

Tiamat, The Desolate One

by a pool
of amber water
a sticky smell
of carrion kind
integrates with nature slowly
green fields i offer you
snowy mountains in present air
the sunflower tongue
on a wave comes the saturn king
to grant the man on the beach
surfing on his orbital rings
a frightened mental vortex we'll be
a sun we seek, a sun we flee
a scar
upon mother earth
a nebular each
the desolate one
the desolate one
the desolate one