

Altar of Plagues, Scald Scar of Water

Cut and crossed over, appearing and keeping hold.
Let you see, and touch, before it is struck and taken.
After the first movement, it comes forward.
In a revelation, it is scorched, bitter.
Structures of movement escape,
and change into something
removed from nothing.
Rattled by and by, as if someone was right.
Drawn and downed, indifference stands.
But a light from deep, it glows.
They must have seen it too.
Rattled.