

Skepticism, Aether

Deep in layers unwarm drifting
Lower in depths still descending
On wide billows slowly floating
In colder streams smoothly drifting

Beauty unleashed
Light wind flowing
Heard Silence

A dance to abyss would soon follow
Once another would soon swallow
Darkness as the light most silent
Silence as the darkest of voices

From Silence and anything
To Silence and nothing
Is the path of final solitude