In the Garden of Dispersion

Behemoth

on ye hill
where ye sun behind horizon hides
there is nothing
except our breaths
and crux of events
and some crux ov our handson ye hill
where shadow wings fell
wind rose ye to song
and we plung'd in its deep
and in plaitiv waterfall depthsevanescent recollection ov atavisms
secret ov living in ye death posture
and then...
the ye seal in the garden ov dispersion
closes ye mouth
closes ye eyes
closes ye earsin fields ov eden
under ye first tree's rotting root
there's feast
typhon's feast
and night came moonless
but yet ye light appear'd -
picture ov sigillic angels
grafting in our holy body and mind

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