Jerusalem II

these are stones

the shaven bedrock of immortal rest

i have raised the red rock, flag of our broken love

while creatures of mourning, their humble wits awry

scurry for the disguise of shadow, begging night.

For the sake of the most profound:

that which is darker than the purest no

eternal death will grow here

but will avail us nothing

for these are weeds, and not the garden of your dreams

there is an Other, many Others

and their power combined is greater than thine

i have sown these seeds, admitting of little success

looking always up, understanding no pleasure

nostalgic for suffering, and seeing no sky

from deep within a well whose depth admits no light