Things n’ Other Things

Ihsan Fashbir Danurrahardjo

Feb 7 2024, 22:59

Long the swan still avast midst the rogue of time

Shun ‘nder moon’s very mirror

Dead dead dog, the lake is to—

And long the wait of doom doth last

Cold mirror, colder than the heart

Grip the veins whom dare seek o’

Lest the sun seeth below thy lake

Embody sleek of two things to—

Sight a ditto of the He

Criple, shed a rain over the Asters

One o’… he has reach the things

That of thriumps of minds over matters

Lost the night lo seek for sun’s awe

Lost the minds o’ veil I feel

Blind he is thicker than the womb

O’ Lost he is deeper than the sands