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A MEMORY CLOT

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A MEMORY CLOT

Fastened at the loose end of tears
The moth of dreams emitted darkness
Cradling the dethroned smoke of night
Over the blistered stains of a stigmatic race.

The skinned thorns of exhumed memories
Hover atop the nimbus deserts of aging childhood
And the lame ink oozing from the dusty stars
Copiously chain the soul's soiled roots.

The ores of cloud's charred curvatures
Burn the Lord's third swallow of blood
While the sterile forehead of dawn's glaciers
Pluck the pious pace of its fumbling herds.

The dorsal hour of heaven's stolen yards
Spill the mourn of its baptised tar
Over the bereaved attics in ruin
Whence crawl the basked webs of scar.



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