

- adieu says night

A thin veil of mid-morning.
Scintillating sleep slumbers.
Awake, arise!
to oblong wonders.

Where Poe is alive, and
Lovecraft's fectid foetor,
Permeates its floorboards
in salicious disorder.

Join this crew,
who embellish the night.
Lurking towards the charnels
Dripping with dread and blight.