

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 vermian 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