

Neglected Fields, Creaturesque

There's a distance long between you
Craving lips and inspiration chalice
Whose wine like fever- neverending
Everlasting heat
Eternity evanished
Gather days to make them sands
Falling from your feeble hands
Thought's like views of nothingness
Malice leaves through broken glass
(follows the glass?)

Rid your eyes of control
Take a naught, a chaos
Perfect clay to sculpt from it
Here comes creative passions play...

Desire... Warm of will, a carrion of might
Another string bizarre of violin of mine
Creative serpent burst, the universal urge so fervid
See the man's becoming Demiurge

Dawn of force; starvation fails
Skin forebodes a driven nails
That's a power tempting wise man
And lending colours to the moon
Granting orchid it's charm and splendour

Soon it comes, the light itself
Seems to be not of this Earth.