

# #32: Deep in Structures of Awareness (Structured Poem)

*by* Rand M. Burgess

In ashen hills of yonder

It is said the sun does there tread

Swoops, Dips, Illuminates Earth's wonder

Such is so to the far off dread we were drawn in and led

Could it be we are laced thick with hunger

Could it be due to threats of the new

Or is it the tunes which are sung here

Or is it a range of hues that harden the glue

When answers strike true they are solid

When lies boil up they do soar and fly

Hold tight to the soul or risk the squalid

Heavily tie up bonds of uncertainty before time passes by

And the astral drums are hard at deep beating

Anchored secure in a promise for evading wither

Welcome parade blurs faces while gleeful and fleeting

Whirled away by a detour in nightmares laced hard obscure

Yet don't be fooled, do be wary, lest blood be fully cool

Yonder do the maddening peaks reach through the umber

Passed tunnels ripe stare ghouls, disease, and half-human bulls

Protected by those we try hard to not rouse in their slumber

For this is the effort it takes one to bend  
Formed by sun's cruelty, left behind unspoken our infinity  
So do they pull, pinch, and levitate in attempts to force an end  
Stoic though are we and once again will be used the writer's pen  
To break  
And to mend

