Ashen Epitaph

Benediction

Dedicated to Julian May, author of "The Many Coloured Land(The Saga of the Exiles in the Pliocene epoch)The rupture of the brain from flesh, children of the black.
Devouring mother, call her blessed, with impetus they lack.
Glorified spineless triumph, sick polluted mind.
Grusome child in void, evolution of humankind.Operant child in unity. Unseen, unheard this day.
Floating mind is veiled in blood, the body is taken away.Stripped of appendages, ungiven choice.
Awaiting intervention, mind without a voice.
Mentally amplify, cerebral lustrate.
Life after bodily death, brain without a face.Black mother feeds the rancourous scorn, sinful propagate.
Metaphysically entity, redact, coerce, farsense, create.
Infinite years, immortality chained. Aeons herein encased.
Artificial, surrogate overt inhuman waste.Divorced from purile emotion, hidden humanity,
body, a cremated epitaph. Torso innutility.
Utterance of death's blessing. Funeral absent dream.
Muted in a voiceless uproar, deafened to hear her screams.Banished to an exile life, prisoner of the brain.
Mind enhancer switches in, with unrelenting pain.
Bodiless mentally, The twisted saint began.
Spawned inside a sterile womb, nurturing the mental man.

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