

DRAWN TO AN EDGE

DRAWN TO LINES ON ADOLESCENT HANDS
EVERY SHADOW IS TO HIM SO UNFINISHED
LIKE THE GOLDEN LINING OF INTENT
TARNISHED, NEVER LIVING UP TO ITS PROMISE

*SHARPENED SKYLINE
ALWAYS CAUGHT HIS EYE
FROM A DISTANCE
A ROTTING CITY SHINED*

DRAWN TO AN EDGE – IT MUST BE PERFECT,
THIS OPUS, THIS VISION OF GOD
REMAIN DEVOID OF HUMANITY
HE IS A KNIFE, A RUTHLESS CHANNEL;
CARVES PURITY INTO HIS WORK

AS HE CHISELS INTO MASSIVE STONE
A SPRAWLING CITY THAT NO ONE WILL INHABIT
HE'S DRAWN TO CARMINE LINES ON OLDER HANDS,
PLEASED TO SEE HE'S TRADING LIFE-BLOOD FOR ENDLESS,

COLD IMMORTALITY – IN THE STONE
GOD – OF THE FLAWLESS WORLD HE CREATES

*YEARS GONE LIKE DAYS
DAWN OF HIS DESIGN
HARD LINES CONVERGE
SOUL-LESS THOUGH DIVINE*

DRAWN TO AN EDGE – TO MAKE THIS PERFECT
HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR EST
WITH CONVICTION OF WHAT THIS REFLECTS
HE IS A FIRE, A PURGING SAVIOR;
CARVES PURITY INTO HIS WORLD
EVERY BUILDING, EVERY CITY STREET

DRAWN TO AN EDGE – THIS WILL BE PERFECT
A UNIVERSE FASHIONED FROM STONE
ALL THE CHAOS HAS BEEN STRIPPED AWAY
HE WILL RETURN A HAGGARD MASTER
AND CARVE PURITY INTO THIS WORLD
WITH HIS OPUS OF OBSIDIAN

HEGIRA

(BEFORE THE SCULPTOR FOUND THE STONE...) HE LIVES HERE
AMONG ENLIGHTENED SOCIETY ENCASED IN GLASS

SEE THE CROWD: IN HIS MIND CIVILITY RIPS AWAY

SO FAR FROM STRUGGLES TO SURVIVE, HE KNOWS
THERE'S STILL A CRUEL BEAST INSIDE
GROWING MUCH STRONGER WHILE WE CLOSE OUR EYES
IN DENIAL

SO HE STRIVES AGAINST THE MOB:
"WHAT IS LEFT OF A MAN?"

IN GLORIFIED FACTORIES WHERE THEY FEEL SO CREATIVE
HE WITNESSES EGO MASQUERADING AS ART
IDIOTS WRITHING TO A MEANINGLESS BROADCAST,
PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES WITH NO DREAM, NO CARE

"HOW CAN WE SURVIVE WHEN OUR ART HAS NO VIRTUE?"

IN GENTRIFIED SECTORS WHERE THE MOOD IS PRETENTIOUS
THEY SPEAK OF OUR SINS WHILE EXCUSING THE WORLD
TOO SELF-ABSORBED TO HEAR A MODERN-DAY GIBBON:
"INHERITED GREATNESS CAUSES FALL OF THE WEST"

*IN DEEP DESPAIR
HE FINDS THE STONE
HE WILL REMOVE HIMSELF FROM THE DECAY
PERFECT A MONUMENT TO ALL THAT A CITY COULD BE*

MILES AROUND, LUSTROUS BLACK, FAR AWAY FROM THAT TOWN
ON THIS WARM, GENTLE HILL A VISION'S BORN; A JOURNEY'S BEGUN
AS HE STRIKES THE STONE

RENDER CHAOS

"HATRED AND ENMITY DRAIN OUR LIVES' ENERGY,"
HE SAYS AS HIS CITY TAKES FORM
"LOVE ONLY ABSTRACT MIND OR IT WILL LEAVE YOU BLIND,"
AS SMALLER SCRAPS FALL TO THE GROUND

"FEAR HAS AN AWFUL COST – ALL OF THOSE CHANCES LOST,"
HE WHISPERS, CARESSING THE STONE
"ALWAYS RESTRAIN DESIRE: ITS CHAOS WILL NEVER TIRE,"
HE SHOUTS WITH AN ARROGANT TONE

TAKING A RASP TO STONE, HE ABRADES AWAY
THAT UNIVERSAL LAYER MEANT TO OBSCURE
AS THEY LIVE IN CALM DENIAL JUST ABOVE

ONE POLISHED BOULEVARD, A PRISTINE TOWER
AND ONE LESS CIVIL MASK TO HIDE BEHIND
SOME MAY MISS WHAT HE'D REMOVE, BUT HE HAS TO TRY

NO ONE HAS YET LAID EYES UPON HIS WORK
THEY JUST IGNORE THE MAN, AND STILL THE STONE
WHEN IT'S DONE HE'LL SHOW THEM ALL – AND FREE THEIR CRIPPLED
MINDS
BY ANY MEANS

