

# Tiamat, The Desolate One

by a pool  
of amber water  
a sticky smell  
of carrion kind  
integrates with nature slowly  
green fields i offer you  
snowy mountains in present air  
the sunflower tongue  
on a wave comes the saturn king  
to grant the man on the beach  
surfing on his orbital rings  
a frightened mental vortex we'll be  
a sun we seek, a sun we flee  
a scar  
upon mother earth  
a nebular each  
the desolate one  
the desolate one  
the desolate one