Elegiac

The Human Abstract

My place lies not in that immortal sea.
I am just a penance.
Diurnal unbalance.
A fissure is shutting off in between
The song that we don't hear,
The end that we don't feel.
We will walk ever calmly,
In the sound of your warfare,
No motion,
No force
Rich beyond the wealth of kings.
Of bane we know of not to witness
But in the grass that rises from the grave.
That is us.
A thousand notes ring out.
That is us.
The chill that is in your gut.
That is us.
The acknowledgement rash
in all your solitude
is the weight of the human nature.
A busy spade
left unremembered
in plain view, again,
Alive in thoughts too deep for any tears,
The silence of the spirit,
A mutilated bower
We throw in vein against our very earth.
The sky is bearing down.
Piety in guilt.
All we are is the debris
Spinning around,
Betrayed.
Go and gather all we know
In purest silence.
Then nothing more.

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