

Trailokya

by **enneade** © 2011

Oddness of vanishing blazes afar
In vacuous embrace, static - instant burns
Rise forth imminent circular spirit-walls
Oddness of glittering ashes afar

Shine down the circling hills of Persia
Liquid flown over Galilean penumbra.
For a thousand ways to come again
And cleanse the ground for Alaya

Thrown away the seeds of Mahayana
Suspended be the silky waterfalls
The blue sparks over moonlit gardens
Shine down the circling hills of India

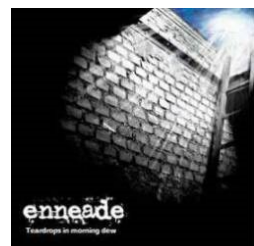
Hawthorn and slush
Vast animated ground
Steel-rain howling
Dripping down the crystal fields

Spectral colours
Laid amongst ephemera
Moans of an old oak
Rest inside the atom core

Within the heart of our shelter
Hear no charming aesthesia
Evanescent frames
Shaped out of dust

Voluptuous fumes
They slither and dance
Our will, whispered and gone
And words, swept from the earth

I awake in a steel forest
Stare at a scarlet sky, dawning
And ebony drops grating the smooth skin
Three pallid nymphs sit there, cross legged
A silver haze dances in their dark hair



from LP « [Teardrops In Morning Dew](#) » - Enneade ©2011

