

The Upright Road

Alghazanth

Great path-revealer,
pluck out one of your million eyes
and place it like a kiss upon my brow.

Beholding with your godly vision,
even if for a fleeting moment will
unlock the shackles that hold me down.

By the heat of celestial fire
raining down from the silver lips,
the brew of remembrance boils
in the cauldron upturned.

Luminaries most high
with the mirror in my soul
your rays align.

Turn me
into a beacon that
lights up the night.

Majesties of old,
I shmask the mask
against the altar stone.

And fashion
from the shards
another to match your own.

An opened book
of timeless sorcery
is the jewelled dome
arching above me.

In the presence of such wonders
no blasphemy would be more grave
than a heart unopened
and sight self-restrained.

By the heart of terrestrial fire
rising up the crimson lips,
the seed of reverence enters
the blood-cup upturned.