

Ad Infinitum

pray, tell me of that crafty sea, injurious to recall
for its way of wreathing, wriggling, writhing- is lost down here below.
and what of all that forsaken sky- so solemn, yet so serene
is its vastness still frequently forked, by that divine shape-shifter's beam?

would you describe to me the waterfowl, all its beguiling tricks and turns
if I beseeched you, tempted you, tortured you- as my tainted soul did burn?
Could you remind me of the technicolour, in the setting of the sun
and paint with words Ceres's melancholy, in the changing of seasons?

You think that I don't see you, lone wanderer, and the fear contorting your face
Now come and sit beside me- and we'll brave the drudgery of Time's traipse
And please, humour me and recount to me, the latest tattle of the town
For I dearly miss the wrath of Rumour; her ability to upturn a frown.

Yet would you dare reveal to me, sacred musings of your own,
If I told you of my hungry heart, and my dauntless desire to know?
Nonsense! dear traveller, keep your secrets, for therein lies your haven
From the poisoned whispers of Mankind, that will revel in your waning

Alas, the walls down here are adamant, there's no hope of my being free
So scurry along, true beating heart, and send Gaia this message from me:

Consider this my reprisal, bountiful goddess, a furtive whisper in your asphodels,

And watch it grow to a land-swept warning, as far as the eye can tell

Your time for me was never long, and the words you spoke were terse

So know that be it the zenith of your dominion,

In Tartarus I remain, your curse.

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