

Slavesun

Night In Gales

embraced by lengthening shadows I wander
on the ashes of those still ablaze...
into the night and onward to the focus of my heart!
drawn by the stars and their bidden delights
my wings have been scorched again and again,
beneath a slavesun moonlit dreams are nothing but writhing in pain,
aeons of craving for glorious wisdom cascade onto me
as if shattered and speared my dazzled eyes
are still searching for a distant spark,
trying to flee from dawn, rising to worlds of frozen silence...
but slain are my dreams of greater art...
what a brief breath of life in this grim and flaming sky...
rising... and the slavesun will burn once again...

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