

# Tyranny, Passing Through Agues

I transcend all mundane exceeding contemplation  
weaving apathy to my need  
Its aspects concealed in vague reptilian shapes  
adepts in oblique passing without meaning  
we are saturated of cold intent  
and the air feels dead  
so no-one breathes.  
I sense light blending  
in broken mirrors  
I sense world bending around me  
In this bleary mind I trail my reason  
like a withered limb a burden to consume  
Even in this delirium still binding me  
Frail is the illusion of world bound by flesh  
Indeed.