalls

Blown through the fractions of lives

Then from the ground, with rain replete
Titanic clouds draw out the heat
Observe, how tiny springs now form
Like ovules on a long-dead god
Providence or supervenient fate?

Lorn, broken - tenor wrenched away
Fear, anguish, memory - it all fades to grey

Dark brine, envelop me
Let all that I've seen be erased
And may the surf take my name

Towards here every river bends
Converging where it all began
A circle forms upon my chest as every doubt is laid to rest

The secret of the ocean calls my way