

# Strata

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On this parasophical journey  
My essence is spurning  
Thoughtscapes steeped in psychal distortions  
Memories brittle like porcelain

Ailing from infections of sorrow  
Yesterday's mirth is the bale of tomorrow  
The urge to dissolve into the endless  
Withheld only by the pangs of repentance

Have I ever been here, or was I never gone?  
What the strata displaced, the enigma beyond reveals

Anemoia, forgone chases  
Ghosts of what could have become  
In endless time and boundless spaces  
A master stroke remains but one

Scattered winds elicit ringing of a monody so fond  
Yet I can't prolong  
The evanescent face to which that trembling voice belonged

And so I contort  
Pain unrelinquished becomes the eyewall of the storm  
Submitting to collapse and reform

Cast away these earthly poisons  
So that I may brave the void  
Brimful mind and gnawing conscience  
Withhold me no longer from where I once truly belonged

On this paralogical journey  
I become vessel to the unworldly  
Limitations stemming from soma  
No longer vex nor do they obstruct me

Now that the great eye has awakened  
Every path I've crossed and forsaken  
Dissipates toward a great vortex  
Where my own tethers splice with the gorging veridian of death

Here in the ghylls churning with the mind's industries  
Gone is the rift between knowledge and what's fantasy  
Hitherward drew the steps of my final odyssey  
Intersecting the unknown

Leftward mirrors evince my vice and lechery  
To the right leers the face I allowed the world to see  
Yet the schism resolves to coherency  
When condensed to monotone

And thus, henceforth  
Opposites must come to an accord  
For once unformed  
Contradicting phases cancel out

Outward and inward, my structures begin to yield

Pith torn out from foreign flesh  
Thither a peregrine carved into living stone  
Stretched beyond which stands my lineage - to be devoured