

Maker of Sorrows

*Each Man is in his Specter's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And Cast his own Spectre into the Lake.
- William Blake*

O weary phantom,
You are hungry!
Where is your rest?
Clinging to what cannot last,
You've made yourself
Forever the maker of sorrows.

The slow moving dirge of each cry
That I alone have birthed
Into this wintry night
Must lay claim to thy beckoning;

Your moans echo deep
Inside the innermost canyons
Of my existence.

And in your summoning
I wade now with the waters of paradox -
For eerily I am grateful.
I am grateful
As I have seen in you
What I ought never become.

And though I pray you truly
The gentlest slumber -

My tongue lifts now to speak,
Cutting through the shadows
Of dusk, sure as the fervency
Of a determined night bell summoning:

You will find no respite here.
I invite you not to linger.
For my soul is no food
For the hunger of your haunting!

Spectre, why hast thou
Not found thy Blakean Lake?