

# Neglected Fields, Creaturesque

There's a distance long between you  
Craving lips and inspiration chalice  
Whose wine like fever- neverending  
Everlasting heat  
Eternity evanished  
Gather days to make them sands  
Falling from your feeble hands  
Thought's like views of nothingness  
Malice leaves through broken glass  
(follows the glass?)

Rid your eyes of control  
Take a naught, a chaos  
Perfect clay to sculpt from it  
Here comes creative passions play...

Desire... Warm of will, a carrion of might  
Another string bizarre of violin of mine  
Creative serpent burst, the universal urge so fervid  
See the man's becoming Demiurge

Dawn of force; starvation fails  
Skin forebodes a driven nails  
That's a power tempting wise man  
And lending colours to the moon  
Granting orchid it's charm and splendour

Soon it comes, the light itself  
Seems to be not of this Earth.