

Paradigma, Sleep

Light is dim
In fact, it is naught
Spring went into summer,
Yet summer stepped aside
As autumn took its place
Then autumn died
And winter came to stay

Beyond the waste remains of
Autumns decayed suit
Neither heat nor frost
Maketh any difference

Silent solitude
Winter's reign
That which once was
And perhaps once more to be
Sleeps...

In the land where dreams are reality
And reality is no more to be
If thou from 'ere canst see
- Solitaire reality -
Winter thy cryb, and thus,
Thine crypt...

...And by spring's soft embrace you will awake
From winter's peaceful sleep...