Beyond the Tanarian Hills

Rudimentary Peni

I dream a new name I don't care about nayone The herd laughed at my writing My dream writing I write no more but I still dream I write no more but I still dream Flying zigzagging zugzwanging Aurora over cities of the Apocalypse Death lying upon that land Crazy chrysophase faces Gingko trees shudder, pagodas perish Expelled from London Through the towns of Surrey Melting minarets Homes growing thinner Beyond the Tanarian Hills

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