The Stranger Things I've Learned

Infinite Spectrum

Silence, without exception
Not one soul would I tell
of the disastrous expedition
to the church on Federal HillI lose myself in research
at the library downtown
Through years of old newspaper files,
for me the printed page recountsLost in daydreams of hide and seek
It's looking through the crystal,
staring back at meLost in nightmares and elegies
Something claims my soul
and I cannot break freeObsession with this cryptogram
I found within the leather volume
amidst the dust and mildew
in the cobwebbed vestry roomThe cipher I discover
is not a simple one
A code in language strange, uncommon,
a puzzle from beyondIn June I solve the quandary,
research in matters magic black
The text is in dark Aklo,
a language ancient and abstractI fear these things uncovered
from behind the walls of sleep
I never thought ignorance was bliss,
but now I'm in too deepI see the birds of spring
avoid the gaunt lone church's spire
Whispers on the wind
The darkness closing inEvery evening, the old impulse
to gaze westward returns
The terror grows, as the hours pass
from the stranger things I've learnedLost in daydreams of hide and seek
It's looking through the crystal,
staring back at meLost in nightmares and elegies
Something claims my soul
and I cannot break freeLost in daydreams of hide and seek
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from the stranger things I've learned

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