

## The Clockhand's Groaning Circles

### The Ruins of Beverast

Clutching a giant lance of brass  
Within a storm  
That rushes silently  
Through a hallway of mirrors  
Drafts and visions beform me  
Poisoned air burns into wounds:  
The missing entrails -  
Left behind  
When my waste  
Was creeping to life -  
Hurt and bleed  
Festering from wounds  
That time has torn  
That brass feasts upon  
... in a rhythm, in a melody ...  
Destructive and discordant  
And finally mute -  
When the eyes awake  
Behind the senile web ...  
These trembling hands  
Won't save my ears  
From deafness  
These crippled thoughts  
Won't save my soul  
From death.