

Architeuthis

This or the Apocalypse

We're standing in water
Suppressed by manmade embankment.
And you were just a channel
Heading westward from my arms,
From my choleric heart,
From my calm yet desperate hands,
Seeking to tear each limb from every second guess.
With a choleric heart,
Let the winds be shrill,
Let the water rise
And take all that's left of my own guile.
We looked back towards the damage,
And we were doomed to know the worst of it.
By day, all our hopes, bare, swallowed whole
In the brine.
What of the stars, what of our kings,
What of your selfish prayer for light?
Nothing yields our Eastern skies-
How could you let this happen?
We breathe in darkness.
And it seems while we were waiting prone,
Famine had written fiend
Upon all our brilliant, desolated, plight.
Staring straight ahead into the unmovable.
Is it our pacing around the sun
That made you fold your hands in grace?
Of but one thought we are now,
Within silence.
And the waves stood dead,
Reflected not the sky.
Everything is still, panoramic night.
I will share your grave,
Atop the floodwater.
I will share your grave,
With every throne consumed.
Words unnecessary,
Screamed indifferently.
Rings of foreign masses.
Dark mobility.

These are the walls that shake when the Earth is silent.
To become passion.

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