

## Monuments Of Its Own Magnificence

Nightfall

Those dying lips, approval of this miserable world  
those fleshy highfalutin' lines that sing for me  
and the untouchable ones.

Send me in the globetrotter skies, don't hinder me  
there shall I build my own dreams again.  
Above clouded tombs and mourning ladies,  
above your poor world of dispare Ascent...

The hemlock turns to hemp  
and my heartburn into hellish headwind  
yet, through my highness I try to hex  
thou, thou world, thou dreams, thou nest,  
thou clef before the keyhole to eternity...  
...cloudburst our tears are as our mother's mitre dries under t  
he  
indomitable sun.