NOW HE HAS COME TO THE SANDING, MAKING EVERY SURFACE REFINED
NOT THE SMALLEST CRACK – ONLY ANGLES AND MIRRORS DIVINE
POURING OVER ALL OF THE DETAILS, ALL THOSE LONELY YEARS OF HIS LIFE
NOW A FRENZIED STATE AS THE END IS IN SIGHT
LOOKING FOR THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT THERE, HAD HE ALWAYS BEEN
COMPLETELY PRECISE?
WITH A CAUTIOUS GAZE HE STEPS BACK TO SEE FROM EVERY SIDE
SOARING ON THE WINGS OF COMPLETION, AS HIS MIND STARTS BURNING
WITH ZEAL
BUT AS SUNLIGHT CHANGES IT BEGINS TO REVEAL

FLAWS IN THE STONE – UNDER THE GLOWING, PERFECT VENEER
SCRATCHES AND SCARS – EVERY DIRECTION, EVERY LOCATION
FALLS TO HIS KNEES, "LIVING IS CHAOS, CHAOS PERSISTS"
NEVER TO BE. A MASTER OF NOTHING, A FAILURE TO PURIFY

*RENDERED DOWN
HOLDING FAST
WINGED SPHERE
CAGED WORLD SOUL*

A PRISM DIVINE

HEAD IN HANDS, MOTIONLESS
SOFT WIND BLOWS OFF WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS
SMOLDERING. THEN A WARM
HUMMING – IS IT INSIDE HIM?

NOW ON HIS FEET HE IS DRAWN BY THE SOUND DOWN TO A LIGHTLY
WORN PATH

HUMMING GIVES WAY TO A RING AS HE NEARS THIS GENTLE WATERFALL.
THEN:

WADING THE SHALLOWS, A WOMAN IN A GOWN OF CRYSTAL RED
SHE'S SPELLBOUND

HER HANDS HOLD LIGHT
AND BEND IT TO HER WILL
A WAVE, A FLOOD
COMBINED, DISPERSED
THIS SIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN...

HE HAD BEEN HIDING, BUT NOW SHE CAN SEE HIM, ENTHRALLED.
SHARES HER GIFT:

THEIR HANDS HOLD LIGHT
AZURE AND EMERALD
HE FEELS A HOPE
A THREAD OF A WORLD UNSEEN

WHITED SEPULCHRE

BONE-WHITE SHRINE ON A BARREN HILL
GRIM, SEVERE, BLINDING IN THE SUN

"I MUST KNOW YOU, SEE PAST YOUR FAÇADE"
HE FEELS THE LIMESTONE; AN ARCHWAY OVERHEAD

NOW HE'S BENEATH THE DOME HE HAD SEEN FROM AFAR – THIS SHOULD
BE A HOME, BUT IT'S VOID
THREE CONNECTING ROOMS, ASHEN, BARE, NEVER USED, WITH ONE WORD
ENGRAVED -
IT'S CLOSER TO A TOMB

EYES MEETING WITH THE ARCHITECT'S AS HE ENTERS THE DOME
SHADES SEEM TO BLEED FROM THE WALLS AT THE CALL OF THEIR MASTER
"PRIDE," "VANITY" AND "AMBITION" ARE THE NAMES OF THE SLAVES
"BREAK," SO COMMANDS THE ARCHITECT AS THEY ENVELOP THE SCULPTOR

PIERCED BY ETHEREAL CLAWS
SCORCHED AS THEY SCOUR INSIDE
FOUND THEIR THREE COUNTERPARTS
SURGE OF PAIN, THEY ALL ERUPT

WITHSTAND...
REJECT...

THE SCULPTOR RISES, TURNS TO HIM TO SAY:
"I'M NOT LIKE YOU; I'VE LEFT THOSE WRAITHS BEHIND"

LEAVING THE ARCHITECT IN HIS VAIN MONUMENT WHERE HE HAD
"TRUTH" ENGRAVED, THE SCULPTOR TURNS
WATCHING FRACTURES FORM AND THE GROUND FALL AWAY, SWALLOWING
THIS TOMB
THE DESTINY OF MEN
WHO WORSHIP THEIR REFLECTION

CITRINITAS

WATER, WIND ERODE A STONE
AN EARTHEN CUP IS FORMED
IN A VOID – NO SPRING, NO AIR,
JUST PROPITIOUS GLOW

TWO GREAT TREES
CHOKED ONE ANOTHER
BUT TO GROW TOWARD THE LIGHT
LEARN TO INTERTWINE

VIRGIN PAGES IN ANCIENT TOME
FILL BEFORE HIS EYES
RESPLENDENT TOWER RAISED BY HANDS
STRONG THROUGH WEIGHT OF TIME

AND IN THAT GLORIOUS LIGHT
-THE GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE-
THIS CUP IS FILLED WITH THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

