

## Spectral Passages

Ingrowing

My weak, slackening body...  
Shadows, so malicious  
My own flesh memory...  
Iridescent miasma of insecurity  
In that dazzling light...  
Shaping my retina  
I can see my own way...

To spectral passages...  
My soundless steps lead  
Free of corporeality...  
Eschatological nightmare no more  
In shining tubular corridors...  
By strange magnetism I am pulled  
All earthly I leave behind...  
Right as you did before

My vanishing body...  
Shadows, so pleasant  
My own soul memory...  
Iridescent thread of wisdom  
In soothing twilight...  
Of this afterlife labyrinth  
I go my own way...

In spectral passages...  
Here I find my resting place  
Free of onerous corporeality...  
Free of pain, free of stress and fear  
In shining tubular corridors...  
I play with gentle magnetism  
All earthly is so strange to me...  
Right as you do now