

## \* Crisis. New Verse -

Surging echoes of thunderous pasts  
 rush with beating wings to tear me

from Transquillity

This calmness - why is it going?

Self calmness of quietest numbers -

Vaporous by carrying,

it is afraid of memories of turmoil & storm

Stress & volcanic eruption

Turning all beauty to fire.

Day is no longer smooth like a pebble

worn by the hands of the ages.

Fight - it is all that is left to me -

all of Transquillity;

yet even the night is changed, changed

& disturbing -

Sleep has no soothing power  
 now there are dreams.

## Prolonged Crisis

Your brows - eyes so calm - my dear  
 so calm.

Yet only the restless waters  
 equest your heart.