

Void

Extol

sometimes
just like when
the seasons linger
I slowly find myself
undercurrent
within the vortex
of our time
come closer
whisper your name
lean over
I wish you would stay a little longer
sink into my ear
your words I pray
will keep me safe
and my flesh
a little warmer
the void I sigh
when I hesitate
the cold outside
I will undertake
otherness
I sense the motion
my catatonic shell
clad in fire golden gray
to all others
you are a stranger
veiled in mistery
uninvited thief
bringer of light
drift into night
soar on the wings of a new dawn
where winds blow
in houses of hollow
and water runs
through statues of salt