ἐκ

From a dying orbit
a raised brow
A lunate gesture
a lawless star
flung

Along the incontinent scapes
of night and the elemental absence
of soul.
No longer adherent
to the weighty doctrines, the penal certitudes
and the aberrant cogs of a kata –
strophic constellation.
But enthralled now
to the way of the fall –
the recapitulation the passage,
the presage of loomed sinew and span,
in the terrible poetics of the mawing womb.

John Nijjem