

Garden Of Shadows, Dissolution of the Forms

The venerable one's
Doctrine was crowned upon us
Humanity's noontide gain...
But the king was a phantasm
The crown but a porous withered wreath
Upon a tattered grimace
Our myopic gaze
Of a diaphanous tenet
Occluded all thought
Of solidity
Encircled by the frail cannon
Beset by the strength of support
The confines of validity
Are entrenched in rough soil
Traces of the forms
Dance on the wall...
Unrelenting iron
Sleek cold steel
Clings to our wrists
As a vulnerable child
(To the stoic guardian)
The dead weight of
This permeable helmet
Anchors us to the motionless rocks of chaos
Reflections of fidelity
Distillations of veracity
Specters of substantiality
(Cavort upon the wall)
Must this burden
Be bourne unto our backs
As the world
On Atlas' shoulders?
If we were to lose
Our grip on the globe
Could we laugh
As we witnessed it
Crash into the stars?
The explosion will shower us
In the elements of experience
Encumber us with the weight
Of reality...
Yet free us by serving as the lustrous key
To our rusted manacles
Traces of the forms
Dance on the wall
In time with flames
That provide false warmth