

Ivory Gates of Celephais

Emerge from the ivory gates: serene
roseate tide laps, splendid galleys
This place, not within human senses

Fall into the cerulean sky: surrender
to oceans blending upwards, grossly incandescent
Ph'nglui, the tongue of the progenitor's dirge

Circa the singularity: spacetime
pools rest weeping, uniform prayers
mglw'nafh, the lachrymose disarray

Beyond the waking realm: stagnant
waters lay still, suspended placidity
Cthulhu, the dead name in dead space

Down the impossible cityscape: sleeping
deluge sounding nothing, undisturbed slumber
R'lyeh, the ever-oozing ossuary

Across the event horizon: stasis
in mires fuming peacefully, odorless vapors
wgah'nagl, the conception maculated by endless eons

Glaive the ash-ridden sound: swathe
brumes billowing under keels, musing traipse
fhtagn, the terminal iteration of the lemniscate

Hoff the tatters of lost pages: search
bivouac built on forbidden intervals, turn back
Caution, endless chromatic succession into abyssal madness.