

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