PURGED FROM THE SHRINE
REVEALED THROUGH THE PRISM
HE KNOWS THE PLACID BURN OF HIS OWN SOUL

THE SCULPTOR WAKES FROM THIS DREAM,
THIS GRANTED VISION
WITH GRAY IN HIS BEARD AND PURPOSE RENEWED

HE WILL RETURN TO THE STONE,
HEAL THE DIVISION
BETWEEN SUN AND MOON, REALIZE THIS GREAT WORK

THE ANNEALING

BLACK, OBSTINATE STONE
COLD THOUGH IN WARMTH OF THE DAY
FEARLESSLY HE APPROACHES
 GLEAMING FACETS, FLAWLESS EDGE
 SWIRLING CHAOS JUST INSIDE

VOID DRAWING HIM IN
STILL HE WILL NOT LOOK AWAY
FROM THE ABYSS, THIS DOORWAY
 WHITE-HOT DREAD INSIDE HIS HEART
 WAXING TO A STIFLED SCREAM

THEN A GLIMMER IN THE STONE – NOT A MIRROR BUT A PRISM

STARING INTO DARKNESS – WHAT’S STARING BACK?
A WOMAN WITH A CHALICE AND VEIL COV’RING HER FACE

“BRING FORTH WHAT’S WITHIN ME, EMERGE FROM YOUR VEIL”
THUS SHE DOES OBEY HIM, AND REVEALS SHE SHINES LIKE THE SUN

*DEATH, DIVIDE
PURGE, ABSOLVE
RISE, UNITE
SILVER TO GOLD*

LAYING HANDS, HE ADDS HIS FIRE TO THE STONE
STARTS A TRANSFORMATION, SLOWLY MOVING OUTWARD

RUBY INCANDESCENCE CONQUERS THE BLACK
TOWERS, STREETS AND BRIDGES, EMPTY ONCE, NOW COMING ALIVE

BOUND WITH THE LIGHT
THE PRISM’S GIFT
BURNING HIS HANDS

ZEPHYR

ONCE A CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS, THEN A MAN STRANGLERED BY A CITY
GENTLE WIND BLOWS THE MIST AWAY, UNCOVERING THE OPUS

STANDING FAR BENEATH THE SUN AND MOON
OPEN ARMS, HE IS A MAN REBORN
EYES ADJUSTING TO THE RADIANCE
INTO FOCUS, REALIZATION OF HIS SOUL

BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD
ALL THE SACRIFICE
HERE IT STANDS
NOBLER THAN A MONUMENT
AND VAST AGAINST THE SKY
BOTH ARTIST AND HIS WORK
“GO, I, INTO THE FIRE AGAIN
I THROW MYSELF INTO THE MASSES AGAIN
TO MANIFEST THE TRUTH:
THAT ALL THINGS BE RULED BY THE LIGHT.”

AURUM NOSTRUM

"BEHOLD THIS MIRACLE!
STARE INTO MY METROPOLIS
FIND YOUR SELVES"

THE CITY COMES ALIVE
FOR EACH PERSON THAT LOOKS INSIDE
EIDOLONS, WATCH:

IN A LUXURIOUS BALLROOM, CAPTIVATING THE CROWD
MAKING EVERY PERFECT GESTURE, HONEY FROM HIS MOUTH
HERE IS THE MAN IN THE MASK, THE PORCELAIN IDEAL
HE LIVES IN ALL OF US; A CIVILIZING SHIELD
WITH A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN, SPINNING UNRESTRAINED
INVERSELY BEARING ALL, THE DANCE OF THE INNER FLAME

IN EVERY WARD A DIFFERENT SCENE
FOR EVERYONE IT CHANGES
THE ARTIST DARES TO LOOK HIMSELF
AND SEES WHAT OTHERS SEE

WONDERING, WIDE EYES, DRINKING ALL PHENOMENA
EAGER CHILD ON A HIGH-RISE, WIND TEASING HIS HAIR
BUT IN THE ALLEY NOTICE THE SHADOW
FOLLOWING, AVOIDING STREET LIGHTS, STAYING BARELY OUT OF SIGHT
SUSTAINING AND CURSING THE CHILD
REMAINING BEAUTIFUL AND THRIVING, DEEPLY FLAWED

A DARKENED CORNER, A ROGUE BECKONS
CROOKED SMILE, OPALESCENT EYES
"LET ME BE YOUR GUIDE"
THROUGH GUTTERS, TENEMENTS, RAGE ABUSE
MANKIND'S UNDERSIDE
ABANDONED DEAD END... A PASSAGE REVEALED:

GREAT HALL WITH TAPESTRIES
HONORING ALL THE SCULPTOR'S DEEDS
TIMELESS NOW

ENTHRONED ON THE DAIS, WEIGHT OF TIME IN HIS BONES
UNIFIED THROUGH HIS LABOR, PROJECTED ONTO THE STONE
ALL THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN, PARADOX IS THE WHOLE
"OUR GOLD IS NOT COMMON – OURS IS OF THE SOUL"