

# Shylmagoghnar, Follow The River

...As the day becomes the night  
Torrents of water sing paeans of unnumbered lives  
Shattering the sophistry and drowning out the fading sense of I  
Underneath a swirling storm of vortices and passing microcosms  
Crushing currents grind the path within which flow the ravages of time

Fractured though this world may feel,  
All becomes one when observed from the cracks in the seams

How is it that this place feels so familiar?  
Contradiction never felt so sublime  
Welcoming hearth to what should be a stranger  
Why do I feel the scrutiny of billions of eyes?

Where the waves meet with interference  
In their wake a pulse is formed  
On the crests I see the grimaces  
Of a million lives - untold

Nothing left now, only dreams dwell  
and the moon murmurs layers of mesmer  
In the distance the rivers converge on one point  
Where innumerable streams into starlight conjoin

Far beyond  
Ancient silence calls  
And the undertow whispers my name

At the dawn demesnes break faces  
Silvery their brims align  
Where the azure ever chases  
Crimson hues yet undefiled

I am with sprites which mimic my memories  
Tenderly dancing on the cusp of morn  
Silent their footfall, candour embracing  
Harken familiar inflections of the siren song  
Of a vastness which silences all  
And every note shakes my cognition  
Its verses forever uncoil  
and go on  
Each stanza formed and then unwritten

All that remains is to follow the river  
Wander the path, overcome in times and times before  
I long back to flow with its waters so cold

Aria which came forth from a dream  
Echoes in this labyrinth surreal  
When stretched in time, a single voice may seem  
Like the myriad of ghost notes heard within the whirl of a river