

Spectral Passages

Ingrowing

My weak, slackening body...
Shadows, so malicious
My own flesh memory...
Iridescent miasma of insecurity
In that dazzling light...
Shaping my retina
I can see my own way...

To spectral passages...
My soundless steps lead
Free of corporeality...
Eschatological nightmare no more
In shining tubular corridors...
By strange magnetism I am pulled
All earthly I leave behind...
Right as you did before

My vanishing body...
Shadows, so pleasant
My own soul memory...
Iridescent thread of wisdom
In soothing twilight...
Of this afterlife labyrinth
I go my own way...

In spectral passages...
Here I find my resting place
Free of onerous corporeality...
Free of pain, free of stress and fear
In shining tubular corridors...
I play with gentle magnetism
All earthly is so strange to me...
Right as you do now