

The Accuser

Above the Sun, Beneath the Moon
And Lifting-wings of Nighttime Hewn
An Angel standing upon a Mount
Devours the Light of the Accused
From what Garden have you Risen

Oh Angel ?

When Emanating Breath parts River of Fire
And fills Depthless Sea with Song
And Man collapses inside your burning yawn

I am Enrobed by your Embers

Your Anger

Entombed in an Umbra
And carry your Suffering as a Stone

I Imagine I am all Alone

The Earth of Night is Heavy

Upon my Shoulders

Vision is cast Inward

Burning, Burning

Creating a lesser World

Rolling in a Globe of Torment

A Broken Wheel of Black Fire

Thrown tendrils of flames

Grown from a Flower of Night

Permutations and unfolding Names

Each carving out a corner of the Darkness

And a Lonely Hiding Place

I am a Witness to your Lie

And Shall Enshrine you in a Cone of Wrath

Making War on your Limbs

Until you Remember your Origin

So now, Self-immolate for an Eternity

Oh, Child of Fire

Daughter of Dust

I shall Share in your Blame

And Swim in your Sickness

And Guard the Solar Gate

With my Aching Smile

As an uplifting Sword

Arched over the Horizon

And forever Hanging as a Scythe

Over the Nape of your Neck

Until the Madness Ends

Richard Michael Willoughby