

Eucharist, Fallen

My scarlet visions,
like reflections of my subconscious.
Beyond the starlit heaven the horizon burns
with flames, so red.
As my eyes bear witness to this euphoria,
this apocalypse,
I hear the gates within my head open silently.
A new world takes form and its attraction
tempts me to enter.
I leave my body without farewells,
peacefully
through violet corridors,
painted with beautiful
reflections, from my life.
A sunrise beckons beyond the clouds, so dark,
as rivers stream through the air in stillness.
Through the emptiness where
thoughts take form,
and into the lands of purgatory.